

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.*

A Dialogue between Professor.

*If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear face.
Myself and my Relations all (though dear)
I do deny, such is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die.*

*Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour,
It is my home, and resting place for ever.*

*Better it is that earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me,
I'd rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Than to be cast into eternal Fire.*

Apostate.

*Fie, fie, Young Man, forbear, and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy, as many others do:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs,
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,
If once these wayes thou would'st resolve to leave;
And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,
And wish young Gallants might'st rejoyce & sing;
And*

And spend thy days in pleasure sweet and rare :
I prethee Youth consider, O take care
To chear thy heart ; behold now in thy sight,
What earthly joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young it is true I am, and in my prime ;
Therefore resolve for to improve my time :
The flower of my days do't think I will
Give to the Devil, last for to fulfil ?
Shall *Satan* have the prime of my days,
And put off Christ with base and vile delays,
Until old age ; and then at last present
The dregs of time to him ? I'll not consent
To such vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affections bear.
Since first of th' living Spring my Soul did drink
All sinful pleasures in my Nose do stink.
More precious Joys I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More shame than this before his work was done.
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
Gods Counsel 'tis that first of all in Youth
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counsel I abhor ; shall lustful fire
Be kindled in my Breast ? shall my desire

A Dialogue between
Run out again to Egypt's cursed stuff,
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

Apostate.

Alas, the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do see.

Professor.

Nay Sir, be silent, that is false, for I
By Faith most clearly do the Land espie.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes 't' morning I set out therefore.
Why didst thou say it was too soon for me
For to set out? If long the Journey be,
I do resolve in youth with speed to strive,
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.
While strength and youth do last I'll bend my mind
To travel hard, because I clearly find
Old Age and weary Limbs quite out of case
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
Alas when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin,
When Sun and Moon and stars all darkned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can see:
When rain and tempests do most sore appear,
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are:
When the strong men themselves are forced to bow,
And grinders cease also, because that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And those through windows which do look about.

Are

an old Apostate and young Professor. 189

Are become dim, nay darkned without light,
And doors too in the streets are shut up quite.
When the low sound o'th' grinders scarcely heard,
He riseth up too at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of sweet Musick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for such Musick care;
And fears increase in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh.
When flourish shall the Almond-Tree also,
And th' Grasshopper shall be a burden too.
When loosed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bole is broken, as we have heard.
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at th' Cistern with a heavy stroke:
When desire fails, and there alas is none,
What will such do who han't this Race begun?
Besides 'tis clear, my days uncertain be,
Old Age alas I may not live to see.
Young Men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould,
My own experience doth discover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapour is.
The flower which doth spread, and is so gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have still much work to do,
Or as you say so long away to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my power
For to improve each day, yea every hour:

For days to come I see may not be mine,
 My time I'll spend, not as thou spendest thine,
 My weights I'll cast away this race to run,
 Stand still I must not, nor with thee return:
 I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,
 For o'r a while I shall be seen no more
 This side the Grave; I haste therefore to meet
 The glorious Judge at the great Judgement-seat.
 I must make haste, be swift like to the Sun,
 Lest that my work's to do when time is done.

Apostate.

To you, young man, I have declared much
 Of the sad danger, but your Zeal is such,
 Nought that I say with you takes any place,
 You don't believe me, that's the very case.
 But what's the reason? youth, so many folk
 Decline those paths in which you now do walk?
 Were wayes of your strict Holiness so sweet,
 They in this sort would never back retreat;
 I did resolve with others for to try,
 And find you all deceived utterly.
 Your whole Religion's nought but meer conceit,
 Let none therefore thy Soul with fancies cheat,
 Since wise men daily do your wayes forsake,
 Be thou advis'd, and other counsel take.

Professor

If thousands fall away, it is no more
 Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore,
 Thou

Thousands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter :
They never had of Christ a saving taste,
Who quite away their seeming hopes do cast :
Their hearts alas are rotten and unsound
Who in Christ Jesus never sweetness found.
But what of this ? shall I my Lord deny
Because that you some Hypocrites espy ?
Those who do murmur in the Wilderness,
The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoak ?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive ?
Because so many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain enjoyments of an evil world ?
Or shall with fancies thus my soul be hurld ?
To think, because that Swine the grains do chuse,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuse,
There is more worth in those base stinking grains,
Than in those true Pearls which the Merchant
Because these silly men have lost their way (gains ?
Shall I on purpose therefore go astray ?
Because that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour so,
That for his sake all things he'd undergo ?
If fearful Souldiers basely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield.

Most cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow,
If Marriners unskill'd in Navigation
Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, resolve therefore
Never to use the Art of Sailing more?
Because the Sluggard sees the winds do blow,
The Rain descending with cold Hail and Snow,
He doth give o'r, and says no longer will
Remain i'th' Field his barren Land to till?
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oft-times by good experience found,
Without they sow, no harvest they can have
Resolve the painful labours quite to leave?
He that won't Plow because o'th' Snow or Rain,
Shall beg at Harvest and shall nought obtain,
So in like sort, to mind my present case,
'Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace
Do 'postatize as you your self have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
Some base corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
Whose soul exper'ence do the second birth?
I for my part through Grace have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I fall away:
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossest'd of Heaven;
The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Isaac*, even so are heirs,

Who

Who could not miss, nor dispossessed be,
Unless God's Word's made a meer Nullitie,
God's Covenant with Christ doth stand,
Who can supply our wants on ev'ry hand :
Sin shall not reign such is our happy case,
We are not under th' *Law*, but under *Grace*.
This Covenant is not like the Old,
We of a surer person now have hold.
We stand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will trust that Old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he must supply.
Besides all this I'll hint another thing,
Which to my soul doth much refreshment bring :
He that's the Author of my Faith, I spy,
Will finish it himself assuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
Will perfect it also e'r he has done.
Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell ;
This would remove the doubt, considered well :
Those unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven ?
And now to' breviate 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you please, to frame one argument.
If the New Creature in the souls of men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The same in Nature it be sure must be,
Which cannot death, or like mutation see ;
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make most plain appear.

The

The seed also doth in their souls remain,
 They cannot sin to death who'r born again;
 God's Fear moreover is so in their heart,
 That they from him shall never more depart.
 Thus is my standing very firm and sure,
 And to the end I know I shall endure :
 And as for those who fall away and die,
 I shall discover clearly by and by
 What kind of Men and Women they are all,
 Which will hold forth the cause too of their fall.

Apostate.

*Most confident I do perceive you are,
 Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
 Those persons Names which you did lastly meet,
 Who finally resolve for to retreat,
 And leave those paths which you seem to commend.
 Come, speak to this and we will make an end.*

Professor.

*Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear
 As if they cowards and faint-hearted were ;
 Under their tongues also close secretly,
 Some pleasant morsels I am sure to lie :
 And in them doth reign some cursed evil,
 Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.*

Apostate.

*As you suppose, but pray youth, have a care
 For they sincere and sober people are,*

And

And I do question whether yea or nay
Thou do't them know, what further hast to say?

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and also shall
Their Names discover unto great and small;
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
With him was goodly *Sensuality*.
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outside*,
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Besides them also, there's one *Earthly heart*,
Who loves nothing so well as Plow and Cart:
Also there's *Esau Faint-heart*, most profane,
That sells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a man that I do find
Flesh-pots and Onyons chiefly he doth mind.
There's Mistress *Discontent* too with the rest,
Who would have nought but what she liketh best.
Master *Hot-love* soon cold also was there,
Lately for Zeal with him few could compare;
There's *Ishmael Legal-heart*, in truth also,
When troubles rise, he strait-way doth go
With Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave
The wages of Unrighteousness to have:
Some people also I have lately met,
Who were with sin most easily beset;

And

And divers heavy weights also they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o'r.
A Gentleman I also did behold,
Whose trade was great, and store he had of gold,
He's going back with sorrow I do know,
Because he can't have Christ and the world too.
One Master *Atheist*, that I think's his name
As like your self as if you were the same;
He's fallen back so far, and turn'd aside,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a foolish thing,
Which doth no comfort nor no profit bring.
This is too true, you also are the man,
To clear your self, deny it if you can;
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes, if that thou knewest how;
Thou'dst make me like thy self, and therefore now
I am resolv'd with thee for to ingage,
Who striv'st to stop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what soul can meet?
I'll therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
Though like *Goliath* you do seem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you so much desie,
I shall prevail against you by and by.
I thought I must confess some years ago,
I should not in the least been stop't by you;
Or that I should have met with opposition
With such a foe to add to my affliction.

But

But since this is my sad unhappy fate,
I'll add a line or two to vindicate
The Dreadful God, so far as lies in me,
I'll vindicate that glorious Deity;
Who in my soul his Image so has set,
That I his glorious being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth;
From whom I have my precious life and birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
Who strives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all Religion to overthrow.
Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter
On the debate? yea, durst thou to adventure
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' least for to defend
Those thoughts of thine, which clearly do descend,
From Hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy self thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah's* Enemy.

Apostate.

Thou childish Lad, do'st think I am afraid
For to declare my self, or am dismay'd
By silly dreams and fancies, which affright
Those simple ones who dare not walk i'th' night:
Who startle at the shadow which they see,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree?
And since I do perceive you understand
What my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God; for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
 Nor is there any Heaven to receive
 The Souls of Holy Men when they do die;
 Nor is there any Hell of Misery
 For Sinners after death, as you conceit,
 All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence
 Deny and tread? such insolence
 What Soul can bear! what Age can do the like,
 Where so much light hath been! shall Mortals strike
 At the great God, and glorious Deity?
 Whose Dreadful Being and Existency
 The Heathens did find out and greatly fear;
 His Godhead did to them most plain appear
 By the Creation, Man, as in a Glass
 May there behold who his Creator was.
 'Tis time to arm my self, and look about,
 When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out:
 When th' whole of all Religion lies at stake,
 'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
 Off sloth and idleness, and to ingage
 With such a foe in this my pilgrimage.
 If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
 And treach'rously also acquit the Field?
 The strongest hold of Truth berray should I
 Into the hands of its worst enemy:
 And should unman my self of Christian too,
 And my dear Soul of reason overthrow.

I should

*I should debase my self, should I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefest glory springs from's Supream Head.
In his descent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his greatest honour gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Universe.
Who ere disown his blessed Pedigree,
Doth prove himself unnat'ral for to be.
For man to say he came by hap or chance.
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity;
And vile contempt upon himself doth bring;
As well as dirt upon that Essence fling
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath;
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of Sacred Truth to stand,
And vindicate my Creators Cause,
By Natures Light, and also by those Laws
Which supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
Whose light excels, yea, and whose glorious shines
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, attend and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reasons sound,
And let not Satan more your soul confound,
And Reason quite destroy, as he has done,
Least to the Devil you do headlong run.*

Apostate:

A Dialogue between
Apostate.

*Before you do proceed, this you must know;
 If you a God do think to prove or show,
 Be sure of this, young man, it must not be
 By Scripture-proof, for its Authority
 I do deny, and cannot it believe;
 You never shall that way my heart deceive:
 The knowledge which you supernatural call,
 Is a meer cheat, I mind it not at all.*

Professor.

*Though supernatural knowledge you despise,
 And count Gods Holy Word to be but lies;
 I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
 And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence;
 That all may love Gods Word, prize it, and see
 Its worth and weight, and its Authority
 To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
 To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
 One thing of you i'th' first place I demand,
 Pray let me know, and fully understand
 When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
 And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith it commenc'd not here,
 Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
 Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
 If their Philosophers brought't on the Stage.
 If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
 Or else confess your darkness worse than night.*

'Tis

'Tis strange that such a universal cheat
Should thus be put upon the world, and yet
No one can shew who did the same devise,
Nor how, nor when the same at first did rise:
Since all the world stands silent, and is mute,
This might a period put to the dispute,
But secondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do so much disdain
The Holy Scriptures, who just proof could bring
To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing:
If none can them disprove, O then say I,
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
The Scriptures also, I observe have been
Strangely preserv'd by a pow'r unseen:
In every age, kept both in word and sence
From secret fraud, and open violence,
Against the num'rous Armies of all those
That were both secret, yea, and open foes,
No wicked or malicious men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.
The beastly Clergy of the Church of Rome,
Thorow whose hands, to us the Scripture comes;
Though guilty of most vile abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation.
Their curs'd sins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tolerate:
And that they might more freely do the same,
And so be kept from sad reproach and shame,
They say the Pope himself may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Gospel, as himself sees Cause;

And make the sence of Scriptures to agree
With time and place, as he most fit doth see.
How free those Sacrilegious Monsters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguish'd clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
But we may see although it made it's way
Thorow those muddy Channels, yet have they
Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law
To keep most men save Bloody Popes in awe.
Now if against so many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils could devise
T'obliterate that Soul-informing word,
It was preserv'd, and not by humane sword,
How dare you Sir presume for to deny
Its blessed and Divine Authority?

Another ground or reason I shall urge,
Which proves Gods Word Divine as I do judge
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their hearts whom God intends to save;
It turns them from those cursed wayes of sin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.

It brings them out of darkness into light,
Yea, and discovers Jesus to their sight,
Filling their Souls with inward life and peace,
And precious joys, the which shall never cease.

The glorious Power which God did afford
Alwayes to those who stood up for his Word
Most clearly shews, methinks, to every eye
The Scripture's true, and their Authority.

To be Divine, what ever you may say,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been supported in the Flames?
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,
To stand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire,
Which made their very enemies admire.
Wouldst thou one instance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I should, I am sure I should transgress,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Press.
And therefore I will add one reason more
To prove Gods Word Divine, and so give o'r.
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
And all his Limbs with dreadful horror shake!
When on a death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conscience waking in their face did fly,
Though in their health they did much despise,
And did affirm it was made up with lies.
Yet has it made them howl at last and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,
Which did foretell profane *Belshazzar's* fall,
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought amongst them a most sudden change,
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King do earnestly desire
To hear it read, nought then would serve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn.

Histrembling Knees smote one against another,
 As if his Joynts were loosed from each other.
 Thus those that won't confess *Jehovah's* Name,
 Are forc'd to own him to their utter shame.
 And those who will not of Gods Word allow,
 Are forc'd by Conscience under it to bow. (o'r
 These being weigh'd may make you quite give
 Yea, and Gods Word thus to oppose no more,
 Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,
 Methinks each Soul should be exceeding fraid
 How they condemn that glorious Deity,
 Whom they so clearly shew and magnifie.

But to leave this a little and descend
 To mans own reason which you so commend.
 How many Heathens did alone thereby,
 Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majesty.
 If you your Reason did but exercise,
 From Atheism doubtless you soon might rise,
 And hate also this Soul-destroying evil,
 Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apostate.

*Amongst the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
 Who for their skill in Nature had the name
 Above all others, which did quite deny
 There was a God or such a Deity.*

Professor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Aristotle*,
 With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble.

And

And such like Atheists I must grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as Stories shew,
Philosophy is good, but men abuse it,
When they like those old Heathen Authors use it.
God doth sometimes mens reasons darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Because on earth, like Brutes they seem to live.
But though these natural Sots could not espy
By all their skill th' eternal Deity,
Yet many thousand Heathens I might show
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they searched so about
Into Gods VWorks, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themselves up seriously
To study Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cause of all things here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly see the birth
Or first Original of every thing,
From such an Essence to descend or spring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May soon convince that man to be a Fool,
VWho by the Creatures glory can't discern
The Being of that dreadful Sovereign
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head, they to all declare,
Had I but time, I could some pages fill,
To shew to you how that mans reason will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Man's

Mans Soul is like a spring, or like to fire;
It resteth not aloft, it doth aspire,
And unto *Noah's Dove*, I'll it compare,
God is the Ark, Souls rest alone is there.
The flesh dams up the spring, quencheth desire,
Keeps out of th' Ark to which it would retire:
Since I perceive mans soul doth search about
To find some higher good and being out;
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us Gods glorious being show,
But to conclude this, no man can disown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
What sad examples daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where?
Some drunkards & blasphemers struck down dead
And others with strange Judgments tortured?
Some have presum'd the Holy God to dare,
Whom he would not one little minute spare,
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e'r long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a sad example make.
Your state alas, above all men is sad,
Because of God you once such knowledge had.
And of his wayes, which now you loath and hate;
O Sir, consider this your woful state;
And cry to God, if peradventure he will
May give you Grace, whereby your soul may see
Your hainous sin, that so you may repent,
And turn to God before your dayes are spent.

Apostate.

I must confess I know not what to say,
If there's a God, then cursed be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will mercy shew:
I now resolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am lost;
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlasting pains.
O that there were no God! for then should I
Be like the Beast when e'r I come to die.
For love o'th' World and for my present ease
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No rest nor comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd (go
From these good wayes in which dear youth you
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My sin would not so hainous now appear:
My Conscience doth prick me to the heart,
I never shall be eased of this smart.
O that I were in Hell! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my extremity.
Thou shalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art chosen from Eternity.
To be an heir of the Eternal Bliss;
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?

The

The Devil with his glist'ring golden ball
 Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my fall
 To be so bad, no tongue can it express,
 My woful pain is quite remediless.
 The checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
 And loved darkness greatly, hated light:
 Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
 Though I of him had hints oft-times most clear
 And now will he my soul to pieces tear,
 And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
 Let all backsliders of me warning take
 Before they fall into the *Stygian Lake*;
 Yea, and return and make with God their peace
 Before the dayes of Grace and Mercy cease;
 For mine are past for ever. oh! condole
 My sad estate, and miserable soul.
 My dayes will quickly end, and I must lie
 Broyling in flames to all Eternity.

F I N I S.



The Stationers Arms.

