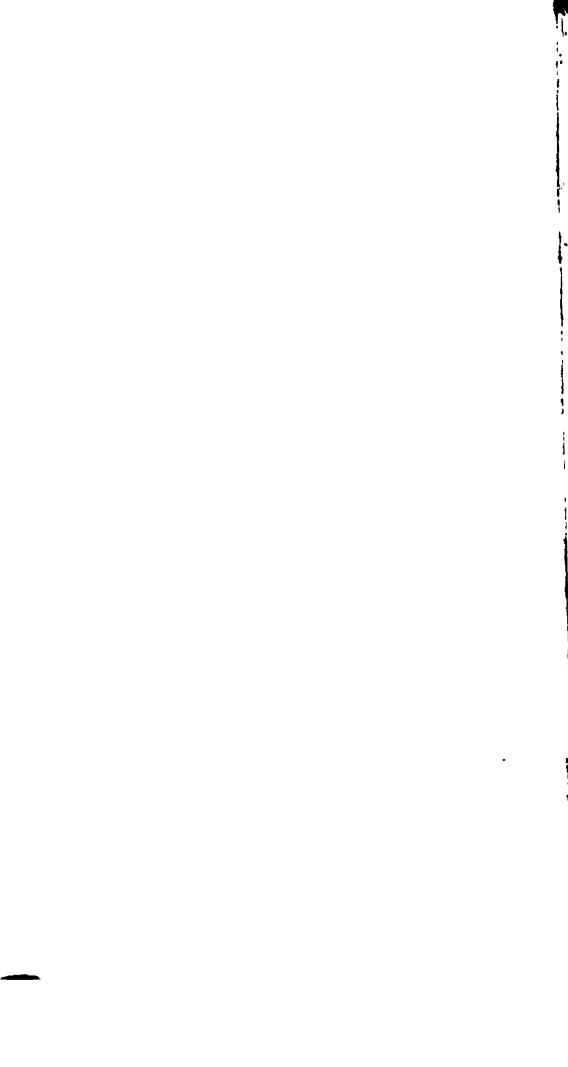


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F. Elizabeth Raymond

1691

# POETICAL

FRAGMENTS:

## Heart-Imployment

WITH

God and It Self.

THE

Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart:

Sorrowing-rejoycing, Fearing-hoping  
Dying-living.

Written partly for himself, and partly for nea Friends in Sicknes, and other deep Affliction.

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By *RICHARD BAXTER*.

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*Ephes. 5. 19. Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your hearts to the Lord.*

*2 Cor. 5. 4. For we that are in this Tabernacle do GROAN, being burdened.*

*Lata fere latus eccini : Cano tristia tristis.*

Published for the use of the Afflicted.

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The Second Edition.

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LONDON, Printed for J. Dutton at the Black Raven in the Poultry. 1689.

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## To the Reader.

I confess that Passion is oft such a hindrance of Judgment, that a Man should be very suspicious of himself till it be laid: But I am assured that God made it not in vain; and that Reason is a sleepy half-useless thing, till some Passion excite it; and Learning to a Man asleep is no better for that time than Ignorance. And God usually beginneth the awakening of Reason, and the conversion of Sinners, by the awakening of their useful Passions, their Fear, their Grief, Repentance, Desire, &c. I confess, when God awaketh in me those Passions which I account rational and holy, I am so far from condemning them, that I think I was half a Fool before, and have small comfort in sleepy Reason. Lay by all the passionate part of Love and Joy, and it will be hard to have any pleasant thoughts of Heaven.

In short, I am an Adversary to their Philosophy, that vilifie Sense, because it is in Brutes, and am past doubt that the noble Spirits of Sensitives are debased ignorantly, by pretending Wits, that know not what they say or glory in. And humane Souls are not less sensitive for being rational, but are eminently sensitive. Yea, Reason hath in it more of eminent internal Sensation, than those Men think that debase Sense. The Scripture, that saith of God, That he is Life and Light,

## To the Reader.

Light, saith also, That he is Love, and Love is Complacence, and Complacence is Joy; and to say God is Infinite, Essential Love and Joy, is a better Notion, than with Cartesians and Cocceians, to say that God and Angels, and Spirits, are but a Thought, or an Idea. What is Heaven to us, if there be no Love and Joy?

I will do my wise Friends, whose Counsel I have much followed, that Right, as to acquit them from all the guilt of the Publication of these Fragments. Some of them say, that such VVork is below me; and those that I think speak wiselier, say, I am below such VVork. These I unfeignedly believe. I have long thought, that a Painter, a Musician, and a Poet, are contemptible, if they be not excellent: And that I am not Excellent, I am satisfied: But I am more patient of Contempt than many are. Common Painters serve for poor Men's Work: And a Fidler may serve at a Country Wedding: Such cannot aspire to the Attainments of the higher sort: And the Vulgar are the greater number. Dr. Stillingfleet saith, I seldom follow my Friend's advice: In this I justify him: Though in other Things my Advisers contradict him.

I know that natural temper makes Poetry savour to several Wise and Learned Men, as

## To the Reader.

differently as Meats do to various Appetites. I know such Learned discreet Men, that know not what a Tune is, nor can difference one from another. I wonder at them, and oft doubt whether it be an Accident, or an Integral of Humanity which they want. Annatus the Jesuit in his Answer to Dr. Twisse De Scientia Media, commends his Poetry (for a Poem added in the end) in scorn, as if it were a Disgrace to a School-Divine. I take one sign of an Acumen of Wit to make it likely that the Man hath the same Wit for other Work,

For my self, I confess that Harmony and Melody are the pleasure and elevation of my Soul, and have made a Psalm of Praise in the Holy Assembly the chief delightful Exercise of my Religion and my Life; and hath helped to bear down all the Objections which I have heard against Church-Musick, and against the 149, 150 Psalms. It was not the least comfort that I had in the Converse of my late dear Wife, that our first in the Morning, and last in Bed at Night, was a Psalm of Praise (till the bearing of others interrupted it.) Let those that favour not Melody, leave others to their different Appetites, and be content to be so far Strangers to their delights.

These

## To the Reader.

These times have produced many Excellent Poets: Among whom for strength of Wit, Dr. Abraham Cowly justly bears the Bell. I much value Mr. Woodford's Paraphrase on the Psalms, though his Genius (or somewhat else) expound some Psalms, so as the next Age will confute. A Woman's Poems, the Lady Katherine Philip's are far above contempt. But that is best to me which is most holy.

I have known good Men that were skilled in Musick, and much delighted in it, and yet had a conceit that it was unlawful in a Psalm, or holy Exercise: I so much differed from them, that I scarce cared for it any where else; and if it might not be holily used, it should never have been used for me.

Honest George Withers, though a Rustic Poet, hath been very acceptable as to some for his Prophecies, so to others for his plain Country-honesty: The Vulgar were the more pleased with him for being so little Courtly as to say,

- " If I should have been hung, I knew not how
- " To teach my Body how to cringe and bow,
- " And to embrace a fellows hinder quarters,
- " As if I meant to steal away his Garters.
- " When any bow'd to me with Congeestrim,
- " All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.

Bless

## To the Reader.

" Bless me, thought I, what will this Coxcomb do?  
" When I perceiv'd one reaching at my Shoo.

Quarles yet out-went him, mixing competent Wit with Piety (especially in his Poem against Rest on Earth.)

Silvester on Du Bartas seems to me to out-go them both.

Sir Fulk Grevil, Lord Brook (a man of great note in his Age) hath a Poem lately Printed for Subjects Liberty, which I greatly wonder this Age would bear. There are no Books that have been Printed these twenty Years, that I more wonder at (that ever they were endured) than Richard Hookers eight Books of Ecclesiastical Policy, dedicated by Bishop Gauden to our present King, and vindicated by him; and these Poems of Sir Fulk Grevil Lord Brook. Davie's Nosce Teipsum is an excellent Poem in opening the Nature, Faculties, and certain Immortality of Mans Soul. But I must confess, after all, that next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me, as Mr. George Herbert's, and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowly and others far exceed Herbert in Wit and accurate composure. But (as Seneca takes with me above all his Contemporaries, because he speaketh Things by Words, feelingly and seriously, like a  
Man

## To the Reader.

*Man that is past jest, so ) Herbert speaks  
to God like one that really believeth a  
God, and whose business in this World is  
most with God. Heart-work and Hea-  
ven-work make up his Books. And Du  
Bartas is seriously Divine. And Geo. Sandys's  
Omne tulit punctum, dum miscuit utile dulci.*

*His Scripture Poems are an elegant and  
excellent Paraphrase, but especially his Job,  
whom he hath restored to its original Glory.  
O that he had turned the Psalms into Me-  
tre fitted to the usual Tunes! It did me good  
when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Boxley  
Abby in Kent; to see upon the old Stone  
Wall in the Garden a Summer-house with this  
Inscription in great Golden Letters, that In  
that place Mr. G. Sandys, after his Tra-  
vels over the World, retired himself for  
his Poetry and Contemplations. And  
none are fitter to retire to God, than such as  
are tired with seeing all the Vanities on Earth.*

*Sure there is somewhat of Heaven in holy  
Poetry. It charmeth Souls into Loving Har-  
mony and Concord: We have two Brothers  
in this City, of whom one hath written a  
Book, called, A Friendly Debate, to make  
those seem odious or contemptible who are a-  
gainst his way: It had too much success, and  
so far destroyed Love and Concord, as will  
not easily be recovered in this Age. His Bro-*

## To the Reader.

ther (Mr. Patrike of the Charter-house) hath with pious Skill and serionsness turned into a new Metre many of David's Psalms, and the advantage for holy affections and harmony, hath so far reconciled the Non-Conformists, that divers of them use his Psalms in their Congregations, though they have their old ones; Romes, Bishop Kings, Mr. Whites, the New Englands, Davisons, the Scots, (agreed on by two Nations) in competition with it. But I digress too far.

All that I have to say for these Fragments, is, 1. That being fitted to Women, and Vulgar Wits, which are the far greatest number, they may be useful to such, though contemptible to those of higher elevation and expectation. 2. And being suited to afflicted, sick, dying, troubled, sad and doubting Persons, the number of such is so great in these calamitous times, as may render them useful to more than I desire. 3. And if my present grief may but excuse the Publication, he that needeth them not may let them alone.

Some of them need an Exposition, which I must not give the World. I have added two or three Printed heretofore, that they may be altogether. The Lord by his merciful Providence and his Grace, tune up our dull and drooping Souls to such joyful praises, as may prepare us for his everlasting praise in Heaven. Amen.

London, At the Door of Eternity.

Rich. Baxter, Aug. 7. 1681.

L O V E

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# LOVE

Breathing

THANKS and PRAISE.

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## The First Part.

**E**Ternal God, this Worm lifts up the head,  
 And looks to Thee, by Thee Encouraged.  
 Cheer'd by thy Bounty, it would speak thy praise,  
 Whose wondrous Love hath measur'd all my days:  
 If thou vouchsafe to make a Worm rejoice,  
 Give him a thankful praising Heart and Voice.  
 Thy shining Glory blessed Angels see:  
 Angels must sing thy highest praise, not we:  
 But if thy warming beams cause Worms to speak,  
 Their baser part will not the Consort break.  
 When Time was yet no measure; when the Sun  
 Its rapid motion had not yet begun;  
 When Heav'n, and Earth, & Sea were yet unfram'd,  
 Angels and Men, and all things else unnam'd:  
 When there did nothing else exist but Thee,  
 Thou wast the same, and still the same wilt be:  
 When there was none to know or praise thy Name,  
 Thou wast in perfect Blessedness the same.



The Father, Word and Spirit, One in Three,  
 Trinity doth with Unity agree.  
 Th' Eternal Life, that quickens all that lives ;  
 The soul of souls ; the Light which all Light gives  
 Immense and boundless, present every where :  
 Beyond all place and Creatures, thou art there,  
 Uncomprehended, comprehending all :  
 Foreknowing whatsoever shall befall.  
 Uncaus'd, thou caus'est all that hath a Being :  
 Unknown, thou knowest ; unseen, thou art all-seeing.  
 Though necessary, yet without constraint ;  
 Unmov'd, yet moving all, dost never faint.  
 All things depend on Thee ; and Thou on none,  
 And changing all things, art unchang'd alone.  
 One in th' innumerable multitude ;  
 Perfectly ordering things which seem most rude.  
*Infinite Power*, one accent of whose Breath,  
 Can sentence Heav'n and Earth to life or death.  
 Yea, by one Act of efficacious Will  
 Canst make and unmake Worlds ; give life, and kill.  
*Reason transcending* all created Reason ;  
 Not only knowing all things in their season,  
 But with a Knowledge, perfect, infinite,  
*Knowing Thy self* in Thine Eternal Light.  
 A Knowledge which doth utterly excell  
 The Knowledge of the Earth, the Heav'ns and Hell ;  
 To know ten thousand worlds, were but to know  
 Th: finite streams which from thy Will do flow :  
 Existents, Futures, all Contingencies  
 Conceal'd from Man, are naked to thine eyes :  
 Of every thing thou knowest the Form and Cause ;  
 As giving all their Nature and their Laws.  
 Nature's whole Frame is but one piece to thee.  
 The Place and Use of all things thou dost see.  
 The Globes of Heav'n and Earth are in thy span ;  
 Thou seest not things by parcels, like poor Man.  
 Our narrow Minds see here and there a Letter,  
 Not rightly plac'd, and therefore read no better:

We make the Events of this day our sorrow,  
 Because we know not what will be to morrow.  
 Things present, past, and future; old and new,  
 Thou see'st entirely with one single view.  
 Thou see'st all at home that's understood:  
*Loving thy self*, thou lovest all that's Good.  
*Goodness it self*, and perfect Excellence,  
 Transcending humane Reason, Will and Sense;  
 Good in thy self, and to thy self alone,  
 Before thou wast to any Creature known.  
 Blest in thy own Eternal pleasing sight;  
 Thy own Eternal Love, Thy own Delight.  
 Those that can find in Thee no greater Good,  
 Than that thou giv'st them life, and health, and food,  
 And bountifully from thy ample Treasure  
 Bless'st thy Creatures with desired pleasure,  
 Set up themselves, and do the worst they can,  
 To make themselves the Gods, and Thee the Man.  
 They that can love thee but for loving them,  
 Make thee the casket, and themselves the Gem.  
 To love *thy self* is infinitely better,  
 Than if *Love* made a world of worlds its Debter.  
 Thy own Perfections by *Attraction* move,  
 As the chief formal Object of Man's Love.  
 Though our own Good we may, and must intend;  
 Thy simple Goodness is Man's chiefest end.  
 They that deny this, never knew *Love's* force,  
 Which to *meer Excellence* hath its recourse:  
 Or never well considered *Love's* end,  
 Which unto Good, for *Goodness's* sake doth tend.  
 To be *Man's End*, is but to be *most Lov'd*:  
 And *Good's* the Loadstone by which *Love* is mov'd?  
 What though to Thee the Creature nothing add?  
 That proves thee perfect; neither weak nor bad;  
 And therefore fit to be the Final Cause,  
 Which all Hearts by attractive Goodness draws:  
*Love* is the Final and Enjoying act;  
 Closing with Thee by thy Magnetick tract.

Not as it *mourneth* for the Good we want ;  
 Nor as it after distant Good doth pant ;  
 But partly as it reacheth its desires :  
 And more, as it with *Pleasure Thee admires*.  
*This Love*, besides its Object, hath no-End :  
 It doth not to some higher Virtue tend :  
 But from a seed, grows up to higher stature,  
 Of *Divine Complacence*, which is its nature.  
 All other Grace is but the means to it :  
 They draw the bow ; but *Love* the mark doth hit.  
 But Sinners lost in SELF rise not above  
 The lower Region of their own SELF-LOVE.  
 Experience assures me that I can  
 Love a most learned, wise, and holy Man  
 Unseen, my very heart is to him knit,  
 Without respect to any benefit.  
 Reason convinceth me that I should *not*,  
 If the known BEST, my Love should not prefer :  
 Should I not rather chuse my self alone  
 To be annihilated, or undone,  
 Than the whole world should bear the same distress,  
 Or Towns, or Countries ; seeing I am less ?  
 Or the Creator should take down the Sun ?  
 Destroy the Earth ? or Rivers cease to run ?  
 Reason taught Heathens that their Country's good  
 Was worth the shedding of their vital Blood :  
 A faithful Subject thinks his Life a thing  
 Meet to be cast away to save his King.  
 True Soldiers would chuse Death, if so they may  
 But save their Captains Lives, or win the day.  
 Many have chose to dye through love of Friends ;  
 Preferring them above all selfish Ends.  
 It is not Reason, but blind selfish Passion,  
 If *One* refuse to dye to save a Nation.  
 A silly useless Wretch should not refuse  
 His Death, before a useful Mans, to choose.  
 My Neighbour as my self I must respect,  
 And for my Brethren must my Life reject. (1 Job. 3. 16)

O doleful proof of Man's unhappy Fall !  
 That loves not GOD above himself and All !  
 And if I love him must, He is my End :  
 Man's Love above the Lover must ascend !  
 But O how wisely hast thou made the twist ! :  
 To Love Thee and My self do well consist.  
 Love is the closure of Connaturals ;  
 The Soul's return to its Originals :  
 As every Brook is towards the Ocean bent ;  
 And all things to their proper Element :  
 And as the inclination of the Sight,  
 How small soever, is unto the Light :  
 As the touch'd Needle pointeth toward the Pole :  
 Thus unto Thee inclines the Holy Soul ;  
 It trembleth and is restless till it come  
 Unto thy Bosom, where it is at home.  
 Yet no such Union dare the Soul desire  
 As Parts have with the whole, and sparks to fire ;  
 But as dependent, low, subordinate,  
 Such as thy Will of nothing did create :  
 As tendeth to the Sun, the smallest Eye  
 Of silly Vermine, or the poorest Flea.  
 My own Sa'vation when I make my End ;  
 Full Mutual Love is all that I intend.  
 And in this closure though I happy be,  
 Is by intending and admiring Thee.  
 O happy Grace ! which feeds above the Skies !  
 And causeth Man above Himself to rise !  
 And saves what it denys ! when Worklings lose  
 What they despis'd, and what they lov'd and chose !  
 The more I do my self in Love neglect,  
 And only to thy Goodness have respect,  
 When most my self I from my self abstract,  
 This is the sweetest, and self-pleasing act !  
 Even when I seem to leave my self behind,  
 Coming to thee, with Thee my self I find.  
 When I am least, the Object of my Love,  
 And unto Thee do most entirely move,

My Soul, the willing Agent, drawn by Grace,  
Will Rest in Love, and Vision of thy Face.

But in this Wilderness and vale of Tears,  
How is Love damp't by Ignorance and Fears?  
For no Man's Love his knowledg can exceed;  
And guilty Terrors disaffection breed.  
Mortals can know thee but as in a glass.  
True formal Knowledge doth Man's mind surpass.  
No Thoughts or Names are adequate to Thee:  
They are but Metaphors from what we see;  
Which first thy Works and Image signifie;  
And thence to Thee Mens rising Minds apply.  
As far as Faith comes short of perfect Sight,  
And this dark Prison of the Glorious Light;  
So far this distant mediate Love's below  
The Heavenly Love which mortals cannot know.  
What will it be to love Thee face to face,  
When thou appear'st so lovely in this Glass?

Thy Goodness is not to that world confin'd:  
To worthless, sinful Mortals thou art kind:  
Thy mercies to the smallest are not small:  
To some more wonderful, but great to all.  
Thy matchless Power doth it self express,  
Upon the smallest Worm, or pile of Grass.  
The Methods of thy Wisdom are profound:  
All must admire the depths which none can sound.

When Man from Holy Love, turn'd to a Lye,  
Thy Image lost, became thine Enemy;  
O what a Seal did Love and Wisdom find  
To re-imprint thine Image on Man's Mind!  
Thou sent'st the Signet from thine own right hand,  
Made Man for them that had themselves unman'd,  
Th' Eternal Son, who in thy Bosom dwelt;  
Essential burning Love, mens hearts to melt:  
Thy lively Image; he that knew thy mind:  
Fit to illuminate and heal the Blind.  
With Love's great Office thou didst him adorn:  
Redeemer of the helpless and forlorn:

On Love's chief work and message he was sent :  
 Our Flesh he took ; our pain he underwent :  
 Thy pardoning, saving Love to Man did preach :  
 The Reconciler stood up in the breach :  
 The uncreated Image of thy Love,  
 By his *Assumption*, and the *Holy Dove*,  
 On his own Flesh thy Image first Imprest ;  
 And by that stamp renews it on the rest.  
 Love was his Nature, Doctrine, Life and Breath :  
 Love flamed in his Sufferings and Death :  
 Thus *Love thine Image*, Love on Man doth print :  
 This Coin, thy Son, thy Word and Spirit mint.  
 He that will have it *True*, must have it here ;  
 Though *Love* prepare its way by *Grief* and *Fear* :  
 Yea oft by *these* expresseth its Desire ;  
*They* are sincere when kindled by *its* fire.  
 These are *LOVE's* Methods, passing tongue and pen :  
 Wonders and Joys, to Angels, and to Men.

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## The Second Part.

**L**OVE, which can make its Object, did produce  
 This Worm, in season, for its proper use :  
 In the Earth's Garden, the most happy Land,  
 Where Christians dwell, & Christian Kings command :  
 Where plenteous streams of living waters flow ;  
 Where the first-fruits of Paradise do grow :  
 Whence Proud, Dark, Bloody Popery was driven :  
 To whom the opened Book of God was given.  
 Where sacred guides, and books, and helps abound ;  
 And all that will may hear *the joyful sound*.

My Parents here thy skilful hand did plant,  
 Free from the snares of Riches and of Want.  
 Their tender care was us'd for me alone,  
 Because thy Providence gave them but One :  
 Their Earthly Precepts so possess'd my heart,  
 That taking root, they did not thence depart.

Thy

by Wisdom so contriv'd my Education,  
 s might expose me to the least temptation.  
 such of that guilt thy Mercy did prevent,  
 which my spring-time I should else have spent.  
 Yet Sin sprung up, and early did appear;  
 a love of play, and lyes produc'd by fear:  
 an Appetite pleas'd with forbidden fruit,  
 a proud delight in literate repute;  
 excess of pleasure in vain Tales, Romances;  
 time spent in feigned Histories and Fancies:  
 idle talk, conform to company;  
 Childhood and Youth had too much vanity.  
 Conscience was oft resisted when it check'd;  
 and holy duty I did much neglect.

Yet patience bore; thy Spirit still did strive:  
 restless Convictions still were kept alive.  
 Thou wouldst not give me over, till thy Grace  
 reviv'd thy Image which sin did deface.  
 Thou strangely putt'st such Books into my hand,  
 which caus'd me my case to understand:  
 which touch'd my Conscience, wakened my heart,  
 and laid it under careful fears and smart.  
 And made me question with a deeper sense,  
 Whither my Soul must go when it goes hence.

Then did thy Light detect the vanity  
 of all the Joys and Hopes below the Sky.  
 The fruitless bustle which the Worldling makes;  
 the madness of the course the Sinner takes;  
 the wicked world I thought a Bedlam was:  
 and senseless Sinners hearts were stone or brass:  
 wondred men could live so carelessly,  
 ready to pass into Eternity!

And O how easily could I confute  
 all that against a holy life dispute?

I wondred at my self that staid so long,  
 a little toucht with Arguments so strong!  
 Laughing and playing, as if all were well,  
 or ought I knew, near to the brink of Hell.

marvell'd at my former senselessnes !  
 My sin and misery I did confess.  
 And now what horrid darkness on my mind,  
 Never before lamented did I find ?  
 Sin was like sickness in my flesh and bone,  
 Which only by the Book before was known.  
 Christ's Office now I better understood,  
 The need my Soul had of his cleansing Blood :  
 How insufficient of my self I was,  
 To bring my own deliverance to pass : *all this to*  
 Now I began to feel as well as see, *here in my blood*  
 How near the Word of Grace concerned me :  
 That all means else in Heaven and Earth were vain,  
 My Peace with God, and pardon to obtain !  
 To whom else should my sinful Soul have gone ?  
 But for my Saviour, I had been undone.  
*Oh my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?*  
*thus thou prepar'st us for the Life above.* (quake,  
 The heav'nly Powers which made my heart to  
 My Prison bonds and doors did open shake :  
 in now was folly, villany and shame :  
 God, Heav'n, Christ, Holiness, seem'd not the same :  
 How thou wouldst use me, yet I did not know,  
 Whether my sin thou wouldst forgive, or no :  
 but well I saw there was no turning back :  
 Nature is loth to go to Hell awake :  
 Thy Gospel told me, I might mercy find :  
 Nothing but Hell and Darkness was behind :  
 At last thw Grace brought me to this conclusion,  
 To HOPE and SEEK I fixt my resolution.  
*my dear God ! How precious is thy Love ?*  
*thy Grievs prepare us for the Joys above.*  
 Yet these my wounds and smarts were not so great,  
 As many's who fate long in scorners seat :  
 Nor did the change so suddenly begin,  
 As to make known when special-Grace came in :  
 In my young years thou hadst convinc'd my Soul :  
 Conscience did childish vanity controul :



I lik'd thy ways as best : I honour'd those,  
 That Folly shun'd, and Holy Wisdom chose :  
 Thou hadst prevented Oaths and horrid crimes :  
 And the enormous vices of the times :  
 Preserving me from youthful lusts and rage :  
 The thoughts of Thee increasing with my Age.  
 This greatest Change began when I was green,  
 Having not much above three lustres seen :  
 Therefore I doubted whether it were true,  
 Because its *entrance* I no better knew :  
 Long was I sadly questioning thy Grace,  
 Because thy Spirits steps I could not trace.  
 The difference is so great 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,  
 That those must differ much who there must dwell.  
 I fear'd the change which rais'd my soul no higher,  
 Would not suffice to save me from Hell fire.  
 But above all, I thought so Hard a heart,  
 Could not among the living have a part.  
 I thought thy Son would never heal my sore,  
 Unless my tears and sorrow had been more.  
 I wonder'd at my great stupidity !  
 That could not weep when I deserv'd to dye.  
 I wonder'd, things so great as Heav'n and Hell,  
 Did on my heart with no more feeling dwell !  
 That words which such amazing things import,  
 Did not sink deeper, and my soul transport !  
 That things of Everlasting consequence,  
 Did not affect me with a deeper sense.  
 And that a soul so near its final doom,  
 Could give these worldly trifles any room.  
 That on these shadows I could cast an eye,  
 While Death & Judgment, Heav'n & Hell stood by  
 I wonder'd when my odious sin was nam'd,  
 I was no more confounded and asham'd .  
 Many a time I beg'd a tender heart,  
 And never pray'd so much for joy, as smart.  
 I could have kiss'd the place where I did kneel,  
 If what my tongue had spoke, my heart could see  
The

These were my cries when I to Thee did speak,  
*That this heart of stone might melt or break!*  
 These were my groans; this was my daily breath,  
*O save me from Hard-heartedness and Death!*

This was the title which I us'd to take,  
*Senseless Hard-hearted wretch, that cannot wake.* ]

But as thy Wisdom gives in fittest measure;  
 Not all at once: It's meet we wait thy leisure.  
 I thought that things unseen should pierce and melt,  
 With as great Passion as things seen and felt.

But now I find it is their proper part,  
 To be most valu'd, to be next the Heart;  
 To be the highest Interest of the soul;  
 There to command, and all things else controul.

Thus must the little spark of fire be blown,  
 Or else it will not flame, nor scarce be known;  
 New-lighted Candles, darkened by the snuff,  
 Are ready to go out with every puff:

So it was long before the heav'nly spark  
 Conquered my snuff, and shined in the dark:  
 My feeble new-born soul began with crying:  
 My Infant-life did seem to be still dying:  
 Betwixt supporting *Hope*, and sinking *Fears*,  
 My doubting soul did languish many years.

*O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?*  
*Thy troubling Motions tend to Rest above.*

Thus GRACE like NATURE entreth in a seed;  
 Which with man's labour, heav'nly dews must feed:  
 Whose *Virtue* and *first Motions* no eye sees;

But after comes to ripeness by degrees:  
 Our Father's tender Love doth much appear,  
 When he with useless crying Babes can bear:  
 When we the Household's grief and trouble are;  
 He shows the more his patient nursing care.

At first I wisht that I could pray and weep:  
 Thus when I could not go, I learn'd to creep:  
 Then thou beganst to loose my Infant tongue;  
 And taught'st me *Abba, Father*, when but young;  
 First

First by the Book, and some unworded groans :  
After by heart-indited words and moans,  
Thy dyet first was Milk, then stronger food :  
But always that which wholsom was and good.  
Though Preachers were too often dry and dull,  
Thy holy Word was quick and powerful :  
The many precious Books of holy men,  
Thy Spirit used on me as his Pen :

*Perkins, Sibbs, Bolton, Whateley, holy Dad, +  
Hilder sham, Preston, other men of God,*

How pertinentlly spake they to my case ?  
They open'd Heav'n and Hell before my face :

They did unfold the Gospel-Mysteries,  
And set Christ crucified before my eyes :

They shamed sin ; they shewed me the snare ;  
Opened the danger ; charg'd me to beware.

In every duty they did me direct ;  
Told me the sin, and danger of neglect :

They search'd my heart ; help'd me to try my sta  
My earthly Mind they help'd to elevate :

What strong & quickening motives did they bri  
To raise my heart, and winde the slackned sprie

These happy Counsellors were still at hand ;  
The Maps, and Landskips of the Holy Land.

This food was not lockt from me ; but I could  
Go read a holy Sermon when I would.

How cheaply kept I many Rare Divines ?  
And for a little purchas'd Golden Mines ?

My griefs they eas'd ; my many doubts resolv'd  
With great delight I daily them revolv'd :

*O my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?  
Are these thy Candles ? What's the Sun above !*

At last my Fears became my greatest Fear,  
Left that my whole Religion should lie there :

No man hath more of Holiness than Love :  
Which doth free souls by complacency move

Common Grace goes as far as Fear alone :  
This eateth not the meat, but gnaws the bone

A slavish fear desireth leave to sin :  
 It doth but tie the hands, and wash the skin.  
 Hypocrites act a forc'd affected part :  
 Where *Love* is absent, God hath not the heart.  
 He'll not accept what's done against mens will,  
 That if they durst, had rather have done ill.

Oh my dear God ! shall not my Heart be thine ?  
 Then I shall wish it never had been mine.

Objects of *Sense* do soonest move the *Passion* :

But sure *Thou* hast my highest *Estimation* ;

My *Will's* Resolved *Choice* is to be *Thine* :

My *Soul* and *Body* I to *Thee* resign :

To *Thee* the motions of my *Soul* do bend,

*Thou* art the *Scope* to which my *Life* doth tend.

The motions of the higher *Faculties*,

The *Ruling Powers* are chiefest in thine *Eyes* :

*Thou* tak'st the *Love* and *Homage* which *they* pay ;

Though *Rebel Passion* doth not them obey :

What makes me laugh most, makes me not most glad

What made me weep most, made me not most sad :

My *Love* to one choice *Friend* hath of more *passion*,

Than my much greater *Love* to *Church* and *Nation*.

O had I all my *Powers* at command !

As readily as tongue, or foot, or hand !

My eyes should empty first the serious store,

Because I love so good a *God* no more :

And next some of the florid blood should spend,

Because the *God* of *Love* I did offend.

The rest should serve for *Oyl* unto *Loves* *Fire*,

Wasting in restless vehement desire :

At every mention of thy blessed *Name*,

My ravish'd *Soul* should mount up in *Loves* *Flame* :

Each *Sermon* should *Elias* *Chariot* be,

To carry up my longing heart to thee.

The *Saints* *Assemblies* I would make more bright,

Where many *Heaven*-aspiring flames unite.

And when my *Lords* *Love*-sufferings I read,

My pierced and love-wounded heart should bleed.

Love.

Love should enforce each word when I do pray ;  
*A Flaming Heart* I'd on thy Altar lay :

When halving Hypocrites give Thee a part,

Love should present my *Whole*, though *broken* heart.

When in thy Word I read Love's Mysteries ;

There I would sweetly feed my greedy eyes.

Each Sacrament should be an Eucharist : (twist.

There Heart with Heart, and Love with Love should

My Friends and I would in our daily walk

Of Love's Delights and Entertainments talk :

My working Love should others Love excite :

In Love I'd be a burning shining Light.

Love through the Lanthorn of my flesh should shine:

Who heard me speak, should hear that I am Thine:

Remembring that in Love I must be made

Equal to Angels ; I would learn their Trade :

Yea, I would reach up to a higher shelf ;

And as my Copy, look to Christ himself:

Love's work I'd do with all my

diligence, } *Mark. 3. 20, 21.*

Though men should think I were

beside my sense, } *2 Cor. 5. 13.*

My daily Love should rise before the Sun,

And it in speed and constancy out-run :

Love as my Life should fill up all my days ;

*Desire* should be my *Pulse* ; my *Breath* thy *Praise*.

And I would wind up all the strings as high,

As Blessed *Paul* was in his Extasie.

Heav'nly Love should all my words indite,

And be the Soul and Sense of all I write :

My Heart of Lov's delight should sweetly think,

I'd write with flaming fire instead of Ink :

And yet thy holy Day should be my Best,

In it my thirsty Soul should tast of rest ;

My daily Food should increase to a Feast.

O my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?

O could I mount thus to the Flames above ?

These are *Love's* pantings after thee, my God!  
 Though, with my *Soul*, imprison'd in a clod!  
 My *Soul* and *Love* shall shortly be set free;  
 And then my *Soul*, my *Love*, shall feast on *Thee*.  
 If thou wouldst grant the very thing I crave,  
 And give me leave to chuse what I would have;  
 Should it be lusts, or Sports, or *Fleshly* pleasure?  
 Should it be *Lordly* Rule, or *Earthly* Treasure?  
 No; I could gladly leave this *Dirt* to *Swine*,  
 And let the *World* be theirs, if *Thou* be mine!  
 I would not thirst to taste of their delight.  
 If lively *Faith* might see the blessed *Sight*!  
 I would not be ambitious of a *Throne*!  
 I could have full content in *God* alone.  
 For mens *Esteem* and *Praise* I would not care;  
 All other *Wit* and *Knowledge* I could spare.  
 To *Know* and *Love* my *God* should be my choice;  
 Give me but *This*, and how shall I rejoyce?  
 Under my hand, *Lord*, *This* is it I choose:  
 O give me this, whatever else I lose!  
 Is there no spark of *Love* in this *Desire*?  
 When a poor *Soul* doth unto *Thee* aspire?  
 To *Know* and *Love* thee is my thirst and strife:  
 Nothing more makes me weary of my life,  
 Than that I feel no more the heav'nly *Fire*,  
 But look and reach, and yet can reach no higher.  
 Here lyes my pain! *This* is my daily sore:  
 I hate my *Heart* for loving *God* no more.  
 Do I not *Love* *Thee*, when I *Love* to *Love* *Thee*?  
 And when I set up nothing else above *Thee*?  
 Next *GOD* himself, who is my *END* & *REST*,  
*Love* which stands next *Thee*, I esteem my *Best*,  
 And *Loving* *God* shall be my *Endless* Feast.  
 O my *Dear* *God*! how precious is thy *Love*?  
 These are thy *Earnests* of the *Life*, above.

*Fear* is to *Love*, as was the *Law* to *Grace*:  
 And as *John Baptist* goes before *Christ's* face,

Preaching Repentance : it prepares his way :  
 It is the first appearing of the Day :  
 The dawning Light which comes before the Sun : ✓  
 As he that to Christ's Sepulchre first run,  
 Excites the LOVD Disciple to do better ;  
 The certain news of Life comes by the later.  
 Fear is Love's Harbinger : It is the womb,  
 Where Love doth breed till time of ripeness come !  
 No wonder if it be not seen till then :  
 The Seed and Embrio are hid from men. *all in* (latch :  
 Though Thou com'st in by Love, Fear draws the  
 Fear makes the motion, tho Love makes the match :  
 Fear is the soil that cheriseth the seed ; *all in*  
 The Nursery in which Heav'n's Plants do breed.  
 God first in *Nature* finds *Self-Love*, and there  
 He takes advantage to implant his *Fear*.  
 With some the time is long before the Earth  
 Disclose her young one by a springy Birth :  
 When Heav'n doth make our Winter sharp & long,  
 The seed of Love lies hid, or seems but young :  
 But when God makes it Spring-time, his approach  
 Takes from the barren Soul its great reproach ;  
 When Heav'n's reviving Smiles and Raies appear,  
 Then Love begins to spring up above Fear :  
 And if sin hinder not by curled shade,  
 It quickly shoots up to a youthful blade :  
 And when Heav'n's warmer beams & dews succeed,  
 That's ripened fruit which e'en now was but seed :  
 Yet doth not flowering, fruitful Love forget  
 Her Nursing *Fear* ; there still her Root is set :  
 In Humble *Self-denial* under-trod,  
 While Flower and Fruit are growing up to God.  
*After Love's Birth-Day, holy Fear and Care*  
*The outward Part of the New-creature are.*  
 As mortal man consists of *Flesh* and *Soul*,  
 So *Fear* and *Love*, on Earth, do make one *Whole*.  
*Love* as the *Soul*, unseen, yet bears the sway :  
*Fear*, as the *Flesh*, more felt, must it obey.

By *Fear*, *Love* doth the daring *Flesh* restrain,  
 And keepeth men awake by threatned pain.  
 This frame is mortal : Not that *Love* can dye ;  
 But leaving *Fears*, will dwell alone on high :  
 Yet will retain a *Reverent Fear* of God ;  
 But not the terrour of his *Wrath* or *Rod*.  
 O my Dear God ! how precious is thy *Love* ?  
 How wise thy *Methods* to the *Life* above ?

Thou first appear'dst in *Lightning*, as to *Paul* :  
 My heat abated, at thy feet I fall.  
 The voice with which thy *Call* thou didst begin,  
 Was to convince me, and reprove my sin :  
 I first enquired of thee, who thou art ?  
 And then, what duty thou hadst made my part ?  
 Thus *Fear* and *Care* began ; but the sweet *Name*  
 Of *Jesus* did reviving *Hope* proclaim.  
 And though long time it scarcely did appear,  
 Yet sure some hidden spark of *Love* was there.  
 I lov'd thy *Holy Word* ; *Good Books* were sweet,  
 Those that did with my own condition meet :  
 Heart-searching *Ministers* were my delight,  
 Those that did most my drowsie *Soul* excite.  
 I dearly loved all in whom I saw  
 A *Love* to *Thee*, and *Care* to keep thy *Law* :  
 The speech and sight of *Holy men* was sweet ;  
 I honour'd them, and could have kist their feet.  
 I felt their living words go to the quick,  
 When common idle prating made me sick.  
 I dearly lov'd my serious bosom friend,  
 Who did in *Love* my failings reprehend ;  
 That could my doubting troubled mind condole,  
 And help to keep awake my sleepy *Soul* :  
 Who could unfold the *Mysteries* of *Grace*,  
 And speak particularly to my case ;  
 Sweetly disclosing his experience ;  
 Extolling *Mercy* from his own deep sense ;  
 One that had been instructed by the *Rod*,  
 And boiled over in the *Praise* of *God* :



Who early ( and oft in the night ) would rise,  
 To offer Thee a Thankful Sacrifice :  
 Who warm'd me with his Zeal when I was cold ;  
 And my remissness lovingly controul'd ;  
 Who stirr'd me up, and taught me how to pray ;  
 And friendly watcht and warn'd me every day.  
 And yet his Piety did not exceed  
 His Charity, to those that were in need.  
 For such a friend I had ; though after all,  
 Himself became my warning by his fall ;

As more than One or Two have done since then ;  
 Shewing, when Grace withdraws, we are but Men.  
*O my Dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?  
 These are the seeds : what are the fruits above ?*

Yet did I scarce discern that it was Thee.  
 Whom in the Glass my pleas'd Mind did see :  
 But though thine Image more incur my sense,  
 I love it for the pourtrayd excellence :  
 It's not because the Workmanship is fine,  
 But Good and Holy ; and because it's Thine.  
 I better know the Map that's in my hand :  
 But yet, by it, I better Love the Land.

Sure when I lov'd thy Books, and every letter ;  
 I lov'd the Sense, and End, and Author better.  
 He loveth Wisdom sure, who loves the Wife :  
 It's like he loves the Light, who loves his Eyes.  
 If one in Prison had his life begun,  
 Where he had never seen the shining Sun ;  
 Yet if he dearly love the Candle-light,  
 He'd surely love the Sun, which is more bright.  
 Or if the Sun had always clouded been,  
 And men its scattered Light alone had seen ;  
 It's true, our Thoughts and Love of that we see,  
 Would more exact and satisfying be :

But to the *unseen Cause*, as it is Better,  
 Our Love of *Estimation* would be Greater.  
 And even a Knowledge general and dark,  
 Would be the Chooser of our End and Mark.

That

That Lov's most *sensible*, which Sense doth breed ;  
 But that *Commands*, which Faith and Reason feed :  
 The *Country* than the *Map*, I must confess,  
 Is much *less known* ; but is not *known as less*.  
 A *Great* and *Certain Object* should do more,  
 Though *darkly known*, than *trifles* at my door :  
 An *Unseen Kingdom* would with men prevail,  
 To leave their Native place, and hoise up sail,  
 And venture over stormy boisterous Seas : (please.  
 Which shews that *great things*, tho *unseen*, most  
 No wonder if the Knowledge be most clear,  
 Of little things which to the sense are near ;  
 These narrow parcels we can comprehend,  
 When *unseen Greatness* doth the mind transcend :  
 But yet *This* moves the *Wheels*, and is the *Spring*,  
 Before the nearest sight of some small thing.  
*That is most Loved*, which I make my *End* ;  
 To which my great designs and actions tend ;  
 For which I can all other *Treasure* spend,  
 Although I do it darkly apprehend.

O my Dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?  
 Unveiled fully to thy Saints above ?

As fire first kindleth on the nearest Wood,  
 My sense thus fixed on the nearest good :  
 And where sense fixed, there with greatest sense  
 The mind did exercise its Complacence.  
 It seem'd more cold to that which distant was ;  
 Yet still looks further as I forward pass :  
 And towards my End, the nearer Heav'n I go,  
 My Love abstracteth more from things below.  
 Love seemeth to get ground, and Fear decays ;  
 Doubting and Grief give place to Thanks & Praise.  
 And tho Fear wrought with greatest sense before,  
 And was in bulk and violence much more ;  
 Yet the least spark of Love which is sincere,  
 Will save the Soul, tho mixt with greater Fear :  
 Who loves God somewhat, & the world above him ;  
 Loving not God as God, he doth not love him

Love must be so far tryed by the *measure*,  
 That God be Lov'd above all earthly Treasure :  
 But that suppos'd the least degree of Love,  
 With greater Doubts and Fears will saving prove.  
 Great Bodies with small souls are animate:  
 Great Heads with little Eyes, are oculate.  
 Small Candles lighten Rooms that are more large:  
 A Steward may have spacious Lands in charge.  
 The Kindom may be bigger than the King:  
 The Diamond may be smaller than the Ring:  
 The House may bigger than the dweller be:  
*Great Fear and little Love*, consistent be.  
 But still true Love to God and Man are known,  
 More by the *Fruits*, than by the *Sense* alone.  
 It must be such a Love, as when there's need,  
 Will venture, suffer, visit, cloath and feed.

O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?

Which gent'y leads us to the Joys above?

Love still went on, and lined out my way,  
 Hedging me in, lest I should go astray:  
 Yet after this how oft did I transgress?  
 By light discourse, and wanton playfulness;  
 Eating to fulness: Yea, even Cards and Dice,  
 Began my mind with pleasure to entice.  
 But providence did quickly interpose,  
 And by a wonder take me off from those.  
 Sin most ensnar'd by pleading lawfulness;  
 Though Conscience often did the sin confess:  
 That wounded deepest which by seeming small,  
 Drew me to venture, and resist thy Call;  
 And knowingl: the same oft to commit,  
 Thinking all Christians had as great as it.  
 Let all that would not be undone by sin,  
 Fly the occasions where it doth begin.  
 At first it's safe and pleasant to resist.  
 But O how doleful is it to persist?  
 Sin doth not open its design at first:  
 It's first-appearance sheweth not the worst:

Flattering the sense, it seems to be a Friend;  
But it proves pain and poison in the end.

Pray from Temptation that you may be free,  
If from the evil you would saved be.

Repentance must convince you that its gall,  
Which first appeared innocent or small.

O how it fills the Soul with guilty fears!

Our filial Evidences blasts and tears?

Disturbs our Peace, and feeds the gnawing Worm?

Turns our Tranquility into a storm?

It puts a piercing sting into the Cross,

And makes Death dreadful as the greatest loss.

Yet all my folly Mercy did forgive,

And did my guilty wounded Soul relieve.

*O my dear God! how precious is thy Love?*

*Heal me, and fit me for the Joys above.*

Thy Love in order to its well-known Ends,  
Shew'd me great mercy in meet Guides and Friends:

Antient and grave Divines, solid and staid,

Who from experience both preach'd and pray'd:

Learned, yet counting Christianity

The chiefest Learning and Philosophy.

These as the Fathers of my untaught Youth,

Were willing to communicate the Truth.

Their help and fruitful converse was my stay,

And great encouragement in all my way;

More pleasant to me than my youthful games:

My Love doth grudgingly suppress their Names.

The company thou gav'st me was not vain,

Not proud or factious, sensual or profane:

But serious, sober, and obedient,

Whose time was in their peaceful labours spent:

Humble and meek, who made it their discourse,

To stir up Faith, and penitent remorse.

Minding the *Lowest*, and the *Highest* things;

Not meddling busily with States and Kings.

Making thy holy Word their chief delight,

And meditating in it Day and Night:

Spending thy day in works of holiness;  
 Hating prophaneness, lewdness and excess:  
 Content with little, yet aspiring high;  
 Sparing no pains for immortality:  
 Low in the world; but for salvation wise;  
 Though scorn'd by faithless fools as too precise.  
*O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?*  
*Such thou wilt take to dwell with Thee above.*

Thy Mercy did my younger Studies guide:  
 Sweet leisure and meet Books thou didst provide;  
 And that I might thy Love the better see,  
 My Tutor thou thy self was pleas'd to be:  
 As Hony-combs are made by patient Bees,  
 Who fetch the matter home by slow degrees,  
 In many days, and from a thousand Flowers,  
 Not perfecting their Work in a few hours:  
 So taughtst thou me to wait the Learning time,  
 Not reaching first at matters too sublime;  
 Few to maturity of knowledge grow,  
 Who think they know, before indeed they know.  
 Thou didst improve the thirsty Love of Truth,  
 Which thou hast given me even in my youth.  
 My Labours thou mad'st easie by delight:  
 Each days success did to the next invite.  
 But O the happy method of thy Grace!  
 Which gave my own Salvation the first place!  
 And first resolv'd me of the utmost end,  
 Which all my after Studies must intend:  
 Shewing me first, *Why*, and *For what* I must  
 Lay out my Studies, that they be not lost:  
 Unhappy men! who follow base designs,  
 And are not Christians, when they are Divines!  
 O that an *Impious Divine* were rare!  
 Although the terms a contradiction are.  
 Alas in what a *blind* and *trembling* State,  
 Should I all day have at my studies fate,  
 And with how little joy, or hope of gains,  
 If I had stud'y'd still in Satans chains?

O foolish Studies ! to consider how  
 The Earth is fixed, and the Plants do grow ?  
 What is each creatures specifying cause ?  
 And what are all their Orders and their Laws ?  
 When thy own saving-change is to begin ! *v fine*  
 And thou hast yet no pardon of thy sin ?  
 When all the while thou art a Son of Wrath,  
 Who to Eternal Life no title hath ?  
 When in thy flow'ring Studies thou must die,  
 And be undone to all Eternity ?  
 Who would be playing at a childish game,  
 While his own House is in a burning flame ?  
 What if I knew whether the Earth or Sun  
 So swift and unperceiv'd a course doth run ?  
 Or knew the course and order of the sphears ?  
 Or were best skill'd in numbering past years ?  
 Knew all the Houses of the starry Sky ?  
 And things that are for common wits too high ?  
 What if I knew all these never so well ?  
 And knew not how to scape the flames of Hell ?  
 What gain or pleasure would my knowledge be ?  
 If I the face of God must never see ?  
 Or what if I could fool away my time,  
 In smooth and well compos'd idle Rhyme ?  
 Or dreaming Lovers Fancies could rehearse,  
 In the most lofty and adorned Verse ?  
 While my unholy Soul, in fleshly thrall  
 Should be lamenting its own Funeral ?

But when my Soul had fixt on God her End,  
 Then all my Studies unto him did tend.  
 They all were order'd in due place and season,  
 Guided by Faith, allowed by sound Reason :  
 Thou taughtst me first the only *Needful Thing* ;  
 And all my Studies harp'd still on that string :  
 Judging the greatest Knowledge to be vain,  
 Which tendeth not to the immortal gain.  
 There is a Knowledge which increaseth sorrow,  
 And such whose fruit will die before to morrow :

Yea, there's a knowledge which occasions sin :  
 Desire of knowing did Man's woe begin :  
 All means are to be judg'd of by their End :  
 That's good which doth good, or doth good por-  
 Its End and Objects which ennoble acts : (tend  
 Those that *do glorious things are glorious facts.* †  
 Who calls a self-condemning Sinner, *Wise,*  
 That on a syllable can criticize ;  
 That can in mode and figure talk in vain ;  
 Or learnedly his pride and sin maintain ;  
 That's best at the resolving of a Riddle,  
 Or playing on a Bag-pipe, or a Fiddle :  
 But hath not learned how to Lived and Die,  
 Nor where his Soul must dwell eternally ?  
 God and all wise men judge him but a Fool,  
 Who is not wise enough to save his Soul. (good,  
 When Heaven's made sure, all Knowledge then is  
 For Faith and Love can turn it into food :  
 It's pleasant then to study any Book,  
 When we see GOD the sense, where ere we look :  
 When as the way to Heav'n we know each place :  
 And see God's beauty in each Creature's face :  
 And when we stick not in the form and letter,  
 But all our knowledge tends to make us better.  
 When still the more we Know, the more we Love,  
 And draw more with us to the Joys above.  
*Fine Fancies* are not like *clear minds* ; nor those  
 Like *Love*, by which the Soul with God doth close.  
*Wisdom it self* will make the Mind most wise.  
 He that ascends to God, doth Highest rise.  
 Sure *Pisgah* was *Parnassus*, or the Mount,  
 Where three Apostles did three Glories count :  
 Christs living streams are the true Helicon :  
 None make true Boets but Heav'ns Springs alone.  
 What poor, low, toyish wark make frothy wits ?  
 Like *Bacchus* Scholars in their Pot-wife fits.  
 Like Childrens Poppets drest with Lace and Pin ;  
 Like handsom Pictures ; something wants within :

A painted Feast, carv'd with a painted Knife :  
 A *Living Soul* can feel it wanteth *Life*.  
 Without a *Holy Subject*, *End* and *Spirit*,  
 True Wisdom's sacred Titles none can merit.  
*O my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?*  
*These are the drops ; what are the streams above ?*  
 Immortal thanks my Soul doth owe my God :  
 For his well-order'd needful healing Rod :  
 The *Book* and *Rod* do well besit thy School ;  
 Correction is the portion of the Fool :  
 The *Rod* it self will make the *Sluggard* rise :  
 The *Rod* and *Book* make *foolish Children* wise ;  
 I felt or fear'd no evil at the first,  
 But my Soul's misery, which is the worst :  
 Whilst for a Soul-remedy I did look,  
 Thy angry storm my Body overtook :  
 Languishing weakness shortens strength and breath ;  
 Consumes my flesh, and threatens speedy death :  
 And what I felt reviv'd the fears of more :  
 For now my Judgment seemed at the door :  
 I-knew not but it might be a foretast  
 Of greater woe which I might feel at last :  
 My new awakened Soul amazed was,  
 To think that unto Judgment it must pass,  
 And see the unseen World ; and stand before  
 The dreadful God, whom Heaven and Earth adore !  
 I was unready to behold thy face,  
 Having no more assurance of thy Grace !  
 Having but lately too familiar been,  
 With my seducing Flesh, and hateful sin :  
 My Thoughts of Thee were terrible and strange !  
 And of so great and an untimely change !  
 The threatned ruine I did thus condole ;  
 O must my scarce-born, unprepared Soul  
 Before my dreadful Judge so soon appear !  
 And the decisive final Sentence hear !  
 And all my Reckonings so soon bring in !  
 And give account to God for every sin !



Before I do my Soul's condition know,  
 Or any sealed pardon have to shew.  
 What if I prove an unconverted Wretch ?  
 And Justice should my Soul to torments fetch ?  
 How know I but the endless flames of Hell,  
 May be the place where next my Soul shall dwell ?  
 Mercy would save me ; but I did reject it :  
 Christs Blood would cleanse me ; but I did neglect it.  
 And though I am not hopeless, who can bear  
 To die uncertain under so great fear ?  
 O that my time had all been better spent !  
 And that my early Thoughts had all been bent  
 In preparation for the Life to come ;  
 That now I might have gone as to my home :  
 And taken up my dwelling with the blest !  
 And past to everlasting Joy and Rest !  
 O that the pleasures of my sports and toys  
 Had all been turn'd to man-like holy joys !  
 And those Delights which Vanities engross'd,  
 And spent on fleshly Lust, were worse than lost :  
 Had all been sweet Rejoycings in the Lord !  
 And in his holy Service and his Word !  
 O that I could my wasted Time call back !  
 Which now my Soul for greater works doth lack ;  
 What would I give now for those precious days,  
 Which once run out in pleasures and delays ?  
 O had I liv'd a strict and holy Life,  
 Though under hatred and malicious strife !  
 Though Men's and Devil's fury I had born,  
 And been the Worlds reproach, contempt & scorn !  
 Then welcom Death would but have quencht my  
 And bid the *envious world* now do their worst. (thirst  
 Their malice would but to my Joys accrew,  
 And well-spent Time be sweet to my review  
 O happy men whose portion is above !  
 Whose Hearts to God and to his Service clove !  
 Who made him and his Word their chief delight,  
 And walkt in uprightnes, as in his sight !

Approv'd their hearts and ways to him alone !  
 As ready to appear before his Throne !  
 Now I had rather far be one of them,  
 Than one of worldly Wealth, or Princely Stem.  
 O now my undress'd Soul is passing forth,  
 I see both what the *World* and *Christ* are worth.

Thus did the face of *Death* my Soul awake ;  
 The bonds of dead stupidity it brake !  
 Strict, holy Truth I easily confess'd :  
 I saw that *Godliness* is not a jest.  
 My late besotted mind is now past doubt,  
 That Folly's careless, *Wisdom* is devout :  
 I saw more clearly than I did before,  
 What lies on an ungodly Simmers score ?  
 For what man's powers were made ; what is their use ?  
 To what all means and mercies do conduce ?  
 What is man's business while he's here below ?  
 How much his Creatures to their Maker owe ?  
 Whether the *Saint* or *Brute* be in the right ?  
 Whether it's best to live by Faith or fight ?  
 What is true Wit ? what Learning's most sublime ?  
 How I and all should value precious Time ?  
 I saw it's not a thing indifferent,  
 Whether my Soul to Heaven or Hell be sent.

Death also further taught me how to pray,  
 And made me cry unto thee every day ;  
 It set me on the trying of my state,  
 Lest I should prove deceiv'd when 'twas too late.  
 Often and carefully I searcht my heart,  
 Whether in Christ by Faith I had a part ?  
 It shew'd me so much work to do at home,  
 That alien needless matters found small room.  
 It curb'd my Pride, and bury'd my Ambition ;  
 Made me not only bear a low condition ;  
 But chuse it ; and all things to estimate,  
 As God, my Soul, and Heav'n should set the rate.  
 For now, as clearly as I saw the Sun,  
 I saw in lines which they may read that run,

That

That *Endless* things are *All*, when we compare,  
And transitory trifles *Nothing* are :

That *Worldlings* in their *sleep* do talk and go,  
And all their *lives* are but a *dreaming show* :

Only the *true Believer* lives awake,  
And doth not spend his days in meer mistake ;  
That all who are not *Saints*, are worse than *Brutes*.

These, O my Father ! were thy Rod's first-fruits.

O my Dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?

Thus we rebound up to the Joys above.

Long thus before my God I lay prostrate,  
Begging for healing mercy at his gate !

And for some longer time, to know his Truth,  
And not unripe to wither in my Youth !

I begg'd that hasty Death he would delay,

And would not snatch me unprepar'd away.

I promised his mercies to rehearse,

If he the dreadful Sentence would reverse.

Could I have hop'd for *Hezekiah's* years,

I should no more than he, have spared tears.

Yet hath thy Mercy granted me since then,

More than thrice five, yea more than four times ten.

My moan thou pity'dst, and my cries didst hear :

Delaying Death ; not taking off my fear :

The threatening malady thou didst abate ;

And into many others didst translate ;

Which gave me hope of some preparing space ;

But none that Earth would prove a Resting place.

Appointing me to serve in gentle Chains,

In wholsom sickness, and in healing pains !

So great as might my head-strong thoughts restrain,

From running after things terrene and vain :

Yet were they not so great as to make less,

My Service, or my sober chearfulness :

O what a happy mixture didst thou make !

How meet a course did thy wise Mercy take ?

This was the pregnant blessing, kept for store,

Which multiply'd into a thousand more !

Which

Which hath run parallel with all my days ;  
 For which I owe thee everlasting praise :  
 Too great for Volumes ; too high for a Verse :  
 And therefore endless Life must them rehearse.

1. *A Life still near to Death*, did me possess  
 With a deep sense of Time's great preciousness.  
 To lose an hour I thought a greater loss,  
 Than much of sordid worldlings golden dross.  
 I thought them mad that cast their time away,  
 Being uncertain of another day.

That idly prate, and play, and feast, and drink,  
 So-near Eternity's most dreadful brink !

With filthy, guilty Souls, unjustifi'd ;

Undone for evermore if thus they dy'd.

O ! thought I, where is these men's brains and sense ;  
 Who care no more whither they go from hence ?

*Pastime* I thought worse than a *Bedlam* word :  
 The Name and Thing my very Soul abhorr'd.

2. This methodiz'd my Studies to my gain ;  
 Sham'd the contending, jingling, formal vein :

The greatest matters it did first impose :

*Necessity* my Book and Lesson chose :

I study'd first to save my self and others ;

What edifi'd my own Soul and my Brothers :

Thence to the Branches I in order clime ;

First *Few and Great*, next *Many, Small, Sublime*.

I nere preferr'd to *Talk*, before, to *Eat*,

*Words*, before *Things*, the *Dish* before the *Meat* :

And yet I love and value all the rest :

My curious mind would fain have known the least :

But knowing Life's too short to reach to all,

I left till last the needless things and small.

3. The frequent sight of Death's most awful face,  
 Rebuk'd my sloth, and bid me mend my pace !

Thou knew'st my dulness needed such a spur ;

So prone was I to trifle and demur.

Who dare his Soul for gain or pleasure sell,

That lives as in the sight of Heav'n and Hell ?

4. This

4. This call'd me out to work while it was day ;  
 And warn poor Souls to Turn without delay :  
 Resolving speedily thy Word to preach ;  
 With *Ambrose*, I at once did Learn and Teach.  
 Still thinking I had little time to live,  
 My fervent heart to win mens Souls did strive.  
 I Preach'd, as never sure to Preach again,  
 And as a dying man to dying men !  
 O how should Preachers Men's Repenting crave,  
 Who see how near the Church is to the Grave ?  
 And see that while we Preach and Hear, we Die,  
 Rapt by swift Time to vast Eternity !  
 What Statues, or what Hypocrites are they,  
 Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray ?  
 As if they feared wakening the Dead !  
 Or were but lighting sinners to their Bed !  
 Who speak of Heaven and Hell as on a Stage !  
 And make the Pulpit but a Parrot's Cage ?  
 Who teach as men that care not much who learns ;  
 And preach in jest to men that sin in earnest.  
 Surely God's Messenger, if any man,  
 Should speak with all the seriousness he can ;  
 Who treateth in the Name of the Most High,  
 About the matters of Eternity !  
 Who must prevail with Sinners *Now* or *Never*,  
 As those that must be saved *Now*, if *Ever* :  
 When Sinners endless Joy or Misery,  
 On the success of his endeavours lie !  
 Though God be free, he works by Instruments,  
 And wisely fitteth them to his intents.  
 A proud unhumbl'd Preacher is unmeet  
 To lay proud sinners humbled at Christ's feet :  
 So are the blind to tell Men what God saith,  
 And faithless Men to propagate the Faith.  
 The Dead are unfit means to raise the Dead :  
 And Enemies to give the Children Bread :  
 And utter strangers to the life to come ,  
 Are not the best Conductors to our home :

They

They that yet never learn'd to *Live* and *Die*,  
 Will scarcely teach it others feelingly :  
 Or if they should preach others to salvation,  
 Unhappy men that preach their own damnation.  
 How oft did I come down with shame and grief!  
 Not that I was so homely, or so brief ;  
 But that my own Soul was no more awake,  
 And felt no more the things of which I spake !  
 That God was nam'd with no more reverence ;  
 Nor sinners pity'd with a deeper sense :  
 That closer warnings did not pierce men's Ears,  
 Set home by greater fervency and tears :  
 And that my speeches were so cold and slight,  
 About things of unutterable weight ;  
 And that I spake with no more seriousness,  
 When Heav'n or Hell attended the success :  
 As one that sees by Faith the *Joyes* and *Woes*,  
 To which the godly and the wicked goes.  
*O my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?*  
*How should we prize and seek the Joys above ?*  
 Thy Methods crost my ways : my young desire  
 To Academick Glory did aspire :  
 Fain I'd have sat in such a Nurses Lap,  
 Where I might long have had a sluggard's nap :  
 Or have been dandled on her reverend knees ;  
 And known by honoured Titles and Degrees ;  
 And there have spent the flower of my days,  
 In soaring in the Air of humane praise :  
 Yea, and I thought it needful to *thy* Ends,  
 To make the prejudiced world my friends ;  
 That so *my praise* might go before *thy grace*,  
 Preparing Men the message to embrace ;  
 Also my Work and Office to adorn,  
 And to avoid prophane contempt and scorn.  
 But these were not thy thoughts ; thou didst foresee  
 That such a course would not be best for me :  
 Thou mad'st me know that men's contempt & scorn  
 Is such a Cross as must be daily born ;

Thy Mercy would not have me splendid dross;  
 A Minister of *Pomp*; but of the *Cross*:  
 That *Cross* which Hypocrites may *Preach & Flourish*  
 But all that follow Christ must also *bear*.  
 No Honour must I have to bring to thee,  
 But what thou first communic'st to me.  
 In founding of thy Church, thou didst declare  
 How well all worldly Honours thou couldst spare!  
 Both in the Chief most blessed Corner Stone,  
 And in the most of those that built thereon: (then,  
 And what great swelling Names have done since  
 Church-Rents and Ruins write without a Pen:  
 High Titles as the first enchanting Cup,  
 Cast down the Church by lifting of it up.  
 Titles reflect on Minds. These must be low:  
 By humble Love all must thy Servants know:  
 Yet I deny not but a perfect mind,  
 May more advantage here than danger find:  
 Thy Soil is oft manured by such dung. *John*  
 I'll Honour give to whom it doth belong:  
 It may be safe to others; but to me  
 'Twas best from such Temptations to be free:  
 Let my preferment lye in *serv'ing all*:  
 While I sit low, I have not far to fall.  
 Keep me from the *Temptations* of the Devil!  
 For so thou dost *deliver us from Evil*.  
 My youthful Pride and Folly now I see,  
 That grudg'd for want of Titles and Degree.  
 That blush'd with shame when this defect was  
     known,  
 And an inglorious Name could hardly own,  
 Attempting to have hid it twice or thrice,  
 With vile equivocations next to lies.  
 And to thy Methods was unreconcil'd,  
 Because I was not *Rabbi*, *Doctor*, styl'd:  
 Forgive this Pride; and break the Serpent's brain;  
 Pluck up the poisonous Root, till none remain.

Give me the Wisdom ; Ple not beg the Fame :  
 Grant me the thing ; let others take the name. *fin*  
 Give me the Learning, and it is no harm,  
 If thou shalt place me in the lowest Form.  
 Honour ~~are~~ shadows, which from seekers fly ;  
 But follow after those who them deny.  
 I brought none with me to thy work ; but there-  
 I found more than I easily could bear :  
 Although thou wouldst not give me } *Matt. 23. 21.*  
   } what I would,  
 Thou gavest me the promis'd hun- } *Matt. 19. 29.*  
   } dred-fold.  
*O my Dear God! how precious is thy Love?*  
*Thy ways, not ours, lead to the Joys above.*

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### The Third Part.

**T**HE wondrous Mercy of my bounteous Lord;  
 Which sent me forth to Preach his sacred Word,  
 Prepar'd my way, and call'd me to the place,  
 Where I must first proclaim his Saving Grace :  
 All things thou suitedst fitly to my need,  
 Giving me freedom, season, ground and seed:  
 Poor thirsty Souls, attend with greedy Ear,  
 Crowding in multitudes thy Word to hear :  
 Thy Mercy opening so wide a door,  
 Gave some first-fruits betimes, and hopes of more.

The various places where my Lot did fall,  
 Were all appointed to me by thy Call.  
 I never was to any of them brought,  
 By the Direction of my own forethought:  
 Much less was ever any by me sought ;  
 And least of all, by price or bargain bought.  
 I nere found cause of one place to repent ;  
 ( Although my sins in all I must lament. )



None were foreseen ; yet after seen to reason,  
 To be the fittest for the work and season.  
 But among all, none did so much abound  
 With fruitful mercies, as that barren ground,  
 Where I did make my best and longest stay,  
 And bore the heat and burden of the day ;  
 Mercies grew thicker there than Summer-flowers,  
 They over-numbered my days and hours :  
 There was my dearest Flock, and special Charge.  
 Our hearts in mutual love thou didst enlarge :  
 'Twas there that merey did my Labours bless  
 With the most great and wonderful success.

Yet there were Sons of *Belial*, whose Rage  
 Reason with Truth and Love could not assuage :  
 Who lov'd and hated, just as Satan bid them ;  
 Rul'd by the Reins of Lust by him that rid them :  
 In swinish drunkenness they drown'd their wits :  
 Most furious in their rude tumultuous fits.  
 As Boars or Stags, at other times more tame,  
 When lustful heats their blood and brains inflame ;  
 Fiercely assault such as stand in the way ;  
 None's safe before them till their Heats decay :  
 So doth the love of revellings and sport,  
 Poor brutish fleshly sinners so transport,  
 That ragingly they fly in that man's face,  
 Who doth by sacred Truth their sin disgrace :  
 And as in Armies Drums and Trumpets sound,  
 The frightful Cries of wounded men to drown'd ;  
 And even the fearful in the furious crowd  
 Are carry'd on to Death through streams of Blood.  
 So those ensnared youths, who formerly,  
 Out of the Rout, retain'd some modesty,  
 Conjoyned with the Rabble, did as they ;  
 The common fury and their Lusts obey :  
 Run with the Herd : Mirth and the Rabbles noise  
 Drown Reason's Plea, and God's reclaiming voice :  
 Death is forgot : Conscience can not be heard.  
 Hell and Damnation now are little fear'd :

They

They have their curse, and their own sentence pass :  
 Away with *Jesus* ! give us *Barabbas* !  
 Away with Preachers, who disturb our game !  
 Talk not of Judgment : let us bear the blame !  
 Whilst grieved Preachers can but wish and groan,  
 O that your day of mercy you had known !  
*O my dear God ! how precious is thy Love ?*  
*Which looks on such with pity from above ?*  
 Now *England's* horrid Civil Wars began,  
 When God a sinful Nation meant to fan.  
 When sin grown high and bold, out-fac'd the Light ;  
 When Pride and Faction pleaded Divine Right  
 When most their Love, and some their Patience lost ;  
 When proud malicious men, must not be cross'd :  
 When wise men seem'd fools, and fools seem'd wise ;  
 And when the worst were best in their own eyes ?  
 When Piety with *Lazarus* was loath'd ;  
 And sin with Purple and fine Linnen cloath'd :  
 And when the sacred Tribe, despising Souls,  
 Through love of wealth & honour blow'd the coals !  
 When *Demas* for the world deserted *Paul* ;  
 And their own matters were first sought by all :  
 When they that sought their good things in this life  
 Had banish'd Love, and fill'd the Church with strife !  
 Where striving Factions Charity defy'd,  
 And carnal Councils did the Church divide !  
 When swinish Gadarens did Christ refuse,  
 And the prophane his Servants did abuse.  
 When Holiness the common Foe was deem'd,  
 And nothing more intolerable seem'd.  
 When Holy Truth and Preachers were despis'd ;  
 And wicked means to cast them out devis'd.  
 When sin presum'd to make a mock of Grace,  
 And folly spit reproaches in Christs Face ;  
 When Vulgar Rage had found this common vent ;  
 And impious scorn on Godliness was spent :  
 When sin was not so much oppos'd as God,  
 Then were we ready for the bloody Rod.

When

When these sins reign'd that must not now be nam'd  
 But by Heaven's Justice shall at last be sham'd.  
 When old condemned vanities and crimes  
 Became the reverend Virtues of the Times,  
 Then God in Judgment sat to plead his Cause,  
 And judge the proud Despisers of his Laws.  
 Banished *Love* doth fester'd hearts forsake :  
 Blindness, suspicions, wrath possession take :  
 Each man unto the fire his Fagot brought,  
 And each against another quarrels sought.  
 The whirlwind in the North did first arise,  
 And raise the dust which troubled English Eyes.  
 And though Heav'n's mercy there prevented blood,  
 The Irish fury shed a crimson flood.

The French blood shew'd the temper of the Nation,  
 Their *Faith* and *Faithfulness* keep Moderation,  
 Their *Bartholomews* hot dog-days this it had cost,  
 \* Thirty or forty thousand lives at } *Thuanus,*  
 most } *Deville.*

But *Ireland's* Romish Zeal was hotter far,  
 And in their preparation to a War,

\* Two hundred thousand they sur- } \* *Earl of*  
 (priz'd and slew, } *Orery's An-*  
 Not that their *Will* so small a mea- } *sure to a Po-*  
 (sure knew. } *stition.*

But here God check'd their *Power*, and heard the cries  
 Of dying Innocents, which pierce the Skies :  
*England* affrighted by her Neighbours harm,  
 Threatned to be the next, takes the Alarm,  
 As Citizens that see a raging flame  
 Threaten the Neighbours houses with the same,  
 Do leave their Trades, and all together run,  
 Trying to quench the Fire where it begun ;  
 And then pull down the houses which adjoyn ;  
 Some seek to save the goods, some to purloin ;  
 The well-built Piles, and curious Rooms must down  
 To buy the Safety of the fearful Town,

Neighbour's house is used like a Foe's,  
 cause the Fire, the Hook, no diff'rence knows,  
 ar pulleth down the next, to save the most,  
 ruins more than needs, lest all be lost.  
 Toak and confused crouds do blind men's eyes,  
 I are amaz'd, with hideous flames and cries ;  
 England, too combustibile before,  
 ing so great a flame so near her door,  
 as frighted into such Convulsion Fits,  
 first did break her Peace, and next her Wits.  
 Angers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring ;  
 he Bees to save their Honey use their sting ;  
 ruzed in angry Swarm they seek their Foe,  
 he next they meet must feel the smarting blow.

*Cætera desunt, presunt, adsunt.*

I purposed to have recited the most notable mer-  
 its of my Life, in continuing this Hymn of  
 thanksgiving to my gracious God ; but the quali-  
 ty of the Subject, and the Ages Impatience stopt  
 here, and I could go no further, and my pain-  
 and spiritless Age is now unfit for Poetry : And  
 matter is so large, as would have made the Vo-  
 lume big,

### 3. The Resolution.

P S A L. 189. 96.

*Written when I was silenced and cast out, &c.*

O R D, I have cast up the Account  
 What it will cost to come to thee :  
 and to what it will amount  
 I serious Christian to be.

When

When Flesh was weighing, thou put'st in  
Thy Love, and the Eternal Crown,  
Against a Feather, and a Sin :

And yet it thought these weigh'd thee down.

Fool, as I was, I took its word,

And chose what *Flesh* did recommend :

How could I more have wrong'd my Lord ?

Or more his Love and Name offend ?

It had been wiser to have thought,

The Earth is weigh'd down by a Fly :

Than to prefer a thing of nought

Before the Love of the *Most High*.

I see now what False Scales can do,

In a deceitful partial hand :

I will no more believe a Foe ;

But to the Holy Covenant stand.

1. *Will Friends turn Foes ?* That cannot be :

They were my greatest Foes before,

That would have kept my Soul from thee,

Their Malice now can do no more.

I'll bid these cruel Friends farewell :

Even Satan would be such a Friend ;

He'd please and flatter me to Hell :

And thither doth their friendship tend.

He wants not Friends that hath thy Love,

And may converse, and walk with thee :

And with thy Saints *here* and above ;

With whom for ever I must be.

In the Communion of Saints,

Is Wisdom, Safety and Delight :

And when my heart declines and faints,

It's raised by their Heat and Light.

Thy Spirit in them speaks and prays :

Their Speech is holy, clean and quick :

Dead-hearted fools talk but of toys :

Their speech and mirth even makes me sick.

2. *Must Lies and Slanders me defame?  
That Innocence may not be known?*

*Must proud men's malice blot my Name,  
With Epithets that are their own?*

*Thou justify'st when Men accuse,  
Thou'lt answer all the spite of tongues;  
And do them right whom men abuse,  
And plenteously repair their wrongs.*

*It's no great matter what Men deem,  
Whether they count me good or bad!*

*In their applause and best esteem,  
There's no contentment to be had.*

*I stand not to the the Bar of Man;  
It's thy displeasure makes me sad:*

*My thoughts and actions thou wilt scan;  
If thou approve me, I am glad.*

3. *Must I before the Ruling Power  
Be call'd with shame to plead my Cause?*

*And judged as an evil-doer,  
And as a breaker of their Laws?*

*So was the Lord of Life accus'd,  
Slander'd and scorn'd with cruel spight!*

*And as a malefactor us'd,  
And one that claimed *Caesar's* right.*

*False witness cloudeth Innocence:  
Truth seemeth conquer'd by a Lie.*

*Patience forbears a just defence;  
And Life it self is judg'd to die.*

*Methinks I see thee cloath'd with scorn;  
And spit upon, and buffeted;*

*And crowned with the piercing Thorn;  
Away to execution led.*

*It most amazeth me to think*

*Thou bearest the repute of Sin!*

*The bitter Cup which thou didst drink,  
Had nothing bitterer therein.*

The Sun did well to hide his face,  
 When *Sin* did *Righteousness* eclipse:  
 And the most Just is with disgrace  
 A *Sinner* judg'd by sinners Lips.

Thy steps, Lord, in this dirt I see; *aliter*  
 And lest my Soul from God should stray,  
 I'll bear my Cross and follow thee;  
 Let others chuse the fairer way.

My face is meeter for the Spit;  
 I am more suitable to shame;  
 And to the taunts of scornful wit:  
 It's no great matter for my Name. *aliter*

4. *Must I be driven from my Books?*  
*From House, and Goods, and dearest Friends?*

Oze of thy sweet and gracious looks,  
 For more than this will make amends.  
 The World's thy Book: There I can read,  
 Thy Power, Wisdom, and thy Love:  
 And thence ascend by Faith, and feed  
 Upon the better things above.

I'll read thy works of Providence:  
 Thy Spirit, Conscience, and thy Rod  
 Can teach without book all the sense,  
 To know the World, my Self, and God.  
 Few Books may serve, when *Thou* wilt teach:  
*Many* have stoln my precious time:  
 I'll leave my Books to hear thee preach:  
 Church-work is best when thou dost chime.

As for my *House*, it was my Tent,  
 While there I waited on thy Flock:  
 That work is done; that time is spent:  
 There neither was my *Home* nor *Stock*.

Would I in all my Journey have  
 Still the *same Inn* and *Furniture*?  
 Or ease and pleasant dwellings crave,  
 Forgetting what thy Saints endure?

My Lord hath taught me how to want

A place wherein to put my head:

While he is mine, I'll be content,

To beg or lack my daily bread.

Heav'n is my roof, Earth is my floor:

Thy Love can keep me dry and warm:

Christ and thy Bounty are my store:

Thy Angels guard me from all harm.

As for *my Friends*, they are not lost:

The several Vessels of thy Fleet,

Though parted now by Tempests tost,

Shall safely in the Haven meet.

Still we are centred all in thee;

Members tho distant, of one Head:

In the same Family we be,

By the same Faith and Spirit led.

Before thy Throne we daily meet,

As Joynt Petitioners to thee:

In spirit we each other greet,

And shall again each other see.

The Heavenly Hosts world without end

Shall be my company above:

And thou my best and surest Friend:

Who shall divide me from thy Love?

5. *Must I forsake the Soil and Air,*

*Where first I drew my vital breath?*

That way may be as near and fair:

Thence I may come to thee by death.

All Countries are my Father's Lands:

Thy Son, thy Love doth shine on all:

We may in all lift up pure hands,

And with acceptance on thee call.

*Those banish'd* are that go from thee,

Strange to thy Service, Love and Grace:

And, lost in sin, do never see

Thy Kingdom, and thy pleased face.



May but my Soul dwell near my God,  
 And walk with him in Faith and Love,  
 No matter where be my abode,  
 Till to his Glory I remove.

6. *What if in Prison I must dwell?*

May I not *there* converse with thee?  
 Save me from sin, thy wrath, and Hell,  
 Call me thy Child; and I am free.

No walls or bars can keep thee out:  
 None can confine a holy Soul:  
 The Streets of Heav'n it walks about;  
 None can its Liberty controul:

Alas, my darkned mind is chain'd  
 To Earth and Flesh through unbelief!  
 It looks and longs by distance pain'd:  
 When wilt thou hear and send relief?  
 O loose these Chains of Sin and Flesh!  
 Enlarge my heart in thy Commands:  
 Could I but love thee as I wish,  
 How light would be all other bands?

7. *Must I feel Sicknesses and Smart,  
 And spend my days and nights in pain?*

Yet if thy Love refresh my heart,  
 I need not overmuch complain.

This Flesh hath drawn my Soul to sin;  
 If it must smart, thy Will be done!

O fill me with thy Joys within,  
 And then I'll let it grieve alone.

Then to its sufferings I'll consent  
 To be avenged on my Foe,

That pain may help me to repent,  
 And sin may be consum'd by woe.

Pain will be short; Joyes will be long.  
 Yet, Lord, remember man is weak!

Drop in thy Cordials: make me strong,  
 Lest heart and hope, with Flesh should break.

8 *I know my Flesh must turn to dust,  
My parted Soul must come to thee,  
And undergo thy Judgment just,  
And in the endless world must be.*

In this there's most of *Fear* and *Joy*,  
Because there's most of *Sin* and *Grace*,  
*Sin* will this mortal frame destroy,  
But *Christ* will bring me to thy face.

Here's *Faith's* great *Trial*: *Pain* may force;  
And *Pride* may willingness pretend;  
A stupid *Fool* die like his *Horse*,  
And *Heathens* make a *Beast-like* end.  
*Frail* sinful *Flesh* is loth to die:

*Sense* to the unseen world is strange:  
The doubting *Soul* dreads the most high,  
And trembleth at so great a change.

Yet *faith* can see beyond the *Skies*,  
Where now our head in glory is:  
And above *Flesh* and *Sense* can rise,  
Unto the *World* of *Saints* in bliss.

Cleansing the *Soul* from *Flesh* and *Sin*,  
Abstracting it from things below;  
It draws the *Veil*, and entering in,  
*Love's* glorious *Mysteries* can know.

Put forth thy *Bedims* and *Hand* of *Grace*:  
*Open* mine *Eyes*: *Take* up my *Heart*:  
Acquaint it with the *Holy* Place,  
The *Joys* and *Glory* where thou art.

O let me not be strange at home!  
*Strange* to the *Self*, and *Life* of *Souls*:  
Choosing this low and darkned *Room*;  
Familiar with *Worms* and *Moles*!

Shall I be strange unto my *Head*?  
The *World* of *Knowledge*, *Love* and *Joyes*?  
Conversing here among the *Dead*,  
And taken up with *Dreams* and *Toyes*?

And strange to Angels, who attend  
 On Man, and in his good delight ;  
 And though unseen, do us defend ;  
 Ministering for us day and night ?

*John*

Am I the first that go this way ?  
 How many Saints are gone before ?  
 How many enter every day  
 Into thy Kingdom by this door ?  
 Christ was once dead, and in a Grave :  
 Yet conquer'd Death, and rose again :  
 And by this Method he will save  
 His Servants that with him shall reign.

Shall I draw back and fear the end  
 Of all my sorrows, tears and pain  
 To which my Life and Labours tend !  
 Without which all had been in vain ?

Can I for ever be content  
 Without true Happiness and Rest ?  
 Is Earth become so excellent,  
 That I should take it for my best ?

Or can I think of finding here  
 That which my Soul so long hath sought ?  
 Should I refuse those Joys through fear,  
 Which bounteous Love so dearly bought ?  
 All that doth tast of Heav'n is good :  
 When Heav'nly *Light* doth me inform ;  
 When Heavenly *Life* stirs in my Blood ;  
 When Heavenly *Love* my Heart doth warm.

*John*

No wonder if Time's womb be streight,  
 And Soul through pain and strangeness go  
 Into the glorious world of Light,  
 Which death translateth them unto.  
 This strangeness will be quickly over,  
 When once the Heaven-born Soul is there :  
 One sight of God will it recover  
 From all this backwardness and fear.

To us, Christ's lowest parts ; his feet,  
*Union and Faith* must yet suffice,  
 To guide and comfort us : It's meet  
 We trust our Head who hath our Eyes.  
 Christ *seeth* all that I would see :  
 The *Way* and *End* to *Him* are known :  
 He hath prepar'd the Place for me :  
 He'll Love and Use me as *his Own*.

How many guiltless creatures die,  
 To be a feast or food for me ?  
 Who love their Lives as well as I ?  
 And hath not God more right to me ?  
 Must I be priviledg'd alone ?  
 Or no man Die until he please ?  
 And God deposed from his Throne,  
 And humane generation cease ?

Though all these Reasons I can see,  
 Why I should willingly submit,  
 And comfortably come to thee ;  
 My God, thou must accomplish it.  
 The Love which fill'd up all my daies,  
 Will not forsake me to the end :  
 This broken Body thou wilt raise :  
 My Spirit I to thee commend.

Decemb. 3. 1663.

#### 4. Divine Love's Rest.

( Written on *Herbert's Poems*. )

**T**HE amorous Needle knows no other REST,  
 But at its dear attractive Loadstone's breast.  
 Though lying dead before the Potent touch,  
 Its Object and Affection were not such.

The Oily Body married to a Spark,  
 Which some cold Flint had lockt up in the dark,  
 By the unseen Hot Soul is made so bright,  
 As if in it that Soul appear'd to fight ;  
 Which in revenge for its restraint and toil,  
 Still working upwards, wasts the loving Oil ;  
 Having a higher Love, is not content,  
 Until it reach its proper Element.

Thus Heav'n-born Souls, but lately dead in sin ;  
 By Faith and Love the heavenly Life begin :  
 And daily mounting upwards, take their flight,  
 From Flesh and Earth unto the World of Light.  
 Where Darkness, Sin or Grief shall never enter :  
 Where all the Saints are one in God their Center.  
 Where Love reveals it self with open face,  
 Ravishing Souls prepar'd by Saving Grace.  
 Love is their Kingdom : it's a world of Love,  
 Which they were hatcht for by the holy Dove.  
 Here he is kindling the celestial fire,  
 Which knows its rise, and doth to God aspire ;  
 God who is all, shall there have all my store ;  
 And yet my Friends have not the less, but more :  
 Love is now panting, groaning in my breast :  
 Love will be then my Soul's Eternal Feast.  
 Love now salutes us in the Gospel story :  
 But then Eternal Love will be our Glory.  
 Up then, my Soul, and swiftly Heavenward tend,  
 Where Love shall have no check, no bounds, no end.

### 5. On David's Psalms.

**M**Y God ! since first thy Love this heart did touch ;  
 It saith, I cannot love my God too much.  
 It looketh up, and panteth for that Grace,  
 Which may exalt it, and unveil thy face.

*Darkness* and *Distance* are its grievous Chains ;  
 Sad doubts and fears do feed its griping pains.  
 It sighs, and wonders thou canst be so strange ;  
 Where thou hast freely made so great a change.  
 Long it hath search'd in hope to find the Art,  
 To raise and warm a dull and heavy Heart :  
 And now I find it practis'd by One,  
 That now is praising thee before thy Throne.  
 Here are the sacred words : Here's *David's Lyre* :  
 But where's the quickening cœlestial fire ?  
 I know the Eye of Heav'n is on my Heart :  
 God looks my Soul should bear the chiefest part.  
 It's winged Faith, and flaming Love within,  
 That must the pleasant Melody begin :  
 The holy Spirit must tune and touch each string ;  
 Else smoothest Verse will be a harsh dull thing ;  
 Display thy Love ; shoot down thy vital Raies !  
 Teach this cold heart the works of Love and Praise !  
 O then, what Life and Joy these Psalms will bring,  
 When it's thy Spirit, and my Soul that sing !  
 And though low streins with stops, are here my best :  
 Yet Perfect Love and Praise shall be my REST.

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## 6. The Threefold Nativity.

*Prima dies hominem peperit, sanctumque secundæ  
 Natalis : pariet Mors tertiæ glorificatum.*

**M**Y first Birth-day brought forth a Man, in sin :  
 But one that could not work, nor go, nor speak.  
 My second did a Life of Grace begin,  
 But such, alas, as yet's diseas'd and weak.  
 The third from fleshly bonds will me release,  
 And bring me to the world of glorious Light :

Where all my sins and vexing griefs shall cease ;  
 And Faith shall end in perfect *Love and Sight*.  
 This *death begins* ; but 'tis the *Resurrection*,  
 That fully shall obliterate sins story ;  
 And state both Soul and Body in perfection, (*Glory*.  
 Where *Grace and Nature* shall be crown'd with  
 As *Nature* taught me first complaining cries,  
 Before it did acquaint me with *Delight* :  
 So *Grace* with grief first fill'd my Heart and Eyes,  
 Before it shewed me the joyful sight.  
 Why should not *Death* then be a straiter Door,  
 Than either that of *Nature* or of *Grace* ?  
 Which brings us unto the *Eternal Store*,  
 Of *Joy and Glory* in *God's shining face* ?

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## 7. Self-denial.

A Dialogue between the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*.

*Flesh.*

**W**hat ! become *Nothing* ! ne're perswade me to it.  
*God-made me Something* : and I'll not undo it.

*Spirit.*

Thy *Something* is not thine, but his that gave it.  
 Resign it to him, if thou mean to save it.

*Flesh.*

*God gave me Life* : and shall I choose to die  
 Before my time ? or pine in misery ?

*Spirit.*

*God is thy Life* : If then thou fearest death ;  
 Let him be all thy soul, thy pulse, and breath.

*Flesh.*

What ! must I hate my self ? when as my brother  
 Must love me ? and I may not hate another ?

*Spirit.*

*Spirit.*

Loath what is loathsome : Love God in the rest :  
 He truly love's himself, that love's God best.

*Flesh.*

*Doth God our ease and pleasure to us grudge ?  
 Or doth Religion make a man a drudge ?*

*Spirit.*

That is thy Poyson which thou callest Pleasure :  
 And that thy drudgery which thou count'st thy

*Flesh.**(treasure.*

*Who can endure to be thus mowed up ?  
 And under Laws for every bit and cup ?*

*Spirit.*

God's Cage is better than the Wilderness.  
 When Winter comes, Liberty brings distress,

*Flesh.*

*Pleasure's mans Happiness : The Will's not free  
 To choose our misery : This cannot be.*

*Spirit.*

God is mans End : with him are highest joys :  
 Sensual pleasures are but dreams and toys.  
 Should sin seem sweet ! Is Satan turn'd thy friend ?  
 Will not thy sweet prove bitter in the end ?  
 Hast thou found sweeter pleasures than God's love ?  
 Is a fools laughter like the Joys above ?  
 Beauty surpasseth all deceitful paints :  
 What's empty mirth to the delights of Saints ?  
 God would not have thee have less joy, but more ;  
 And therefore shew's thee the eternal store.

*Flesh.*

*Who can love baseness, poverty and want ?  
 And under pining sickness be content ?*

*Spirit.*

He that hath laid his treasure up above  
 And plac't his portion only in God's love :  
 That waits for Glory when his life is done :  
 This man will be content with God alone.

*Flesh.*



**Flesh.**

*What good will sorrow do us? Is not mirth  
Fitter to warm a cold heart here on earth?  
Troubles will come whether we will or no:  
We never banish pleasure, and choose no.*

**Spirit.**

**Then choose not sin: touch not forbidden things:  
Taste not the sweet that endless sorrow brings.  
If thou love pleasure, take in God thy fill:  
Look not for lasting joys in doing ill.**

**Flesh.**

*Affliction's bitter: life will soon be done:  
Pleasure shall be my part ere all be gone.*

**Spirit.**

**Prosperity is barren: all men say  
The soil is best where there's the deepest way.  
Life is for work, and not to spend in play.  
Now sow thy seed: labour while it is day.  
The Huntsman seeks his game in barren plains:  
Dirty land answers best the Plowmans pains.  
Passengers care not so the way be fair;  
Husbandmen would have the best ground and air.  
First think what's safe and fruitful: There's no plea-  
Like the beholding of thy chiefest Treasure. (sure-  
Flesh.**

*Nature made me a Man, and gave me sense:  
Changing of Nature is a vain pretence;  
It taught me to love women, honour, ease,  
And every thing that doth my senses please.*

**Spirit.**

**Nature hath made thee Rational; and Reason  
Must rule the sense, in ends, degrees and season.  
Reason's the Rider; Sense is but the Horse:  
Which then is fittest to direct thy course?  
Give up the reins, and thou becom'st a beast;  
Thy fall at death will sadly end thy feast.**

Flesh.

*Religion is a dull and heavy thing,  
Whereas a merry Cup will make me sing.  
Love's entertainments warm both heart and brain:  
And wind my fancy to the highest strain.*

Spirit.

*Cupid hath struck a Feather in thy Cap;  
And lull'd thee dead asleep on Venus's lap:  
Thy brains are tipl'd with some wanton's eyes:  
Thy Reason is becomes Lust's sacrifice.  
Playing a game at Folly, thou hast lost  
Thy wit, and soul, and winnest to thy cost.  
Thy Soul now in a filthy channel lies,  
While fancy seems to soar above the Skies.  
Beauty will soon be stinking loathsom Earth:  
Sickness and Death marr all the wanton's mirth.  
It is not all the pleasure thou canst find.  
Will countervail the sting that's left behind.  
Blind, brutish Souls! that cannot love their God!  
And yet can dote on a defiled clod!*

Flesh.

*Why should I think of what will be to morrow?  
An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.*

Spirit.

*But where's that mirth when sorrows overtake thee?  
Will it then hold when Life and God forsake thee?  
Forgetting Death or Hell will not prevent it:  
Now lose thy day, thou'lt then too late repent it.*

Flesh.

*Must I be pain'd and wronged, and not feel?  
As if my heart were made of flint or steel?*

Spirit.

*Dost thou delight to feel thy hurt and smart?  
Would not an Antidote preserve thy heart?  
Impatience is but self-tormenting folly:  
Patience is cordial, easie, sweet and holy.  
Is not that better which turns grief to peace,  
Than that which doth thy misery encrease?*

## Flesh.

*When sport, and wine, and beauty do invite,  
Who is it whom such baits will not incite?*

## Spirit.

He that perceives the hook and sees the end,  
Whither it is that fleshly Pleasures tend,  
He that by faith hath seen both Heav'n and Hell,  
And what sin costeth at the last can tell:  
He that hath try'd and tasted better things,  
And felt that love from which all pleasure springs,  
They that still watch, and for Christs coming wait,  
Can turn away from, or despise the bait.

## Flesh.

*Must I be made the foot-ball of disdain?  
And call'd a precise fool or Puritane?*

## Spirit.

Remember him that did despise the shame,  
And for thy sake bore undeserved blame.  
Thy journey's of small moment if thou stay  
Because dogs bark, or stones lie in the way.  
If life lay on it, wouldst thou turn again,  
For the winds blowing or a little rain?  
Is this thy greatest love to thy dear Lord?  
That canst not for his sake bear a foul word?  
Wilt thou not bear for him a scorners breath,  
That underwent for thee a cursed death?  
Is not Heav'n worth the bearing of a flout?  
Then blame not Justice when it shuts thee out.  
Will these deriders stand to what they say,  
And own their words at the great dreadful day?  
Then they'd be glad, when wrath shal overtake them,  
To eat their words, and say they never spake them.

## Flesh.

*How? Forsake all? Ne're mention it more to me  
I'll be of no Religion to undo me.*

## Spirit.

Is it not thine more in thy Fathers hand,  
Than when it is laid out at sins command?

And

And is that fav'd that's spent upon thy lust  
 Or which must be a prey to thieves or rust?  
 And wouldst thou have thy riches in thy way,  
 Where thou art passing on and canst not stay?  
 And is that lost that's sent to Heav'n before?  
 Hadst thou not rather have thy friends and store,  
 Where thou maist dwell for ever, in the light  
 Of that long glorious day that fears no night?  
 Flesh.

*But who can willingly submit to Death;  
 Which will bereave us of our life and breath;  
 That laies our flesh to rot in loathsom graves,  
 Where brains and eyes were, leaves but ugly caves ?  
 Spirit.*

So nature breaks and casts away the shell,  
 Where the now beauteous singing bird did dwell :  
 The secundine that once the infant cloath'd,  
 After the birth, is cast away and loath'd.  
 Thus Roses drop there sweet leaves under-foot ;  
 But the Spring shew's that life was in the root.  
 Souls are the Roots of Bodies : Christ the Head  
 Is Root of both, and will revive the dead.  
 Our Sun still shineth when with us it's night :  
 When he return's, we shall shine in his light.  
 Souls that behold and praise God with the Just,  
 Mourn not because their bodies are but dust.  
 Graves are but beds where flesh till morning sleeps :  
 Or Chests where God a while our garments keeps.  
 Our folly thinks he spoils them in the keeping ;  
 Which causeth our excessive fears and weeping :  
 But God that doth our rising day foresee :  
 Pities not rotting flesh so much as we.  
 The birth of Nature was deform'd by sin :  
 The birth of Grace did our repair begin :  
 The birth of Glory at the Resurrection  
 Finisheth all, and brings both to perfection.  
 Why should not fruit when it is mellow fall ?  
 Why would we linger here when God doth call ?  
 Flesh.

## Flesh.

*The things and persons in this world I see.  
But after death I know not what will be.*

## Spirit.

( Spoken ?

Know'st thou not that which God himself hath  
Thou hast his promise which was never broken.  
Reason proclaims that noble heav'n-born Souls,  
Are made for higher things than Worms & Moles.  
God hath not made such faculties in vain,  
Nor made his Service a deluding pain.  
But Faith resolves all doubts, and hears the Lord  
Telling us plainly by his holy Word,  
That uncloth'd Souls shall with their Saviour dwell,  
Triumphing over Sin, and Death, and Hell.  
And by the Power of Almighty Love,  
Stars shall arise from graves to shine above.  
There we shall see the glorious face of God :  
His blessed presence shall be our abode :  
The face that banisheth all doubts and fears,  
Shuts out all sins, and drieth up all tears.  
That face which darkeneth the Sun's bright rays,  
Shall shine us into everlasting joys.  
Where Saints and Angels shall make up one Chöre,  
To praise the Great *Jehovah* evermore.

## Flesh.

*Reason not with me against sight and sense :  
I doubt all this is but a vain pretence.  
Words against Nature are not worth a rush :  
One Bird in hand is worth two in the bush.  
If God will give me Heav'n at last, I'll take it :  
But for my Pleasure here I'll not forsake it.*

## Spirit.

And wilt thou keep it? brutish flesh how long?  
Wilt thou not shortly sing another Song?  
When Conscience is awakened, keep thy mirth!  
When sickness & death comes, hold fast this earth  
Live if thou canst when God saith, Come away :  
Try whether all thy friends can carfully stay.

Wilt

Wilt thou tell Death and God, thou wilt not die?  
 And wilt thou the consuming fire defie?  
 Art thou not fure to let go what thou hast?  
 And doth not Reason bid thee then forecast,  
 And value the least hope of endless Joys,  
 Before known vanities, and dying toys?  
 And can the Lord that is most just and wise,  
 Found all man's duty in deceit and lies?

Get thee behind the Satan; thou dost favour,  
 The things of Flesh, and not his dearest favour,  
 Who is my Life, and Light, and Love, and All,  
 And so shall be whatever shall befall.

It is not thou, but I that must discern,  
 And must Resolve: It's I that hold the stern:  
 Be silent Flesh; speak not against my God;  
 Or else hee'll teach thee better by the rod.  
 I am resolved: thou shalt live and die,  
 A servant, or a conquered enemy.

---

**L**ord charge not on me what this rebel says,  
 That always war against me and thy ways!  
 Now stop its mouth by Grace, that shortly must  
 Through just, but gainful death, be stopp'd with dust.  
 The thoughts and words of Flesh are none of mine:  
 Let Flesh say what it will, I will be thine.  
 Whatever this rebellious Flesh shall prate,  
 Let me but serve thee Lord, at any rate.  
 Use me on Earth as seemeth good to thee,  
 So I in Heav'n thy Glorious face may see.  
 Take down my Pride; let me dwell at thy feet:  
 The humble are for Earth and Heav'n most meet.  
 Renouncing Flesh, I Vow my self to thee,  
 With all the Talents thou hast lent to me.  
 Let me not stick at honour, wealth or blood:  
 Let all my days be spent in doing good.

Let me not trifle out more precious hours ;  
 But serve thee now with all my strength and powers.  
 If Flesh should tempt me to deny my hand ;  
 Lord these are the Resolves to which I stand,

Octob. 29.

Richard Baxter.

1659.

## 8. The Prayer of the Sick, in a Case like *Hezekiah's.*

To the Tune of the 51 Psalm.

### The First Part.

1. **E**Ternal God, whose name is Love ;  
 Whose mercy is my hope and stay ;  
 O hear and help me from above ;  
 That in distress to thee do pray.  
 Ashamed to lift up my face ;  
 Hence from the dust to thee I cry :  
 Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,  
 Yet unto it alone I fly.
2. I was at first in sin conceiv'd,  
 Then liv'd a vain and sinful life :  
 Rebellious flesh which I receiv'd  
 Is still against thy Grace in strife.  
 Long it was Lord, alas too long,  
 Before I knew my self or thee :  
 Vanity rul'd my heart and tongue :  
 And O that yet my Soul were free ?
3. But while I sinned thou wast kind,  
 And sent'st thy Word and Spirit of Grace ;  
 Thy Light did change my darkened mind,  
 And shewed me my wretched case.

Thought

Though I drew back, thou didst prevail ;  
And I gave up my self to thee.

Thou undertook'st for wind and fail ;  
Both Ship and Pilot thou wouldst be.

4 I turn'd my back on worldly toys ;  
And set my face towards Glory's Shore ;  
Where thou hast promis'd highest Joys,  
And blessedness for ever more.

I took my leave of Sin and Earth ;  
What I had lov'd, I now did hate :  
Ashamed of my former birth,  
I gave my Life a newer date.

5. But since that time how I am tost ?  
Afraid of every storm and wave :  
Almost concluding I am lost,  
As if thou wouldst not help and save.

If I look out beyond thine Ark,  
Nothing but raging Seas I see :  
On this side Heav'n all's deep and dark :  
But I look further unto thee.

6. Censures and scorns, and frowns I bear ;  
Storms which before I never found ;  
And yet all these I should not fear,  
If all at home were safe and sound.

But thy displeasure wounds my heart :  
I have but two parts, Flesh and Soul :  
Both of thy wrath do bear their part ;  
And thou hast left me neither whole.

## The Second Part.

7. All this is just, Lord, I confess ;  
I staid too long e're I came in :  
And how should healing grace do less,  
When I brought with me so much sin ?



Much Pride and Vanity I kept :  
 Too oft my heart was looking back :  
 Though God stood by me, yet I slept :  
 Heav'n was at hand ; yet I grew slack.

Spare Lord, and pity thy poor dust !  
 That fled into thy Ark for Peace !

O cause my Soul on thee to trust !  
 And do not my distress increase.

O keep up Life and Peace within !  
 If I must feel thy chastening Rod ?

Yet kill not me, but kill my sin ;  
 And let me know, thou art my God.

9. Folly dwell in my childish breast ;  
 Sin rob'd me of my youthful days :

Let not thy wrath cut off the rest,  
 And stifle thine intended praise.

Whilst I forgot thee, thou didst bear :  
 Thy kindness did invite me home :

O rack me not with grief and fear !  
 Kill me not Lord, now I am come.

10. The silent dust speaks not thy fame,  
 Nor in dark Graves art thou renown'd :

The living Saints declare thy Name,  
 And in thy Church thy Praises sound :

Yet let me with thy Household dwell ;  
 Though I be numbred with thy poor :

And with thy Saints thy wonders tell,  
 Although I sit behind thy door.

11. Set not thy strength against frail man !  
 O turn not yet this Flesh to Clay !

My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,  
 If I should see the longest day.

Break me not all to pieces, Lord ;  
 Or else let each piece have a tongue,

To cry, till thou relief afford,  
 But not to say, thou dost me wrong.

12. Pity this poor unworthy Soul,  
 That here devotes it self to thee :  
 Resolve my doubts ; my fears controul ;  
 And let me thy Salvation fee.  
 O let that Love which gave me groans,  
 And taught my needy Soul to pray,  
 Remove my fears, and hear the moans  
 Which sorrow breaths forth night and day.

The Third Part.

13. Why art thou, fainting Soul, cast down ?  
 And thus disquieted with fears ?  
 Art thou not passing to thy Crown,  
 Through storms of pain, and floods of tears ?  
 Fear not, O thou of little Faith !  
 Art thou not in thy Saviour's hand ?  
 Remember what his promise saith :  
 Life and Death are at his command.

14. To him I did my self entrust,  
 When first I did for Heav'n imbarck :  
 And he hath proved kind and just :  
 Still I am with him in his Ark.  
 Couldst thou expect to see no Seas ?  
 Nor feel no-tossing wind or wave ?  
 It is enough that from all these  
 Thy faithful Pilot will thee save.

15. Lord, let me not my Covenant break !  
 Once I did all to thee resign :  
 Only the words of comfort speak,  
 And tell my Soul that *I am thine*.  
 It's no Death when Souls hence depart,  
 If thou depart not from the Soul :  
 Fill with thy Love my fainting heart,  
 And I'll not fading flesh condole.

16. Health is but Sicknes with thy frowns :  
 Life with thy wrath is worfe than Death :  
 My comforts thy displeasure drowns,  
 And into groans-tunes all my breath.

Where is that Faith, and Hope, and Love,  
By which thou markest all thy Saints ?  
Thy Joys would all my grief remove,  
And raise this heart that daily faints.

17. Am I the *Jonas* ? dost thou mean  
To cast me out into the deep ?

It shall not drown, but make me clean :  
Until thou raise me, there I'll sleep.

O Death ! where is thy poisonous sting ?  
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?

Thy dust shall shortly rise, and sing  
God's praise above the starry Sky.

18. My God, my Love, my Hope, my Life !  
Shall I be loath to see thy face ?

As if this world of sin and strife,  
Were for my Soul a better place ?

O give my Soul some sweet forecast  
Of that which I shall shortly see !

Let Faith and Love cry to the last,  
*Come Lord, I trust my self with thee.*

John 11. 14. or 16.

*O let not unbelieving Thomas words*

*Be now my answer : But my dearest Lord's. Amen.*

## 9. The Covenant and Confidence of Faith.

*To the common Tunes.*

1. **M**Y whole, though broken heart, O Lord !  
From henceforth shall be thine !

And here I do my Vow record :

This hand, these words are mine.

All that I have, without reserve,

I offer here to thee :

Thy Will and Honour all shall serve,

That thou bestow'dst on me.

2. All that exceptions save I lose :  
 All that I lose I save :  
 The treasure of thy Love I choose ;  
 And *Thou* art *All* I crave.  
 My God, thou hast my heart and hand :  
 I all to thee resign.  
 I'll ever to this Covenant stand,  
 Though flesh hereat repine.
3. I know that thou wast willing first ;  
 And then mad'st me consent :  
 Having thus lov'd me at the worst,  
 Thou wilt not now repent.  
 Now I have quit all *Self-pretence*,  
 Take charge of what's thine own ,  
 My Life, my Health, and my Defence,  
 Now lie on thee alone.
4. Now it belongs not to my care,  
 Whether I die or live :  
 To love and serve thee is my share :  
 And this thy grace must give.  
 If life be long, I will be glad,  
 That I may long obey :  
 If short ; yet why should I be sad,  
 That shall have the same pay.
5. If Death shall bruise this springing seed ;  
 Before it come to fruit ;  
 The Will with thee goes for the Deed ;  
 Thy Life was in the root.  
 Long Life is a long grief and toil,  
 And multiplyeth faults :  
 In long Wars he may have the foil,  
 That scapes in short assaults.
6. Would I long bear my heavy load ?  
 And keep my sorrows long ?  
 Would I long sin against my God ?  
 And his dear Mercy wrong ?

How much is sinful Flesh my Foe,  
That doth my Soul pervert ;  
To linger here in sin and woe,  
And steals from God my heart ?

7. Christ leads me through no darker Rooms  
Than he went through before :

He that into God's Kingdom comes,  
Must enter by this door.

Come Lord, when Grace hath made me meet,  
Thy blessed Face to see :

For if thy work on Earth be sweet,  
What will thy Glory be ?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful daies ;

And joyn with the triumphant Saints,  
That sing *Jehovah's* praise.

My Knowledge of that Life is small ;  
The Eye of Faith is dim :

But it's enough that Christ knows all ;  
And I shall be with him.

*This Covenant my dear Wife in her former Sicknesse  
subscribed with a chearful will. Job 12. 26.*

## 10. A Psalm of Praise.

To the Tune of the 148 Psalm.

1. **Y**E holy Angels bright,  
Which stand before Gods Throne,  
And dwell in glorious Light,  
Praise ye the Lord each one:

You there so high:

Are much more meet:

Than we the feet,

For things so high.

2. You

2. You blessed Souls at rest,  
That see your Saviours face,  
Whose Glory, even the least  
Is far above our Grace ;  
God's praises sound,  
As in his sight,  
With sweet delight  
You do abound.

3. All Nations of the Earth,  
Extol the World's great King :  
With Melody and Mirth.  
His glorious praises sing.  
For he still reigns,  
And will bring low,  
The proudest Foe,  
That him disdains.

4. Sing forth *Jehovah's* praise,  
Ye Saints that on him call :  
Magnifie him always,  
His holy Churches all :  
In him rejoyce ;  
And there proclaim  
His holy Name,  
With sounding voyce.

5. My Soul, bear thou thy part :  
Triumph in God above :  
With a well-tuned heart,  
Sing thou the Songs of Love.  
Thou art his own,  
Whose precious Blood  
Shed for thy Good,  
His Love made known.

6. He did in Love begin,  
Renewing thee by Grace,  
Forgiving all thy sin,  
Shew'd thee his pleased face!

He did thee heal,  
By his Son's merit,  
And by his Spirit,  
For Glory Seal.

7. In saddest thoughts and grief,  
In sickness, fears and pain,  
I cry'd for his relief,  
And it was not in vain.

He heard with speed ;  
And still I found  
Mercy abound,  
In time of need.

8. Let not his Praises grow  
On prosperous heights alone :  
But in the Vales below,  
Let his great Love be known.

Let no distress,  
Curb and controul  
My winged Soul,  
And praise suppress.

9. Let not the fear or smart  
Of his chastizing Rod ,  
Take off my fervent heart,  
From praising my Dear God.

What ere I feel,  
Still let me bring  
This Offering,  
And to him kneel.

10. Though I lose friends and wealth,  
And bear reproach and shame ;  
Though I lose ease and health,  
Still let me praise God's Name.

That fear and pain,  
Which would destroy  
My Thanks and Joy,  
Do thou restrain

11. Though

11. Though humane help depart,  
 And flesh draw near to dust ;  
 Let Faith keep up my heart,  
 To love God true and just :  
 And all my days,  
 Let no Disease  
 Cause me to cease  
 His joyful praise.
12. Though sin would make me doubt,  
 And fill my Soul with fears,  
 Though God seem to shut out,  
 My daily cries and tears :  
 By no such Frost  
 Of sad delays,  
 Let thy sweet praise  
 Be nipt and lost.
13. Away distrustful care !  
 I have thy promise, Lord.  
 To banish all despair,  
 I have thy Oath and Word.  
 And therefore I  
 Shall see thy face,  
 And there thy Grace  
 Shall magnifie.
14. Though Sin and Death conspire,  
 To rob thee of thy praise.  
 Still towards thee I'll aspire,  
 And thou dull hearts canst raise.  
 Open thy Door ;  
 And when grim Death  
 Shall stop this Breath,  
 I'll praise thee more.
15. With thy Triumphant Flock ;  
 Then I shall numbred be,  
 Built on th' eternal Rock,  
 His glory we shall see.



The Heav'ns so high,  
 With praise shall ring,  
 And all shall sing,  
 In harmony.

16. The Sun is but a spark,  
 From the Eternal Light :  
 It's brightest beams are dark,  
 To that most glorious sight :  
 There the whole Chore,  
 With one accord,  
 Shall praise the Lord  
 For evermore.

## 11. The Complaint.

**W**Hat mean impatient men to call it *Pain*?  
 That do the Creatures wrath alone sustain?  
 But, alas! how much greater is my woe,  
 That must God's sharp displeasure undergo?  
 If a Worm's fury seemeth hard to bear,  
 Who dare before an angry God appear?  
 I thought my God had blotted out my sin;  
 And it no more remembred should have been!  
 And wilt thou now call up what's past and gone?  
 And charge upon me all that I have done?  
 Why then, where is my Saviour? where's his blood?  
 Shall not thy promises be all made good?  
 Where are thy tender bowels? where's that grace?  
 That shew'd me once thy reconciled face?  
 Dost thou repent? or can God changed be?  
 O no! it's I that falsly turn'd from thee.

Yet be not angry with me, O my God!  
 If thy Child cry, and plead against the Rod;

Not daring to accuse thy narrow path ;  
 But humbly hold to deprecate thy wrath.  
 Is it thy pleasure to behold my grief?  
 When thou canst with a word send full relief?  
 Dost thou delight to see me drencht in tears?  
 And overwhelm'd with doubts and horrid fears?  
 Wilt thou stand by and see my Soul thus sink?  
 While wasting Flesh doth stand at the pits brink?  
 Shall grief and sickness leave but skin and bones?  
 And shall I know no breath but sighs and groans?  
 Have I no passions left but griefs and fears?  
 Are groans the only musick for thine ears?  
 And have I sense only to feel my woe?  
 And reason only misery to know?  
 An wilt thou suffer sinful unbelief,  
 To banish Joy, and keep out all relief?  
 How can that gracious Lord my woe desire?  
 That did so much to save me from the fire?  
 How can that Saviour be against my good,  
 That dy'd in love, and washt me by his blood?  
 Can the same voice now pass so sad a doom,  
 That from my sin so lately call'd me home?  
 Wilt thou now frown me down to fears and death?  
 That lately gav'st me a new life and breath?  
 Or can that hand that snatch'd me from the flame,  
 Tear me, and cast me back into the same?  
 Pity, my God, this sinking trembling Soul,  
 And let the hand that wounds me, make me whole:  
 Friends would, but cannot; all their help is vain.  
 But thou canst quickly give me joy for pain.  
 What can friends do, but make my grief their own?  
 And will not give me leave to die alone.  
 They can but add their fruitless tears and moans,  
 To joyn in a sad consort with my groans.  
 Their pity doth but make my wounds more deep:  
 While in Compassion they stand by and weep:  
 Through me thou woundest them: my pains are  
 And every tender friend a portion bears. ( theirs:

They can but pray for that which thou must give:  
 They strive in vain, if thou wilt not relieve.  
 O spare me Lord! and press me not too low,  
 Lest I should peevish and impatient grow!  
 Lest I should have unworthy thoughts of thee,  
 Forgetting what thy Love hath done for me.  
 Lest blind distrust get ground against my Faith,  
 And I grow mindless what thy promise saith.  
 Lest griefs consume the Soul which thou hast made,  
 And lest thy Praises with my Comforts fade.  
 Lest I thine ancient Loves no more rehearse,  
 But all my thanks as a mistake reverse.  
 And lest unruly grief should make me break  
 Thy holy Laws, and things unseemly speak.  
 And lest the Tempter should advantage take,  
 The Heav'n-built structure of my hopes to shake.  
 Lest I be drawn with *Job* to curse the day,  
 In which my Soul was married to clay!  
 Lest this rash tongue thy precious Love deny,  
 And in distress, should call thee *Enemy*.  
 Break not the Heart on which thou wrot'st thy name  
 Lest those blest Letters perish with the frame.  
 Thy Word commands us always to rejoyce:  
 Fain I would do it, but thou stop'st my voice.  
 Can I rejoyce, when as thy angry Dart  
 Is piercing night and day my wounded Heart?  
 Can I rejoyce and bleed; Rejoyce and die?  
 Can I rejoyce, when thou dost Joy deny?  
 Can I mix night and day? or death and life?  
 Or heat and cold? or quietness and strife?  
 Or twist the highest joy with deepest sorrow?  
 Dwelling near Hell to day, and Heav'n to morrow?  
 Will joys agree with heavy sighs and groans?  
 And sweetest comforts dwell with broken bones?  
 When I would rise and sing thy Love's renown,  
 Then comes another wave and strikes me down.  
 Brimstone and flames methinks upon me rain,  
 As if I were adjudg'd to *Sodom's* pain.

O my dear God ! why dost thou me forsake ?  
 And all my bones and heart in pieces shake ?  
 I took thee for my only Life and Joy :  
 O do not now this trembling Soul destroy !

## The Answer.

**W**retched Child ! why dost thou make all this ado ?  
 Dost thou remember whom thou speakest to ?  
 Dost thou consider what thy passion saith ?  
 Is this the language of a stable Faith ?  
 Is this thy Patience, and thy Self-denial ?  
 Wilt thou thus shrink and shake in time of tryal ?  
 May I not with my own do what I list ?  
 And use my creature as to me seems best ?  
 Am I not wise enough to use the Rod ?  
 Wilt thou prefer thy self before thy God ?  
 Who's fittest to be Ruler ? thou or I ?  
 Whose Wisdom's best ? and whose Fidelity ?  
 When prov'd I false unto thee ? or unkind ?  
 When didst thou seek aright, and didst not find ?  
 Look homeward, Man ; *there* dwells thine Enemy :  
 It is thy *Self* and *Sin* : It is not I.  
 The thing thou should'st complain of, is within :  
 Turn all thy charge against thy *Self* and *Sin*.  
 Sin is so bad, that it can do no better ;  
 God cannot fail thee, and remain thy debtor.  
 Such intimations should not pass thy tongue,  
 As if the righteous God could do thee wrong.  
 Were Conscience but as tender as thy flesh,  
 And sin as grievous to thee as the lash ;  
 Hadst thou but lived as befits a Saint,  
 I might have spar'd my Rod, and thou thy *Plaint*.  
 Canst thou suspect I am against thy good,  
 When I have prov'd my Love by streams of blood ?

Have I not lov'd thee from Eternity?  
 And caus'd my only Son for thee to die?  
 Have I not call'd thee from a life of sin,  
 When thousands round about thee live therein?  
 Remember how I us'd thee at the first,  
 When in thy blood I found thee at the worst:  
 Who gave thee notice of thy sinful state,  
 Wakening thy Soul before it was too late?  
 Who did convince thee of the worldlings folly?  
 And shew thee that its better to be holy?  
 Who sav'd thee from the world's deceits and lies?  
 And wean'd thee from thy former vanities?  
 Who taught thee to bewail thy heavy load?  
 And made thee long to know and love thy God?  
 If thou art willing that I should be thine,  
 It is because at first I call'd thee *Mine*.  
 I offered Christ: I made thee to consent:  
 And in the terms of Grace to rest content.  
 When thou wast ignorant, who did thee teach?  
 And made thee long a higher state to reach?  
 Who made thee love and chuse the scorned way?  
 And cleave to Christ, whatever flesh could say?  
 Who made thee pray? and who thy prayer heard?  
 And sav'd thee from the plagues thy conscience feard?  
 Who made thy sinful heart long to be better?  
 Art thou not for all this to me a debter?  
 That thou dost miss me, and my pleas'd face,  
 That thou dost mourn and groan, is from my grace:  
 Freely I did forgive thee what was past,  
 And all thy deadly sins behind me cast.  
 And yet must I be taken for thy Foe,  
 And all these accusations undergo?  
 After all this, canst thou my Love suspect?  
 And all my comforts peevishly reject?  
 Dar'st thou deny my Love and Grace, as none,  
 Because that all the work is not yet done?

Who *wrought* that grace? whose should the honour be?  
 While thou condemn'st thy self, thou wrongest me.  
 Watch and reform, and cheerfully obey :  
 For what thou wantest, wait, and strive, and pray.  
 Thy Love and cheerful duty I require :  
 It's not thy self-tormenting I desire.  
 Humbly look back: remember what thou wast :  
 Be not unthankful for the grace thou hast.  
 Deny it not, but wait at Mercy's door :  
 Thankfulness is the way to get thee more.  
 If thou art weak, look up to Christ thy strength :  
 He'll perfect what he hath begun at length :  
 Is not his grace sufficient for thee still ?  
 He'll give thee rest, that freely gave thee *Will*.  
 If thou stand still, or loyter in thy Race ;  
 And if my Spur do bid thee mend thy pace ;  
 Let not the smart make thee lie down and whine,  
 And at thee needful quickening Rod repine :  
 But, *Up* ; Repent ; cheerfully do thy best :  
 The day's at hand, when thou shalt have the *Rest*.

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## The Submission..

**F**ather, forgive my passion and rash words :  
 Yet I'll be thine : I'll own no other Lords,  
 Seeing thou wilt accept so frail a Worm,  
 That can without thee no good thing perform ;  
 Still I'll be thine, and stand to what I said,  
 When I my Covenant and resignation made.  
 I'll rather groan within, and suffer more,  
 Than laugh with them that stand without thy door.  
 O let thy Will attract and perfect mine !  
 Hereafter not My Will be done, but *Thine*.  
 And let the roughest way seem fair and even,  
 That hath thy presence, and doth lead to Heaven:

And as thou bidst me, *Evermore rejoyce,*  
 Give me a joyful Heart, and praising voice.  
 Suffer not sin to foil thy grace and me ;  
 But make me such as thou wouldst have me be.  
 Let streams of Love flow from thy open breast :  
 And let me wait, and long to feel the *R E S T.*

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## 12. The Return.

To the Tune of *Pas. Mes. Galliard :*

Or,

To the common *Psalm Tunes.*

1. **W**HO was it that I left behind,  
 When I went last from home?  
 That now I all disorder'd find,  
 When to my self I come?
2. I thought I had the door fast lock't,  
 When I went last away :  
 And long might strangers there have knockt  
 If none had found my Key.
3. When I was here the fire did burn,  
 That now is almost out :  
 Half dead with cold I sit and mourn,  
 Perplext with many a doubt.
4. I left it light, but now's all dark,  
 And I am fain to grope :  
 Were it not for one little spark,  
 I should be out of hope.
5. The Rooms I carefully did sweep ;  
 But now I find all foul :  
 Serpents do crawl, and Vermine creep,  
 In my polluted Soul.

6. My Gospel-Book I open left,  
Where I the promise saw :  
But now I doubt its left by Theft,  
I find none but the Law.
7. And when my Soul I had undress'd,  
And thought some ease to find :  
I found distress instead of rest,  
Through anguish of my mind.
8. For Thorns were put into my Bed,  
Where I was wont to sleep :  
Grief is the pillow for my head,  
On which I lie and weep.
9. And if I slumber, up I start:  
My dreams awake my fears :  
The thorns have pierc'd head and heart ;  
And drawn forth more than tears.
10. The stormy rain an entrance hath,  
Through the uncovered top :  
How should I rest when showers of wrath  
Upon my Conscience drop ?
11. My goods I fear are gone to waste :  
The best I cannot find :  
The rest are in disorder cast :  
Which yet are left behind.
12. I lock'd my Jewel in my Chest :  
I'll search left that be gone :  
If this one Guest had quit my breast,  
I had been quite undone.
13. I know its sin that did all this :  
For nothing else could do it :  
I'll charge upon it all I miss,  
And with the Law pursue it.
14. My treacherous Flesh hath plaid its part,  
And opened Sin the door :  
And they have spoil'd and rob'd my heart,  
And left it sad and poor.



15. How shall I see my Landlord's fa  
How shall I pay his Rent?  
When I have thus abus'd his Grace;  
And have his Treasure spent?
16. Yet have I one great trusty friend,  
That will procure my peace;  
And all this loss and ruine mend,  
And purchase my release.
17. When I the Prodigal had plaid,  
And all my Portion spent;  
He told me he my Debts had paid,  
And bade me but *Repent*.
18. Yea ~~that~~ by his supply was done:  
Whose Covenant bade me do it.  
Because I had not of my own,  
So much as would serve to it.
19. And after this when my false heart  
Forgot my dearest Lord;  
He did perform a Saviour's part,  
And still my Soul restor'd.
20. I fear'd lest as but once he dy'd,  
He would but once forgive:  
But still when in distress I try'd,  
He did my Soul relieve.
21. Still when *He* took me by the hand,  
My Father on me smil'd:  
Oft have I broken his command,  
And yet he call'd me *Child*.
22. I know his Power: And for his *Love*,  
It spoke by pains and blood:  
Largely doth he his kindness prove,  
And make his promise good.
23. Therefore I'll never more despair,  
Nor take my self for lost:  
For he will all my loss repair,  
Though at the dearest cost.

24. Yea more, I have his hand to shew,  
That when my Lease is out,  
A Kingdom he'l on me bestow;  
He chides me if I doubt.

25. I'll trust on him, and use his Name,  
Whatever be my need:  
And I shall scape the wrath and shame,  
And shall be sure to speed.

26. And for that sin that plaid the Thief,  
I'll stop its poisonous breath;  
Or pine it with consuming grief,  
And famish it to death.

27. And I'll take heed for time to come,  
Of wandering abroad,  
With my best constant friend at home,  
I'll settle mine abroad.

28. The Bellows I'll yet take in hand:  
Till this small spark shall flame.  
*Love shall my heart and tongue command,*  
To praise God's holy Name.

29. Once more I mean to sweep all clean,  
And cast out filthy sin:  
And Christ again I'll entertain,  
And wait on him within.

30. I'll mend the Roof: I'll watch the Door,  
And better keep the Key:  
I'll trust my treacherous Flesh no more,  
But force it to obey,

31. I'll make a Covenant with my eyes;  
My tongue shall know its Law:  
I'll all the baits of sin despise,  
And keep my heart in awe.

32. My Bed shall be made soft by Love;  
And there I'll take my rest:  
Or else I'll wake till I remove,  
Where none dwell but the blest.

33. What have I said ? *That I'll do this ?*  
 That am so false and weak ?  
 And have so often done amiss,  
 And did my Covenants break ?

34. I mean, Lord, All this shall be done,  
 If thou my heart wilt raise.  
 And as the work must be thine own ;  
 So also shall the *Praise*.

## 12. The Lamentation.

Jan. 18. 1661.

For Sin afflicting the Sinner ; especially  
 by the grievous sufferings of Friends.

With the Relief of the Self-condemning Soul.

O *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy !* O my God !  
 Must I feel nothing but thy smarting Rod ?  
 Must I be daily on the rack of fears ?  
 And have no drink to quench my thirst but tears ?  
 Where is the Spring that feeds this bitter stream ?  
 That stops not, either when I wake or dream ?  
 These Worms of *Fear* and *Grief*, whose food I am,  
 Into the world as brethren with me came :  
 Youthful diversions cast them once asleep,  
 But *Light* awaken'd them to bite more deep.  
 Since then, I liv'd between thy Book and Rod ;  
 And in thy *School* of *Discipline* abode :  
 Sometimes thy gentle twigs toucht but the skin ;  
 Sometimes thy sharper strokes did enter in :

Most of them fell but on my outward part:  
 But now they pierce, they wound, they kill my *heart*.  
 Spare Lord! I sigh, I groan, I weep, I cry!  
 O spare! before I bleed, I sink, I die!  
 O spare the *Heart*! or wound none but mine own!  
 And let me sigh, and weep, and mourn alone!  
 It's I that sinn'd: these Sheep what have they done?  
 I sinn'd but with One Heart: O break but One!  
 Shall I that have extoll'd thy peoples Joys,  
 And told me of the sweetness of thy ways;  
 Now by my plaints and dolor make them think,  
 Thou giv'st us Gall and Vinegar to drink?  
 Set me not as a spectacle of wrath,  
 To frighten comers from the holy path.

Be silent flesh! my God is Wise and Just;  
 Hast thou not sinned? stoop and kiss the dust.  
 If Passion did not blind thee, thou might'st see,  
 Justice is good, even when it falls on thee.  
 It is not causless, if he pierce the *Heart*:  
 He doth but chuse the foul, the guilty part.  
 Had not the door been open'd first to sin,  
 Terrours and sorrows could not have get in:  
 If it have room for thoughts of *Pride* and  *Lust*;  
 That trouble should dwell with them, is buff just.  
 Where should the tent be put, but in the wound?  
 We cleanse the ulcerous part, and not the sound.  
 Where should *Jehovah's* battering Canons play,  
 But at the Fortress where his Enemy lay?

Thence came the viperous brood; there was the root  
 Of all the bitter, poisonous, deadly fruit.  
 There God should have been entertain'd in Love.  
 His *Will* as *End* & *Spring* each wheel should move.  
 But how unkindly was he there abus'd?  
 His tender Love and healing Grace refus'd?  
 Oft have I shut the door when he hath come;  
 I play'd, or slept, or would not be at home.

Should God be sleighted by a stubborn Heart,  
 And not rebuke its folly by its smart?  
 I sinn'd and laugh'd; I lightly pass'd it over:  
 Should God do so, and not his wrath discover?

> Just is the Lord: My sin hath found me out. <  
 I find his threatnings true beyond all doubt:  
*What have I done!* All's now to Conscience known:  
 Its deep remorse, tells me, *What I have done.*  
*What have I done!* It's graven all in Stone:  
 This heart of flint, feels now, *What I have done.*  
*What have I done!* my pained flesh and bone,  
 Cry out with anguish, *O what have I done!*  
*What have I done!* I see, I feel, I groan!  
 The sad effects proclaim, *What I have done.*  
*What have I done!* My friends distress and moan,  
 Cry to me night and day, *This thou hast done.* <

Melt sinful heart, and spare not! welcom grief!  
 Away delights! I'll none of your relief.  
 Shew me the Wilderness, the secret Cell,  
 Where grief and I may still together dwell!  
 Where Hills and Woods may eccho all my groans,  
 And hearers may not interrupt my moans!  
 Where mortal Eyes may see no more the face,  
 Which folly hath confounded with disgrace.  
 Where I may Die alive, and Live in Death;  
 And spend in Lamentation all my breath.  
 Seeing deceitful heart-tormenting sin  
 So cunningly is crept and woven in:  
 Break it in pieces, turn this *Heart* to dust;  
 Melt out the dross; purge out the filth and rust.  
 Spare not the Lance: Or if that will do good,  
 Drench it in tears: Stop not this brinish flood!

Jesus.

*Peace troubled Soul! I'll wash it in my blood.*  
*Woman, why weepest thou? was the first word,*  
*After his Rising, spoken by our Lord,* } JOHN 20.  
*To which his Angels Preface did accord.* } 13. 15.  
 The

## The Relief.

Jesus.

*Peace troubled Soul ! It's not thy brinish flood,  
Nor troubling Passions that must do thee good :  
Come ! freely drink, and bathe thee in this Blood.*

Sinner.

What I ? so vile a wretch ! it cannot be !  
Alas ! I fear, it was not shed for me !

Jesus.

*Na e'en for thee : So far 'twas shed for all,  
That they may come and welcome, at my Call.*

Sinner.

Alas Lord ! I have trampled on thy Blood,  
And thy Reproofs, and Calls of Grace withstood.

Jesus.

*And yet I call thee : Take my Mercy yet :  
I'll answer for thee : I have paid thy debt.*

Sinner.

What mine ! that have provoked thee so long ?  
And done thy Blood and Spirit so much wrong ?

Jesus.

*I dy'd for Enemies : It is my Glory,  
To wash foul hearts, and blot out all their story.*

Sinner.

What ! one so long ! so terrible ! so sad !  
Love one so hateful ! pardon one so bad !

Jesus.

*Hast thou such sins as I cannot forgive ?  
Or any wants which I cannot relieve ?*

Sinner.

I know thy Blood can wash away my guilt :  
I doubt not, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt.

Jesus.

*How hath my Will deserved thy suspicion,  
When I have made Acceptance the condition ?*

*Consent, and all is thine: My Gift is free:  
The purchase is not to be made by thee.*

*Sinner.*

*I know what thou wilt do, shall sure be done:  
But some God hates: I fear that I am one.*

*Jesus.*

*And must the Love declar'd at such a rate,  
Go void'd by the suspicion of Hate?  
For this I came to Men from God above,  
To manifest his great abundant Love:  
Mark what my Doctrine, Life and Death intend:  
This is their principal design and end:  
Not only to reveal God's Power and Skill,  
But chiefly his Great Mercy and Good Will.*

*Sinner.*

*Yet he will save none but his own Elect:  
Not those that his Salvation neglect.*

*Jesus.*

*My Promise, and thy Duty, thou may'st see;  
But canst not search the depth of God's Decree.  
Mercy intreats thee: here it's brought unto thee:  
Take it, and God's Decree shall not undo thee.  
All are Elect that do not to the last  
Refuse me, and my Grace behind them cast.*

*Sinner.*

*This I have done, and fear I shall do still,  
Till I the measure of my sins fulfil.  
Though God be Love it self, I shall have none:  
I fear my Day of Grace is past and gone.  
Methinks I feel, Grace doth my Soul forsake:  
Thy Holy Spirit thou dost from me take.*

*Jesus.*

*Here thou art yet alive; my Grace attends thee;  
And from the jaws of Death and Hell defends thee.  
Satan would fain at once thy Soul devour:  
What dangers dost thou walk in every hour?  
Yet thou art safe, and hear'st the Preacher's voice:  
Come, close with Mercy, and Heav'n will rejoyce.*

*Dost*

Dost thou not feel my Spirit still contend ?  
 And tell thee what it is that thou must mend ?  
 If yet thou'lt be but willing to be mine ;  
 I and my Benefits will sure be thine.

I seek ; I knock ; thou find'st I have not done :  
 Yet dost thou say, thy Day of Grace is gone ?

Sinner.

O but I have a Heart as hard as Steel !

I see my misery, but cannot feel !

Jesus.

Fully to feel what thou describ'st, is Hell.

What measure's best, it's I that best can tell.

Sinner.

I can scarce weep a tear for sin : This Heart  
 Was never melted yet by all thine Art !

Sure it's a sign my Day of Grace is gone,

When this unhumbl'd Heart remains a Stone.

Jesus.

Consent but to my Covenant, and be sure,

The remnant of thy Hardness I will cure.

I'll put a tender heart into thy breast :

Believe in me, and I'll forgive the rest.

It is no Mortal Hardness, if thou chuse

My Covenant ; and dost not me refuse.

Should'st thou but fully feel thy sin, thou'dst die

None could sustain so great a load but I.

I felt it for thee : Leave it to my care,

To wound or heal ; to break, afflict or spare.

Sinner.

My sin, my wants, my misery is such.

That I can never feel and grieve too much.

Jesus.

Such breaking's good as breaks the heart of sin :

And maketh way for Love to enter in.

But not the grief that only breaketh ease,

Weakening the Soul, and strengthening the Disease.

Hinder not Love and Joy ; but grieve in measure :

My Blood, and not thy Tears, must be thy Treasure.

Sinner.



*Sinner.*

Indeed my purest streams are too impure :  
 And cannot thy severity endure.  
 The grief of an impatient selfish spirit,  
 Cannot thy Pardon or Acceptance merit.  
 But if this hardened Heart do not relent,  
 And so great sin and misery lament,  
 How canst thou smile on such a brazen face,  
 As never felt the want and worth of grace ?

*Jesus.*

*Whence do I this complaining language hear,  
 If neither want nor worth of grace appear ?  
 I'll save thee, if but so far thou Repent,  
 As to my Gospel-Covenant to consent.  
 Wilt thou be healed ? Truly say, I will,  
 And trust the cure on thy Physicians skill.*

*Sinner.*

O there's my sin and woe ! though Grace be free,  
 I cannot take thy Grace, or come to thee.  
 My heart is hardened ; I cannot repent :  
 My Will's enthrall'd ; I cannot consent.  
 This will condemn me at the dreadful day :  
 I may have Life, but will not when I may.

*Jesus.*

*Art thou not willing ? why then dost thou crave it ?  
 Dost thou complain for grace, & wouldst not have it ?  
 If thou hadst rather be ungodly still,  
 It seems thou speak'st all this against thy will.*

*Sinner.*

Would not the worst of men be sav'd from Hell ?  
 And in delight and endless pleasure dwell ?  
 But to be Holy I have no desire,  
 But as a means to keep me from Hell fire.  
 When I seem to do good, or ill forbear,  
 It is not out of Love, but slavish fear.  
 All my Religion is but from Self-love :  
 I find no pleasure in the things above.

*Jesus*

## Jesus.

*Natural Love of Self is the foundation  
 Which Grace builds on, and useth for Salvation.  
 He that loves not himself, loves not another :  
 It's as thy Self that thou must love thy Brother.  
 Thy own Salvation is the lawful end,  
 Which' Grace and Nature bind thee to intend.  
 Why was I made man, but for man's Salvation ?  
 I suffer'd Death to hinder thy Damnation.  
 These are the ends for which thou must believe :  
 Life through a Saviour's that thou must receive.  
 It's Carnal Self that wicked men do love :  
 The Lawful Love of Self they'l not improve.  
 They all prefer sin's pleasure for a season ;  
 Their fleshly appetite doth rule their Reason.  
 Me and my healing Grace they will not have ;  
 They'l not endure that Mercy should them save.  
 They hate the Light that would their sin display,  
 And would direct them in the holy way :  
 Though they fear Hell, they always fear much more  
 The loss of honour, pleasure, health or store.  
 No fear of Hell will take their Idol down,  
 And make them seek first the eternal Crown.  
 The Fear of God is Wisdom's true beginning :  
 It calls to Duty, and preserves from sinning :  
 God must be fear'd, as one that can destroy  
 The Soul, and shut it out of endless Joy.  
 The Fear of God's the Just man's Character :  
 They fear not God indeed that wicked are.  
 God would be fear'd as a consuming fire :  
 This is no sin but what he doth require.  
 Love may lie hidden as a covered seed ;  
 When Fear in troubling Passion doth exceed.  
 If angry Parents make the Child afraid,  
 He feels not Love, till Passion be allaid.  
 Excessive Fear may hinder active Love,  
 And yet the vital habit not remove :*

When God's rebukes and frowns the Soul affright,  
 Is may dispose his Children unto flight.

Where Love is true, some Hatred may arise,  
 When terrors and despair the Soul surprize.

x A loving Child will not his Father own,  
 When through mistake or distance he's unknown.

The pleasing part of Love cannot appear,  
 Under prevailing Grief, and too much Fear:

Until the Soul be calm'd, and these abate,  
 Love is oppress'd, and seemeth turn'd to hate.

But doth not love appear in thy Desire?

Wouldst thou not Love God more? Or fainger higher?

Would it not please thee more if thou couldst find  
 His Image clearly printed on thy mind,

His Love and Spirit dwelling in thy heart,  
 Than of this World to have the choicest part?

Wouldst thou not have a heart that can Repent,  
 And hate sin more, and tenderly relent?

A heart more fit to Meditate and Pray?

x And walk exactly, and God's Laws obey?

A clearer Light, which may God's mind reveal?

More life and feeling? greater heat of Zeal?

x A stronger Faith to live on things above,  
 Where endless Praise shall be the breath of Love?

Sinner.

Whether I should desire these I doubt,  
 If possibly I could be sav'd without.

Jesus.

x What's Grace for, but to bring thee to Salvation?

To heal thy Soul, and keep thee from Damnation?

Wilt thou its Nature and its Use destroy,

And then conceit thou dost it not enjoy?

Think on't, as that which doth Salvation bring,

Or else thou mak'st it quite another thing.

Grace were not Grace if it did not intend

Thy Happiness and Glory as its End.

Thy means is nullify'd by separation

From the just End to which it hath relation.

What

What do men trade for but their lawful wealth?  
 And what is Food and Physick for but Health?  
 Look not on Grace in one divided notion:  
 But the concordant perfect frame and motion:  
 Take not one single part, but view the whole,  
 As it's the Health and Beauty of the Soul;  
 The Life, the Strength, the Glory, the Delight,  
 And that which makes it lovely in God's sight;  
 The honour, safety, gain, and true content;  
 And that which must the pains of Hell prevent:  
 Take these as undivided; all in one;  
 And view not one disjointed part alone:  
 If all together seem a choicer treasure  
 Than worldly gain, and sinful fading pleasure,  
 And turn the scales in thy deliberation;  
 Then doubt not of thy Title to Salvation.  
 But dost thou not desire that God would love thee?  
 And make thee just and lovely, and approve thee?  
 Would'st thou not see his face in Glorious Light,  
 And there sing Allelujah's in his sight?  
 And love him perfectly world without end,  
 More dearly than thou lov'st thy dearest friend?  
 Where thou shalt be replenish'd with joy,  
 And no disturbance shall thy Soul annoy:  
 Where no temptation, sin or grief shall come:  
 Where my own Love and Joy shall be thy home,  
 Abiding with the Host of Heav'n always,  
 In the sweet Musick of Jehovah's Praise.  
 This Glorious Life with God, thou must love best:  
 Yet as thy own Felicity and Rest:  
 In Union and Fruition of a Friend,  
 Not one, but both the Lovers are the End.  
 And hast thou no Desire or Will to this?  
 Would'st thou not live with God in endless bliss?  
 Sinner.

Some cold Desires of Heav'n the worst may have:  
 But dreaming lazy Wishes will not save.

Jesus.

*Judge by these three for ending all the strife :  
Thy Estimation, Choice, and Bent of Life.*

★ *These fleshly pleasures stand in competition :  
Know which thou Chusest as thy best Condition,  
If thou the Everlasting sure Reward,  
More than sins fading pleasures dost regard ;  
If GOD and thy Salvation be the part,  
Whose Interest stands highest in thy Heart ;  
If thus his Kingdom thou first seek and crave ;  
Both it, and all things needful thou shalt have.  
Sinner.*

*I fear I do not these thy terms fulfil ;  
And have not truly a Consenting Will :  
Because so great averfeness I still find,  
To God and Holiness upon my mind ;  
Such deadness to Believe, Love, and Repent,  
That there seems more of Hatred than Consent.  
Necessity and Reason use a force  
Against my Will and Nature's bent and course.*

Jesus.

*No man can conquer and obtain Salvation,  
But by resisting carnal inclination.  
Fleshly desires run with speedy course,  
And need not Faith's or Reason's help and force.  
Earthward you sink propensity as a clod ;  
But not so easily ascend to God.  
One motion's downward ; th'other's all up-hill ;  
Against the byass of the carnal will.  
— Too much of flesh remaineth in the best :  
Some enmity to good sticks in their breast :  
Something of Hatred, even to God and Grace,  
Contentends with Love, and troubleth your race.  
In the most mortifi'd, the flesh yet liveth,  
And constantly against the Spirit striveth :  
You cannot hear, read, meditate, or pray,  
Or any thing that's good, think, do, or say.*

But Flesh makes war, and stily doth resist,  
 And would prevail, did not my Grace assist.  
 Conflict and Conquest of this in-bred Foe,  
 Must be the way of all the good you do.  
 The Question is not, Whether Flesh do strive?  
 But, Whether after Flesh or Spirit you live?  
 It is not opposition that will prove  
 That thou art void of Faith, or Hope, or Love.  
 The Law that's in thy Members will still find  
 Weapons against the Law that's in thy Mind:  
 The Flesh will so rebell, and put thee to it,  
 That when thou wouldst do good, thou canst not do it.  
 There's in one Breast a two-fold Will and Heart,  
 Acting each of them a contrary part:  
 There is a Will to Good, and Will to Evil:  
 One's rul'd by God, the other by the Devil.  
 A Will to read, and pray, and meditate;  
 A Will that doth all this oppose and hate.  
 Do not now stand and whine, nor yield, nor flee; ++  
 But use thy weapons: thou must fight or die.  
 Now live by Faith: Be glad thou hast a Christ,  
 Whose Spirit fortifies thee to resist:  
 Making the greatest thing thy chiefest scope;  
 Keeping alive a secret spark of hope;  
 Which will not only strive, but overcome;  
 And through all Foes will safely bring thee home.  
 Sinner.

But how can I find favour in thy sight,  
 That have sinn'd wilfully, even in the Light?

Jesus.

Though they that wholly to the last reject  
 My Sacrifice, no other can expect;  
 All kind of sin is pardoned by my Merit,  
 Save the grand blasphemy against the Spirit.

Sinner.

Alas! this is the thing that I fear most,  
 Lest I have thus blasphem'd the Holy Ghost.

Jesus.

No man that fears, or thinks he hath this sin,  
Hath ever truly guilty of it been.

For they deny me all to be the Lord,  
Think it no sin to violate my Word.

They set themselves against me with despight,  
And justify the sin which they commit.

Sinner,

But wilt thou take this, Lord, for true consent,  
From a hard heart that can no more relent?  
From one that loveth thee no more than I?  
That is constrained by necessity?

And while he thus subscribeth to thy Will,  
Knowingly crosseth it, and sinneth still?

Jesus,

If thou consent, it's Good that doth thee move:  
And to consent to Good, is truly Love.

Believe if thou wouldst Love: And in my face,  
Behold the Fulness of God's Love and Grace.

If His abounding Love thou didst but know,  
Thy heart with Love to him would overflow.

Love kindleth Love; but Faith must hold the Glass:  
This sight would win thy heart before thou pass.

He that will Love God, must not think him evil;  
Nor paint him in his Rascally like the Devil.

Satan will make thee fly from God with hate,  
If he can make thee throughly desperate.

Think'st thou to find thy Love, before by Faith  
Thou'lt come to me & and hear what Mercy saith?

Thou may'st as wisely search for marks to prove  
Thou lovest God, before thou wilt him love.

Believe, Consent; Give up Thy self to me;  
And I will give my self and Spirit to thee;

I will enable thee to do the rest;

And take the stony Heart out of thy breast:

I'll put God's Fear and Love into thy Heart,

That thou may'st never more from him depart.

I'll quench the flames of thy corrupt desire,  
 And save thee from God's wrath, and from Hell's fire.  
*Sinner.*

And wilt thou pardon all the crimson sin,  
 Of which my wilful heart hath guilty been?

*Jesus.*

Have I not told thee I will pardon all? *Handwritten*  
 Hast thou sinn'd more than raging bloody Saul?  
 Or then Manasse's long and matchless flood.  
 Of Witchcraft, Rage, Idolatry and Blood?  
 That yet was pardon'd when he did return,  
 And in his Prison-Irons pray and mourn.  
 Trust Me, Subscribe My Covenant and be Mine,  
 And I and All my Benefits are Thine

*Sinner.*

O wondrous Love! where this is kindly felt,  
 The heart must needs with Love and Sorrow melt!  
 Wilt thou accept so vile a Wretch as I?  
 I'll cast my self upon thee, live or die.  
 My Soul and Body here to Thee I tender:  
 All that I called mine, I Here Surrender.  
 To this consent I here subscribe my hand,  
 Whatever Changes come, to this I stand:  
 Not by my strength! I trust on Thee, my Lord;  
 That for performance, thou wilt Grace afford.

January 26. 1661.



13. Upon the sight of  
**Mr. V I N E S**  
**H I S**  
**Posthumous TREATISE**  
**O N T H E**  
**SACRAMEMENT,**

*Octob. 18. 1656.*

Who Dyed a little before.

**W**Hile thou grew'st here, thy fruit made glad  
 The hearts that sin and death made sad :  
 Lest we would surfeit of thy fruit,  
 Thy Life retired to the root.  
 Desiring with us first to keep,  
 A Passover before thy sleep \* ;

\* He dyed suddenly on the Lords Day  
 at night, after he had Preacht and Ad-  
 ministr'd the Sacrament.

Weary of Earth, thou took'st thine Ease,  
 Passing into the land of Peace :  
 The threatned Evil we foresee,  
 But hope to hide our selves with Thee.  
 Though thou art gone, while we must fight,  
 We'll call it *Victory*, not *Flight*.  
 When God hath taken up this VINE,  
 We thought no more to taste its Wine ,  
 Till in the Land of *Salem's* King,  
 We drink it new, even from the Spring :

But

But unexpectedly we find,  
 Some Clusters which are left behind;  
 This Mantle from thy Chariot fell;  
 We know it by the pleasant smell:  
 Who knows but from this little seed  
 Some more such fruitful *Vines* may breed?  
 The *Tree of Death* bears precious Fruit,  
 Though in the Earth it have no Root.

---

Dear Brother! thou art gone before,  
 And I a wretch wait at the door!  
 Sin doth not only keep me thence,  
 But makes me loath to go from hence.  
 When Christ hath heard me of this sin,  
 And made me fit; he'll let me in:  
 Till then, may I but in a Glass,  
 See what you see with open face;  
 Sure it will raise my heavy Soul,  
 And these distrustful fears controul!  
 And make me willing to be gone,  
 As knowing *Whither*, and to *Whom*:  
 If Time be *Nothing*, as some say,  
 You that were with us yesterday,  
 Are with us still; or we with you;  
 Which is the better of the two.  
 The Soul imbodied in those Lines,  
 Doth make us say, that, This is *VINES*:  
 And if our Hearts with you could be;  
 Our Lord would say, that there are we.  
 But as according to desert,  
 The Heavens have got thy better part;  
 And left us but some of the Wine,  
 Whilst they have taken up the *Vine*:  
 So we look up, and wait, and pray,  
 And yet still feel, we live in Clay:  
 Here we are keeping sin's account,  
 While some small sparks do upward mount,

Crying [*How long, Holy and True*]  
 Till we are taken up to you.  
 Thus also we must follow LOVE \*,  
 To find our HEAD, and LIFE above.

\* *Mr. A. Burgesse* was Minister at *Lawrence Church*: *Mr. Love* succeeded him, and was beheaded by the Remnant of the Long Parliament, which cut off the K. for sending Money to some about the present King. *Mr. Vines* succeeded him.

He that is made by the New-Birth,  
 A BURGESS of the Church on Earth,  
 And then by Faith can rise so high,  
 In Divine LOVE to live and die,  
 Shall be translated to your soil,  
 Remov'd from sin, and fear, and toil;  
 And from this House of Worms & Moles,  
 Unto that Element of Souls.  
 Where every Branch becomes a VINE;  
 And where these clods like Stars will shine,  
 God is not there known by the Book:  
 You need not there, the pruning-hook;  
 There you have Wine without the Press;  
 And God his praise without distress,  
 There we shall find our eyes and sight,  
 When we come to our Head and Light,  
 The Kernel is where you now dwell,  
 And we here strive about the Shell:  
 You have the reconciling Light,  
 Who are past Faith, and live by Sight:  
 No wonder then if you are one,  
 When Peace from Earth is almost gone:  
 We croud about a little spark,  
 Learnedly striving in the Dark;  
 Never so bold as when most blind;  
 Run fastest when the Truth's behind.

No Heresies with you are sown :  
 There's not a Truth but all will own ;  
 A mixture we get here by rote ;  
 And Error keeps the *major* Vote :  
 There Pride and Faction cannot enter ;  
 There's no Division in the Center.  
 The Saints there play not Satan's part ;  
 They use not any carnal Art,  
 Their Righteous Brethren to defame ;  
 And by untruths to blot their Name.  
 There you are comely, and not black :  
 Each one hath all, yet none do lack.  
 What sin or smart can you befall,  
 Where SELF's put off, and God is *All* ?

---

Look up and see, now VINES is gone ;  
 Are not the Stars the more by One ?  
 No : but *One* fewer in our sight ;  
 For we have forfeited his Light.  
 And such an *One*, as all do miss,  
 Save those whose pleasure darkness is.  
 And who can number Stars above ;  
 When Saints so fast to Heav'n remove ?  
 If but three such in all our times,  
 As USHER, GATAKER and VINES,  
 Were taken hence by fatal sleep ;  
 Three Nations should consent to weep.  
 And if an Age this loss repair ;  
 The Church will think it very fair.  
 They shine in Glory now to God,  
 Who shin'd and burn'd here to a Clod.  
 May such a sinful Worm as I,  
 Aspire and ascend so high !  
 That Kingdom's mine in Hope and Right  
 Which you possess by Love and Sight,  
 That God, that Christ hath loved me,  
 Whose glory blessed VINES doth see :

We were both washed in one stream :  
 And both enlightned by one beam :  
 One Garment also did us cloath :  
 At once one Pulpit held us both \* ;

\* Those that saw me stand in his Pulpit  
 at *Lawrence* Church when I Preacht for  
 him, because he could get no other room  
 in the Church, understand this.

Much more One Church : for we agreed  
 Both in One Method, and one Creed.  
 One Evil we did both condole †,  
 As animated by one Soul :

† See his Letter in the end of my Con-  
 fession.

Methinks where thou art, I should be ;  
 Although the lowest in degree.  
 Though thou art gone, and I am here ;  
 Yet is my Passing-hour near :  
 Time is at work both Night and Day,  
 Even when it seemeth to delay :  
 My Grave and Coffin are at hand :  
 My Glas hath but a little Sand :  
 Now I am writing ; and anon  
 They'll also say of me, He's gone.  
 Then I shall see the shining face,  
 Which is the Glory of your Place.  
 But lest in vain I hope and run,  
 Lord perfect what thou hast begun !

# 14. A Dialogue between Death and the Believer.

A Rustick Song, set to a pleasant Tune.

Death.

**C**ome with me, poor Mortal,  
Quickly come away:  
My Name is Dreadful Death,  
Through this narrow Portal,  
Come without delay;  
For here I'll stop thy Breath.  
Presently my Dart  
Shall pierce thee to the Heart,  
And away thy Life I'll have:  
It is in vain to fly,  
Or any Friend to try:  
For there's none that can thee save.

Believer.

a. Welcom friendly Death;  
What canst thou do to me,  
That I have cause to fear?  
Though thou shalt stop my breath,  
Yet I in life shall be;  
When thou shalt not be there.  
And though the Gate be streight,  
It leads unto that height,  
Where I shall defie thy Dart:  
Willingly I yield,  
As armed by that Shield,  
That will save my nobler part.

E. 5

Death.

## Death.

3. Come away, frail Man,  
 And open now thy Breast,  
 And take thy mortal wound:  
 Let Friends, do what they can,  
 And Physick do its best,  
 They'll all too weak be found.  
 Lay now aside thy wits,  
 And turn unto thy Earth:  
 I will give thee the fatal blow;  
 It is in vain to wish;  
 Thou canst not save thy flesh:  
 For my Power thou shalt know.

Believer.

4. Readily I come,  
 As being not the first,  
 That hath past through thy door:  
 Thou shalt but help me home,  
 When thou hast done thy worst,  
 And thou shalt be no more.  
 By drawing out my blood,  
 Thou shalt but do me good:  
 And ease me of my grief,  
 And though thou look so grim,  
 Thou shalt bring me to him,  
 That will give me full relief.

Death.

5. Thy flesh I'll turn to Clay,  
 And all thy Bones to Dust;  
 And leave thee in the Grave:  
 Make no longer stay,  
 For come away thou must:  
 It is in vain to crave:  
 Cloathed from head to feet,  
 But with a Winding-sheet,  
 My Prisoner thou shalt be;  
 Bearing my loathsome mark,  
 Thou shalt lie in the dark,  
 And the face of no man see.

Believer.

Believer:

6. Thou shalt but dig the ground,  
 Where God his Seed will sow,  
 And raise it at the Spring:  
 And there I shall be found,  
 And Christ his own will know,  
 And unto Glory bring:  
 When here I cease to live,  
 A better Life he'll give,  
 Which thou shalt not destroy:  
 And though *this* Life thou fill,  
 My Soul thou canst not kill,  
 Nor again with fears annoy.
7. When thou put'st out these eyes,  
 I shall receive my sight:  
 My day will all be Noon:  
 Above the spangled Skies,  
 Where never shall be Night,  
 Nor need of Sun or Moons:  
 The Grave also shall keep  
 My Dust in quiet sleep,  
 Till the coming of my Lords:  
 That flesh shall shine with God,  
 That now is but a Clod;  
 And must lie as a thing abhor'd  
 Death.
8. *Thy merry Dales are gone;*  
*Thou shalt no longer stay;*  
*Thy Life shall end in pain;*  
*Thy time and work is done,*  
*And all thy sport and play;*  
*And never shall come again.*  
*Here take thy leave of Health;*  
*And of thy Goods and Wealth;*  
*And of every pleasant Friend;*  
*Bid farewell to them all,*  
*For here thy Corps shall fall;*  
*And the world to thee shall end.*



*Believer.*

9. Boast not, O conquered Foe !  
 For thou couldst have no strength,  
 But what comes from my sin :  
 My Lord will overthrow  
 Thy power at the length ;  
 And will thy prisoners win :  
 Thou couldst not keep my head,  
 When he lay in thy Bed ;  
 But he rose, and now doth Reign :  
 He'll take away thy sting,  
 And endless Life will bring,  
 And with him shall I remain.

10. How oft have I undrest me,  
 And laid my Garments by,  
 And dyed till the next day ?  
 I do but go to rest me,  
 And shall rise speedily ;  
 My Lord will not delay.  
 When thou hast broke this shell,  
 My Soul with Christ shall dwell,  
 And with Saints and Angels bright.  
 This World is but the Womb,  
 From which my Soul must come,  
 Into the Eternal Light.

11. And what tho Death be painful ?  
 The pain is quickly past ;  
 My Soul shall soon be freed :  
 My Lord shall make it gainful :  
 The gain shall ever last ;  
 And Joy shall Grief succeed.  
 And though the place seem strange,  
 And Nature fear a change ;  
 Yet I with Christ shall be.  
 And when with him I dwell,  
 I know I shall be well,  
 And his glorious Light shall see.

12. Thou shalt but kill my sin,  
 And crown my painful Race,  
 And end my Grief and Fear :  
 Thou shalt but let me in  
 To see the blessed face  
 Of my Redeemer dear.  
 And is it any loss  
 To follow with my Cross;  
 Till I attain the Crown?  
 It's he that truly dyes,  
 That Mercy doth despise,  
 And at last God will disown.
13. I knew that from my Birth  
 I was a mortal man :  
 My frailty is confess'd.  
 I knew my Flesh was Earth ;  
 My Life was but a span.  
 And here is not my Rest.  
 If thou canst say no more,  
 All this I knew before,  
 And yet thy threats despise.  
 Have I long sought in pain,  
 And would I not obtain,  
 Joyful Eternity ?
14. O feeble thing !  
 How canst thou conquer Christ,  
 And make his Promise void ?  
 First overcome my King,  
 And his Command resist,  
 By whom thou art employ'd :  
 First win the World above,  
 And conquer endless Love ;  
 And then I'll be thy slave :  
 Kill an immortal Soul,  
 And we will all condole,  
 And fear a darksome grave.

15. It's Christ that doth thee send,  
 To bring about his end;  
 And him thou must obey;  
 He is my dearest Friend,  
 And doth no harm intend,  
 In calling me away.  
 And why should he fear ill;  
 Whom Love it self doth kill?  
 And numb'reth with the Blest?  
 Why should not Death fulfil;  
 His good All-ruling WILL,  
 My SPRING, my GUIDE, my REST?

---

*Hoc migraturus scripsi sub imagine Germani*

**F**arewel vain World: As thou hast been to me  
 Dust and a shadow, such Bleweto thee.  
 The unseen *Life* and *Substance* I commit  
 To him that's *Substance, Life, Light, Love* to it.  
 Some *Leaves* and *Fruit* are drops for soil and feed;  
 Heaven's Heirs to generate; to heat and feed  
 Them also thou wilt flatter and molest,  
 But shalt not keep from Everlasting Rest.

---

Vel,

*Munde dolose vale: mihi vera peribit fides  
 Perficitur Cursus; certa corona manet:  
 Vita fugax cessat: Praestant aeterna caduca:  
 Mens superos visit: Pulvere pulvis erit:  
 Excipe Christe tuum; Tibi vita: Errata remitte;  
 Spe tibi commissum per fice Christe tuum.*

*Tu mortis mors es : Vita tu vita perennis.*

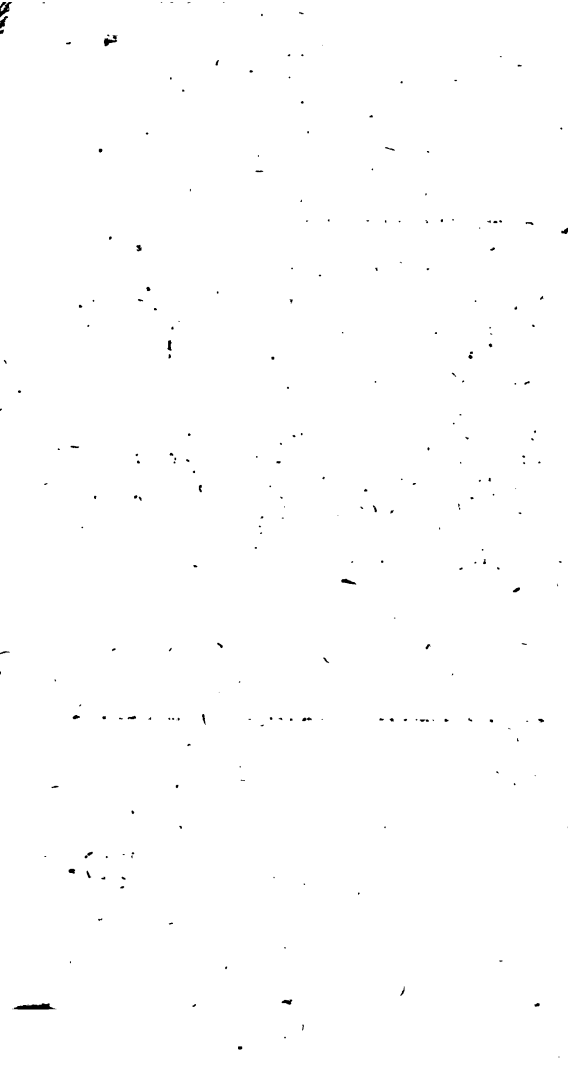
*Gloria nostra Tua est Gloria, Lumen, Amor.*

*Non loca, non cœtus, non hinc sperata videntur.*

*Optimus, Omnividens, Maximus illa videt.*

**T**HE English Verses written on a fair Marble over the Grave where my Wife and her Mother are buried, in the upper end of *Christ's-Church* Chancel ( broken and lost by the fall of the Church when burnt ) were these.

*Thus must thy Flesh to silent Dust descend,  
Thy mirth and worldly pleasure thus will end :  
Then happy holy Souls : but woe to those,  
Who Heav'n forgot, and earthly pleasures chose.  
Hear now this Preaching Grave : without delay,  
Believe, Repent, and work while it is day.*



ADDITIONS

TO THE

POETICAL

FRAGMENTS,

OF

**Rich. Baxter.**

---

WRITTEN

For himself, and Communicated to such as are more for serious Verse than smooth.

---

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Dunton* at the *Black Raven* in the *Poultry*. 1689.

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A  
**SUPPLEMENT**  
 TO THE  
**Poetical Fragments.**

**I. Grace.**

**G**ods perfect *Power* did this *great* World Create,  
 Gods perfect *Wisdom* all in *Order* Plac'd,  
 Gods perfect *Goodness* made all very *Good*,  
 But Sin Gods Image on Mans Soul defic't.

*Power* caus'd *Necessity*, and *Wisdom* *Order*;  
 And both by *Goodness* caus'd *Harmony*;  
 All in a perfect Frame Gods *Glory* shew'd,  
 Praise him and please him with pure *Melody*.

Sin could not change *Necessity*, nor that  
 Disorder which God fix'd above Mans reach;  
 But the Free Lord Free Agents also made,  
 And there by Sin *Free-Will* did make the breach.

This Breach to Man was Punishment it self,  
 For God before had order'd Nature so,

That



That Poyson would cause Pain, and Wounds cause  
And Sin to Sinners Misery and Woe. ( smart,

*Goodness* is *Love* delighting to do good,  
*Wisdom* resolves this fowl breach to repair,  
And make advantage of Mans Sin and Woe,  
*Justice* and *Mercy* largely to declare.

Hurt is soon done: the Wound was quickly made,  
The Cure must be performed by degrees:  
A Saviours Grace must exercised be,  
*Wisdom* with *Love* to do the Work decrees.

Mans Soul Incorruptible Substance is  
Essential Life; not made it self to die.  
Its final State then like it self will be,  
Durable Happyness or Misery.

But it is plac't in Corruptible Flesh  
And the Compounded Frame that's called Man,  
Must be dissolv'd; for Sin hath caused death;  
And Flesh must turn to Earth, whence it began.

But He who Mans Salvation undertook  
Is perfect Primitive *Life*, *Light* and *Love*;  
And will give Compound Life again to Man,  
In joyful Glory with Himself above.

But as in Nature God great difference made,  
Stones are not Men; all have their proper place;  
Men are not Stars, and Stars are not the Sun,  
So he will make great difference in Grace.

Man is not helpless left to meer despair,  
Life is again made possible to all,  
The former terms of Innocence now cease,  
Mercies all Sinners to Repentance call.

A Law of saving Grace is newly made,  
All that accept it and consent shall live,  
Trust but a Saviour for that blessed Life,  
And he will freely Grace and Glory give.

But yet Mans Life on Earth a Warfare is,  
 Gods Grace and Satans Malice daily Fight ;  
 And all that will be Sav'd must overcome ;  
 Sin's vanquished by Grace, Darkness by Light.

Each part their Captain have, & they their bands,  
 Not made by Force, but Doctrine and Consent ;  
 Each Man as Rational and Free Commands,  
 One draws to Sin, the other to Repent.

Sin hath its Punishment, the worst within,  
 When for neglect of Grace, God it suspends  
 But the correction of the Flesh for Sin,  
 Furthers Repentance, and the Soul amends.

Thus all on Earth have some degrees of Grace,  
 Which Reason tells us, they should not abuse,  
 Which bringeth some so far to *Adam's* case,  
 They stand or fall as they these Mercies use.

But God will not his Grace at random give,  
 And leave the event to uncertainty,  
 But hath his Chosen, who shall surely live,  
 In whom his saving Grace shall never die.

The two first Brothers did this War begin,  
 He kill'd and conquer'd who was first by birth,  
 He that seem'd Conquer'd, Triumphed by death,  
 The Victor's a curst Vagabond on Earth.

This War continu'd is unto this day,  
 Between the Holy and the Serpents seed,  
 These Brothers the prognostick Instance were,  
 Of all that ever after should succeed.

But the worst War is inward ; Grace and Sin,  
 The controversie daily there debate  
 That which the Final Victory doth win,  
 Determineth Mans everlasting state.

A Law of Grace thus made to all Mankind,  
 In *Adam* and *Noe* common roots of all,

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A

# SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

## Poetical Fragments.

---

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This Breach to Man was Punishment it self;  
 For God before had order'd Nature so,

That

But above all, his great Convincing Works,  
The Spirits Sanctifying Grace was Chief.

The Erring know the truth; Fools are made wise,  
The Proud made humble, Wrathful ones made  
The Worlds fond lovers now do it despise, (meek,  
Kill fleshly lusts, and Heavenly Glory seek.

Sin is a hated thing, God now 'is all.

Love makes all Common, for it makes all One,  
Zeal for good Works, Patience in bearing Wrong,  
Were the true Marks by which Christs flock was  
( known.

Had not Christ added this convincing Seal,  
Tongues, Miracles and Sanctifying Grace,  
The Wonder of Redemption is so great,  
That Faith to unbelief must needs give place.

Apostles Mortal were : before they Die,  
For future Ages they Christs sacred Word,  
His Deeds, Laws, Doctrine by the promis'd Spirit,  
To guide the Church, infallibly record.

As Moses gave the Jews the only Law, ( Teach  
Which following Priests and Prophets were to  
So th' Holy Ghost by the Apostles wrote,  
The Word which after Ages were to Preach.

As Moses Law was Seal'd with Miracles,  
When such the following Ages did not need,  
So Christs Apostles did by Wonders Seal  
Those Records which the after Ages read.

The Spirit promis'd to the Apostles was,  
To lead them to all needful saving Truth,  
And bring Christs words to their remembrance,  
What they by his Commission did, Christ doth.

Their Writings are the Holy Ghosts own Book,  
Though human Imperfection do appear ;  
In Modes and Phrases, it's no just offence,  
But leaves the Truth, and Use still sure and clear.

Words but the Vehicle of matter be,  
 God's Spirit owns not the Translators Words;  
 But if as signs, they with his Words agree,  
 The Sense and Matter of them is the Lords.

This Spirit helps the Church, but not to bring  
 Another Gospel; Law, or Word from Heav'n,  
 Nor mend or change God's Laws in word or sense.  
 But to preach and obey the word once given.

To bring *new Laws or Messages* from God;  
 A *Prophet's Office* is, and not a *Priests*,  
 To *forge such*, or make *Laws for all the Church*,  
 The Authors prove, *false Prophets*, or *false Christs*.

Christian Religion is one stablish'd thing,  
 Which all the Church from first to last may know,  
 It is not human, changeable or new,  
 Nor doth by Mens decrees increase and grow.

If Canons no part of Religion be,  
 But Laws for Rites and things indifferent;  
 Why must all Christians needs in these agree,  
 Or not agreeing by Church-Wars be rent?

The Church hath all one Head, one perfect Law,  
 All justified be by Christs Blood and Merit;  
 All that are true, though weak, Christ doth receive,  
 For all are sanctified by one Spirit.

The Holy Ghost in all true Christians dwells,  
 He doth illuminate, and make them New;  
 This is Christs Agent, and his Body forms,  
 His Witness proving that his Word is true.

This Spirit did the Gospel first indite,  
 And on it did Gods Image first engrave,  
 And then by it, as his great Instrument,  
 That Image Prints on all that he will save.

Though it be long of their resisting Will,  
 That any of this Grace deprived be;

Yet Scripture and Experience, clearly tell,  
That differencing, electing Grace is free.

In Children it appears, when God doth choose,  
He gives a teachable and willing Mind ;  
Good Dispositions, and Capacity,  
By Grace their Nature is to good inclin'd.

Grace chooseth Parents careful of their Souls,  
Helps them to educate them in Gods fear ;  
To commend Virtue, and disgrace all Vice ,  
Teach them God's Word, and causeth them to hear.

Gods Seed in such is often early sow'd,  
And as they grow it springs up by degrees ;  
As Plants, and Fruits, by Sun and Moisture grow'd,  
Whose present growth and motion no Man sees.

The first beginnings of the Spirits work,  
Is in a learning Mind, and fear of Sin ;  
A love and liking of good things and Men,  
Gainst Sins for Duty, Conscience strives within.

Grace watcheth over them, provides them helps,  
Meet Teachers, Books, Examples, Company ;  
Keeps off temptations, causeth them to hate  
Sinning, bad Words and Deeds, and Ribaldry.

Bad Childrens Hearts are quite averse to good,  
They love not Virtue, relish not God's Law ;  
Tempting Discourse, Examples, Vanities,  
Catch on their Hearts, as Fire doth on Straw.

If early helps, Parents and Teachers fail,  
And Sin the childish Mind and Life pervert ;  
If Folly, Flesh, and tempting Baits prevail,  
Yet God his chosen will in time convert.

He'll either give them better Company,  
Or better Helps and Teachers whom he'll bless ;  
Or bring some useful Book unto their Eye ,  
And make their Snares, and their Temptations less.

Or he'll some sharp Affliction on them lay,  
Which may awake the hardened sleepy Heart ;  
Or Conscience shall some quickning motion feel,  
Tell them their Sins, their Danger, and Desert.

O ! How the Case with Sinners now is chang'd ,  
Things all appear now in another shape ;  
Sin now is Madness ; mad he calls himself,  
For loving Death, and thinks now how to scape.

Now God is holy, just, his Word is true,  
He is in earnest, though Sinners be in jest ;  
The face of all his Works and Ways seem now, (best)  
Those things seem worst, which formerly seem'd  
The common Texts and Truths he daily heard,  
Do now begin to have some Life and Sense :  
He wonders how he past them by before,  
As if they had been of no consequence.

That wounds, and stames, and grieves, and breaks <sup>(his Heart)</sup>  
Which formerly was his Delight and Pleasure ,  
That's Vanity, and mortal Poyson now ;  
For which he hungred as his Food and Treasure.

Now the mad Prodigal comes to himself,  
Perhaps the World doth him its Husks deny,  
Why, saith he, did I leave a Fathers House ?  
There none do want ; here I must starve and die.

O that I had not tasted Satan's Bait,  
Nor pampred Flesh, and pleas'd vain Appetite,  
Neglected Grace, and things of greatest Weight,  
Nor medled with Sins poisonous Delight!

But the time lost can never be recall'd,  
The Works of Madness cannot be undone ;  
I have undone my self ; is there no help ?  
I know all else is vain ; there is but one.

A Fathers Love affordeth me some hope,  
The World gives none : I must return or die ;



I'll go, and humbly, all my Sin confess,  
And cast my self upon his Clemency.

But God is just and holy : how can I,  
Defil'd with Sin and Guilt, stand in his sight ?  
Now the sick Soul a sure Physician needs,  
There is one Saviour, who is Gods Delight.

He is the *Way*, by whom Men come to God ;  
He is the *Truth*, to save the World from Errour ;  
He is the *Life*, to save from endless Death,  
Self-murdering Souls, subject to Hellish Terrour.

And now the Gospel's better understood ;  
Redemption seemeth not a needless thing ;  
His Thoughts are precious, of Christs precious Blood,  
His Mediator, Prophet, Priest and King.

The Gospel now is Tydings of great Joy,  
Pardon of Sin, Adoption, Peace with God,  
Freedom from Terror, Satan, Sin and Hell,  
Man's self-made, and God's just revenging Rod.

He sees why Love in Man's repair, must be  
As much admir'd, as Power in our Creation,  
Sinners cannot immediately God see,  
But by a Mediator have Salvation.

Now all things else seem loss and dung for Christ ;  
Wisdom is Folly where Christ is left out ;  
To know him is the true Philosophy ;  
The rest doth teach Men but to prate and doubt.

Some glimps of God and Heav'n, blur'd Nature  
But its but as a Candle to this Sun ; (yields.  
Others towards God and Heav'n, may grope and  
Christians with joyful hope, believe and run (creep.

But will Christ to such Sinners Saviour be,  
Who long and wilfully contemn'd his Grace ?  
Yes, if they have but hearts to him to come ;  
He excepts none ; He'll all their Sins deface.

The Prodigal now hopefully resolves,  
 In Christ I'll trust, and to my Father go,  
 When there's but one way, who should stand and  
 The Vanity of all things else I know. (doubt?)

If in his House I may the lowest be,  
 His wondrous Grace, I will with thanks proclaim;  
 My Sin and Misery I will confess,  
 And in Repentance take deserved shame.

And when repenting Souls are thus resolv'd,  
 And with design do towards their Father come,  
 They are surpriz'd with unexpected love,  
 Grace feasts, forgives them, bids them welcom home.

Now the returned Soul doth dwell with God,  
 And God in him, for there his Spirit dwells,  
 God hath his highest Love, Heaven his chief hope,  
 Christ is his Life; he trusteth to none else.

O how much better is it with him now;  
 How wise, how safe, to what he was before?  
 What he's yet short of, Faith hath in its view;  
 He'll choose the way of Sin and Hell no more.

Now farewell mortal Sin, stoop brutish Flesh,  
 Now Pride and Lust come down, submit to Faith;  
 Farewel ensnaring Sports and Company,  
 Farewel Deceit, I'll hear what Scripture saith.

Now all is new, new Judgments, Love and Life,  
 New Hopes, Delights, a new intended End;  
 The means then must be new, or better us'd;  
 New friends, new thoughts, and all that to it tend.

But yet, though out of *Egypt* he be come,  
 Through the Red Sea, he's in a Wilderness;  
 Faith must be try'd by many Enemies,  
 Hard Journeys, Wants, delayed Hopes, Distress.

And Flesh still strives, Satan still busie is,  
 The World will tempt, Sin's not quite overcome;

Dark Fears and Unbelief do yet hang on,  
We are in hope, but are not yet at home.

But yet we have the leading Fire and Cloud,  
The Law, the Angels Presence as we pass ;  
*Moses* fell in the Wilderness ; but there  
The Tempter by our Saviour vanquish'd was.

The Law was weak, and nothing perfect made,  
Grace giveth light, and life, and love, and strength ;  
And though it long, and oft assaulted be,  
It Conquereth, and Triumpheth at length.

It is the work of God, who knows his own,  
And makes them Christs beloved interest ;  
All that are given him, he loves and keeps,  
And brings them to the promis'd land of rest.

Grace suited is, to every Time and State,  
To Childhood, Manhood, and decrepid Age ;  
An Antidote against contagious Pleasures,  
Yet grief, wrath, fear, and suffering doth asswage.

It useth every State for the true end ;  
It sanctifies Prosperity and Wealth ;  
Still doing good, and doth to Godward tend,  
To him devoteth time, life, wit, and health.

It useth Friends and Enemies for God,  
Improveth kindness, easily bears wrong ;  
Loves others as our selves, doth fight to all,  
Hopes for a blessed end, when Sufferings long.

It takes not too much part with pained Flesh,  
It ruleth Reason, Appetite and Sense ;  
Conquers Temptation, keepeth inward peace,  
Keeps near to God, who is our sure Defence.

It all the way foresees the blessed end,  
Motives to Duty, Comfort in all Grief,  
It fetcheth more from God and Heav'n, than Earth,  
In every Case from Christ it finds Relief.

It spendeth Health and Life in Preparation;  
 For foreseen Death, and the Souls final change,  
 Its not surprized without expectation ;  
 It trusteth Christ, when things unseen seem strange.

All this Grace doth, in various degrees,  
 In most but weak, imperfect in the best ;  
 Clog'd here with Flesh, and contradicting Sin,  
 But ends in Glory and Eternal Rest.

Its whole work is to bring Mans Will to God,  
 As our Original, our Guide and End,  
 Thanfully take his Grace, obey his Word,  
 And wholly love him as our chiefeft Friend.

And more than so, to love him for himself,  
 The final Object of created Love ;  
 This only perfect ones, perfectly do,  
 Who see Gods Glory in the World above. *Amen.*

*Jan. 6. 1683.*

I I. *Wisdom.*

**H**E that by Faith sees not the World of Spirits,  
Which Christ with his blest Family inherits;  
The Sense of Providence can never know,  
Nor Judge aright of any thing below.

Things seem confused and neglected here,  
Because in broken parcels they appear;  
Who knows a Work in *Arras* by one Piece?  
Small parcels shew not Workmen's Artifice.

The Beauty of a Picture is not known,  
When one small part, or Limb alone is shewn;  
They that on some few Letters only look,  
Can never know the meaning of Gods Book.  
Who knows a stately Building by one Post?  
Its but short scraps that one Age sees at most.

Heav'n seeth all, and therefore knows the sense  
Of the whole beauteous frame of Providence.  
His Judgment of Gods Kingdom needs must fail,  
Who knows no more of it than this dark Goal:  
If Heaven and Hell were open to mens sight,  
Most Men of present things would judge aright.

Who would be griev'd at prosperous Sinners reign,  
Who did foresee their everlasting pain?  
Who would grudge pride and rage, so short a pow'r,  
Who did foresee its fall, and dismal hour?  
Who'd grudge Gods Patience to the greatest crime,  
Which will scape Vengeance for so short a time?  
Who'd grudge at any wrong or suffering here,  
Who saw the World of happiness so near?

If that *one Sun* a Thousand Fold excel  
This Earth in bigness, where we Sinners dwell;

And

(And what's one Sun to all the Heav'n beside ?)  
 Is not God's Kingdom glorious and wide ?  
 Who then dare say, Gods work is not well done,  
 Because an Ant-hill is not made a Sun ?  
 Or because Sin and devillish Rage do dwell,  
 In this vile Prison which is next to Hell ?  
 Who'd measure God's great Kingdom, or his Love,  
 By us poor Prisoners who in Fetters move ?

God placed Man in earthly Paradise,  
 Heaven's outward Court, the way to highest bliss.  
 And Man himself doing what God forbade,  
 His House a *Bedlam* and a *Bridewel* made ;  
 Man turn'd it by his sinful base defection,  
 Into Gods Prison and House of Correction.

Gods wondrous Mercies, which do never fail,  
 Fetch many Sons to Heav'n out of this Goal.

If the rest finally neglect God's Grace,  
 And choose no better than this sinful place.  
 The Dream of pleasure which will end in shame,  
 They had their choice, & whom else can they blame ?

Who'd censure God for one poor *Bedlams* sake,  
 But such as of his Madness do partake ?

And though he rage, and sober Men disdain,  
 Who loves his Case, or longeth for his Chains ?

Who envy wicked Men, their hurting Power,  
 Who do believe their sad approaching hour ?

Who the Toads hurtful Venom envieth,  
 Who'd have the Basilisks pernicious Breath ?

Who longs to be a Serpent for the sting ?  
 Its worse to be a Great, but hurtful King.

Christians by patience win a better Crown,  
 Than all the Bloody Conquerors Renown.

True Christian Kings, who rule in peace & love,  
 A better Kingdom have with Christ above.

Our King may with more peace and safety Rule,  
 Than the great *Turk*, *Tartarian*, or *Mogul*.

No King so mighty as the Devil is,  
 Nor hath Dominions so large as his.  
 Yet would no wise Man such a Devil be,  
 That he might be as powerful as he ;  
 If any would be such, his own desire,  
 Makes him a Devil fitted for Hell Fire.  
 Madness call'd Wisdom is, and Rules in chief,  
 With all that cannot see beyond this Life :  
 To them that see not beyond Flesh and Blood,  
 And taste no better than these Senses Food ;  
 That know not the true everlasting good,  
 Nothing on Earth is rightly understood.

The Heavenly Light must open Sinners eyes,  
 Before they ever will be truly wise :  
 One real prospect of the Life to come,  
 A true belief whether Mens Souls are gone,  
 Would more felicitating Wisdom give,  
 Than foolish sensual Men will now believe.

Call not that Wisdom which will end in shame,  
 Which undoes him who by it wins the Game :  
 A Wit that can deceive himself and others,  
 Wit to destroy his own Soul, and his Brothers :  
 Wit that can prove that Sin's a harmless thing,  
 That Sin's no Sin, or no great hurt will bring ;  
 That with the Serpent can give God the Lie,  
 And say, believe not God ; you shall not die.  
 Wit that can prove that God speaks but in jest,  
 That present Fleishly Pleasure is Mans best :  
 Wit that can prove Gods Wisdom is deceiv'd,  
 And Sacred Scriptures should not be receiv'd :  
 Wit to confute God's Word, reject his Grace,  
 Lose time, sin boldly, post toward Hell apace.  
 Defend the Devil's Cause, his own Damnation,  
 Slight God, neglect a Saviour and Salvation.  
 Call not that Wisdom, which Men would disown,  
 And wish at last that they had never known.

To go with Honour, ease, and sport to Hell,  
 And there with shame and late repentance dwell.  
 Truth is for Goodness, Wisdom's Use and End,  
 To which true Learning, and just Studies tend,  
 Is, that *this* may be thoroughly understood,  
*To be Good; do Good, and get endless Good.*  
 False Wit employ'd in hurting other Men,  
 Writes its own Death in blood, with its own Pen:  
 It forceth many to their self-defence,  
 Who fain would live in quiet Innocence.

Kites, Foxes, Wolves, have wit to catch their prey,  
 Yet harmless Sheep live quieter than they.  
 Men keep their Flocks that they may multiply,  
 So that but few by Wolves and Lions die;  
 But hurtful ravenous Beasts all Men pursue,  
 While all destroy ~~them~~, there remains but few.

— Some slight God's Word, because weak Men abuse it.  
 What's Law or Reason then, when all misuse it?  
 Men will not despise God, nor sin, nor die,  
 But they will give a learned Reason why.  
 What is so false, which Wit cannot defend,  
 And that by Volumes confidently pen'd?  
 Reason can justify the greatest wrong,  
 The basest lie can hire a learned Tongue.  
 What Cause so vile, that cannot Wit suborn?  
 Men will not without Reason be forsworn.  
 Reason can make Rogues of the best of Men,  
 And make a Church of Saints a Serpents Den;  
 Can make usurping Lucifer a Saint,  
 And Holy Martyrs, like to Devils paint.  
 Even Reverend Wit, can by transforming Skill,  
 Make Hereticks, and Schismatics at will;  
 It can prove white is black, and black is white,  
 That night is day, and grossest darkness Light.  
 Say what you will, Reason can prove it true,  
 What is't that drunken Reason cannot do?



How rare is that blest place, that Age or Season,  
 Which may not own this Character of Reason?  
 And must we therefore brutishness prefer,  
 Because well used Reason is so rare?  
 But when the drunken frenzie fit is gone,  
 And Devils their deceiving Work have done ;  
 When Death the dreaming Sinner doth awake,  
 O what a dreadful Change doth God then make?  
 Then wise Men only are the pure and just,  
 Who Christ, who God obey, and in him trust.

---

### III. Madness.

**L**ord ! is not Man, tho lodg'd in Flesh and Blood,  
 A noble Vital, intellectual Spirit ?  
 Thou mad'st him in thine Image, wise and good,  
 Earth's Paradise, Heav'ns Suburbs to inherit.

How comes a reasonable human Soul,  
 Transform'd by such a monstrous ugly change ;  
 Into a British, Raging, Wicked Fool,  
 To God, himself and wisdom, blind and strange?

Thou gav'st him sight, who hath put out his Eyes?  
 Thou gav'st him knowledge, who hath made him  
 Ev'n Satan, promising to make him wise, (mad?  
 Thou mad'st him holy, Sin hath made him bad.

Did not endeavours, blessed by thy Grace,  
 Restore some Holy Wisdom in thine own ?  
 The Souls which Sin and Satan did deface,  
 Would not from Bruits and Devils well be known.

Is strange in Man, how these two twisted be,  
 To be a Bruit, and a Malignant Devil?  
 Folly and wickedness too well agree,  
 A fool to goodness, is wise to do evil.

Children do quickly learn to serve the Flesh,  
 Their Pride, their Appetite, and their Self-will;  
 Eager for every thing that these can wish,  
 But little knowing what is good or ill:

Their Sense and Fancy do so strongly Rage,  
 That Teachers speak in vain, Flesh will not hear,  
 Bruitishness gets advantage by their Age,  
 Till Grace comes in, and opens heart and ear.

Depraved Nature, made by custom worse,  
 Makes Reason now a fetter'd slave to Sense;  
 Increased Sin becomes a double Curse,  
 Fights against God, and is its own Defence.

As Flesh grows up, so Sense and Fancy grow.  
 Lust and vain Pleasure now do Tyranize;  
 What crosseth these they hate, & would not know,  
 And raging Flesh abhorreth to be wise.

Yet wise in wickedness, they needs will seem,  
 They can confute their Teachers with a breath;  
 All that reproves them they as error deem,  
 And become Advocates for Sin and Death.

And now the same who Infant-Christians were,  
 And did renounce the Flesh, the World, & Devil;  
 Flesh, World, and Devils, serious Servants are,  
 And Christ blaspheme as Patron of their Evil.

Now God and Conscience, seem their greatest foes,  
 God as above them doth controule their lust:  
 He that pleads Conscience, for an Enemy goes,  
 And all that's done against him goes for just.

God's call'd to Sinners Bar, and there condemn'd,  
 As heading Rebels that do him obey:

Before those fools, his Laws are all contemn'd,  
Christ must be taught to think and say as they.

And being once engag'd in Satans war,  
His daring Souldiers, they are quickly made ;  
But little wit and labour needful are,  
To learn the Lying, Hating, Hurting Trade.

Now valiant *Bedlam*, drunken, devillish wit,  
Conquers resistance, Triumphs over all :  
Fights against all that help not, or submit,  
To bring Church, Kingdoms, Souls, to Satans thral.

O what a busie Trade mad worldlings drive !  
They talk, they ride, they run, contend and fight ;  
With craft they plot, with fraud and force they  
For fleshly Lust, and poysonous Delight. ( strive,

As the fleet Swallows glides to catch a Flie,  
And toyfom Ants do gather Sticks and Straw :  
At dearer rates Men purchase Vanity,  
For Satan, Lust, and Madness, make their Law.

May they but a sick Mortal Lust fulfil,  
Get Mony, Houses, Land, and large Revenews,  
Look big, and make all stoop to their proud will ;  
Feast, drink, and play, and keep a great Retinue:

This is the dreaming happines of Fools,  
Life spent for this, and Heav'n for this is lost :  
And this is all for which they sell their Souls,  
A fools Cap purchas'd at the dearest cost.

All this is done in the known way to Death,  
They have not the least hope, but die they must :  
They are not sure to fetch another breath,  
They know their pamper'd Flesh will soon be dust.

Their pomp & wealth for which they God forsake,  
Yea, tho' their Streets with Silver they could pave ;  
All the vexations, strife, and strife they make,  
They know is but in passing to the Grave.

Were

Were they but following anothers Course,  
Such going towards a Grave would be a shame;  
But when its towards their own, it is far worse,  
A Madness which doth want a proper name.

Sheep know not when Death's near, yet live in  
Birds feed and sing in peace, together got, (peace:  
Man always knows his Life will shortly cease,  
Yet madly lives as if he knew it not.

But when Death comes they are surpriz'd with fear,  
As if till then they knew not they must die;  
Departing wealth and life, their hearts then tear,  
O how the Case is chang'd when death seems nigh!

How sad doth *Dives* look? how deep he groans?  
His Mammon god, now will not hear his cries;  
Mony and Friends now answer not his moans,  
For all his wealth, he trembles, faints and dies.

The greatest Lord and Prince must now submit,  
Crowns, Titles, Mony will not ease his pain;  
Forced repentance seems to have some wit,  
Preachers may speak now without proud disdain.

He calls for Mercy, he forgiveth all,  
Instead of Fire and Sword, he speaks for Peace,  
His wit revives as Flesh and Strength do fall,  
Not from a Holy change, but for his ease.

Now he talks how he'd live; when life's near gone,  
He seemeth wise, and promiseth to mend;  
He thinks what Time is for, when time is done,  
Begins to think of living at his end.

Might he be sav'd now for a frightned wif,  
When guilt and terror cause his heart to faint,  
When worldly pleasures all forsake his flesh,  
He'd have the end and portion of a Saint.

Now take an Inventory of his Wealth,  
This Corps was once the Body of a Man:

It liv'd in Pleasure, Honour, Ease and Health,  
Goes Naked hence, as Naked Life began.

That frightful Earthly Face was wont to smile,  
And with proud Scorn on hated Persons frown,  
It Comely seem'd, which now is Black and Vile,  
That its the same, can hardly now be known.

Those closed Eyes, the Casements were of Lust,  
There enter'd Worldly Vanity and Sin,  
That Mouth, those Lips that now must Rot to Dust,  
Have taken many a pleasant Morfel in.

That Throat, his Fellow-Creatures did Devour,  
Made Sumptuous Feasts his Body to maintain,  
With pleasant Liquors, many a merry Hour,  
He did exhilarate both Heart and Brain.

Those Ears have heard, Jest, Plays and Melody,  
Mens flattering Praise, and many a merry Song,  
The welcom news of their Calamity,  
Whom Wrath and Malice did delight to Wrong.

That Mouth hath utter'd many a merry Jest,  
Vain Worldly talk, Strife, News & feigned Story,  
Oaths, Lies and wanton Speeches, were its Feast,  
Threats, and proud Boasts, & Scorning were its  
( Glory.

That Nose delighted was with pleasant smell.  
That Black and Sallow Skin was smooth and white;  
On Eyes and Countenance did Grandure dwell,  
The Just did flie; the Poor crouch'd at his sight.

( Joints,  
Those Limbs could move; those Hands had nimble.  
The Corps which now lies Dead, did Ride and Run,  
All did perform what Lust and Pride appoints,  
Many successful Actions he hath done.

( hatch'd;  
Many deep Plodding Thoughts that Brain hath  
How to grow Rich, and Great, and have his Will,  
For Means and Seasons, he hath wisely watch'd,  
All his Desires and Pleasure to fulfil. And

And now what's left? To keep him from Mens sight,  
 A Shroud and Coffin's all that he must have,  
 And these unknown, afford him no delight,  
 But serve their turn, who bring him to a Grave.

But where's his Mony, Honours, Lands & Treasures?  
 Left to his Heirs, lest they should wiser be,  
 That the strong Snare of fleshly worldly pleasures,  
 May tempt them all to Live and Die as he.

But where is *Dives* Soul? Christ saith, In Hell :  
 But his Five Brethren will not this believe :  
 Christ will not lie : And who can better tell ?  
 But Satan thus Successors doth deceive.

What hath he taken hence of all his Gains ?  
 Gods Wrath : The Guilt & Conscience of his Sin :  
 But not one drop to ease Tormenting Pains ,  
 Will all his Honours, Lands and Riches win.

A Preacher tells his Brethren what Christ saith :  
 He's charg'd of Slandering so great a Man :  
 A Goal, and Scorn, is the success he hath :  
 Convince proud, wilful, Sinners, no one can.

And is not this a doleful *Bedlam-Case*,  
 When all a Rich Mans pleasure with him Dies ?  
 His Brethren madly follow the same Chase,  
 At the same time, while he in Torment lies.

He's paying for his long Contempt of Grace ;  
 They build his Tomb, and celebrate his Fame ;  
 He'd have them warn'd, & not come to that place ;  
 They praise his Doings, and keep up his Name.

Could one at once but see them and their Brother ;  
 Him in his Torment ; them in their Delight ;  
 How unlike are their Thoughts to one another ?  
 One Groans for that, for which the others fight.

Faith sees all this : But Flesh and Sense is blind :  
 These Bruits believe no more than what they see :

One from the Dead sent could not change their  
But it by sense too late, will changed be. (mind ;

God gives Men Life : They'l not consider why :  
Time's short : Fools know not what they have to do,  
Nor think why they were Born, till they must Die,  
Nor whither their departing Souls must go.

They Live, as if they thought that Heaven & Hell  
Were th' only places of Consideration,  
And to be Drunk, or Mad, were to be well :  
And fool away this Life of Preparation.

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#### IV. *Hypocrisie.*

( Fools,

**B**UT none are worse than Learned Reverend  
Who vend their folly under Wisdoms name,  
And are Abaddons keenest hurtful Tools,  
By Usurp'd Grandure, and Religious Fame.

Who Teach Untruths, or Live not as they Teach,  
Pretend to watch for other Mens Salvation,  
And hate the Holy Life, for which they Preach,  
And as a Trade, Preach their own Condemnation.

Who against Christ do fight with Sacred Arms ;  
His Name, and Words, Church-order, forg'd Com-  
missions,

And Reverend Titles, are made potent Charms,  
To win the Ignorant to their Conditions.

They praise Gods Word, but make it first their own  
The words are Gods, the Church must make the  
sense,

Its no Law, till their Sentence make it known,  
Not their meer Teaching by Truths Evidence.

Religion they corrupt by forg'd Traditions,  
 They think Gods Laws too big, and yet make more,  
 All's not enough without their vain Additions,  
 Religion was an Infant-thing before.

And under Christ, the Churches only Head,  
 Th'have found one King, or one Church-Parliament.  
 Whose Sovereign Rule the Christian World must  
 And all that will be Saved, must Consent.. (dread,  
 This Sovereigns Kingdom is the whole round Earth,  
 The Lands where they can never have Access ;  
 From it their Canon-Law receiv'd its Birth,  
 To which they all obedience profess.

But the false name of Council-General,  
 Is now a Cheat to serve the *Roman-King*, ( call ?  
 Where are those Councils? whence? who must them  
 Who them from all the Earth together bring?

Could not our Lord without all this ado,  
 Have made sufficient Universal Law,  
 But our Religion must have so much new,  
 Which th' ancient Christians never heard, or saw?

*Communion's* made *Subjection* by this Cheat,  
 None can be Sav'd that are not Canon-proof ;  
 Obey them, or they'l say you Separate,  
 They Build the Church, beginning at the Roof

Thus can the Flesh such Learned Men deceive,  
 And make them love their Enemies as Friends,  
 And rule their Faith, and make them all believe,  
 That all is good, which serves their Worldly Ends.

How Wise and Holy should that Person be,  
 Whose Daily business is to search Gods Law?  
 Who should in Heavenly Pleasure Live, but he,  
 That Heaven and Hell; as in a Map, still saw?

Doth Pride and Envy, bitter Strife and Wrath,  
 Church Tyranny, or Hatred of the Good,



Become that Man, who such an Office hath,  
 To Preach Gods Love, Seal'd with Christs Flesh &  
 ( Blood

What is his Calling, but' Souls to Convert,  
 And Build them up in Faith and Love with Peace?  
 In what Art should he rather be expert,  
 Than to breed Love, and Hurtfulness suppress?  
 If he love Christ, he'll gently feed his Sheep.  
 Cherish and Love the good, strengthen the weak;  
 The Flock from Wolves & hurtful Beasts he'll keep  
 And not against the Just and Upright speak.

Self-contradicting is a Madmans mark,  
 Judge then what these Malignant Preachers are,  
 Self-damning, Self-confuting, in the dark,  
 Heart, Tongue and Hand, are in a constant War.  
 They are Church-Shepherds, & yet hurtful Wolves  
 They Preach for Love to Foes, yet hate Christs  
 Friends ;

Preach Life to others, choose Death to themselves ;  
 Heavenly words they speak, for Worldly Ends.

They Pray, that Gods great Name may Hallowed be,  
 Which they profane, by pleading it for Evil ;  
 They Pray, as if Christs Kingdom they would see  
 But mean their own, that's ruled by the Devil.

They hate Gods Will, and Pray it may be done,  
 Ev'n as it is in Heaven : A high degree !  
 Yet if one plead Gods Will against their own ;  
 Who's hated more, or used worse than he ?

They Pray for Daily Bread ; for Life and Health  
 But without Plenty are not satisf'd :  
 But seek Preferment, Fulness, Rule and Wealth ;  
 And grudge if Fleshly Lust be but deny'd.

Th' ask pardon of the Sin they Love and Cherish  
 And that but as themselves forgive another,  
 Yet to fear God, Sin, Hell, as loath to perish,  
 They'll not forgive to a dissenting Brother.

They

They pray God not to lead them to Temptation,  
 Yet tempt themselves, & love most tempting things;  
 Strong baits of Flesh are their chief consolation,  
 Greedy of all that deadly pleasure brings.

They ask deliverance from all that's ill,  
 Yet Sin the worst, they love and will not leave.  
 They ask, what's full against their Vicious Will,  
 That which God offers, and they'll not receive.

They seem to own a God : They Preach his Law,  
 But Man and Flesh must be before him serv'd.  
 The World's more lov'd, of Man th'are more in aw :  
 As if God but the Tongue and Knee deserv'd.

The Image is their God, and hath the Heart;  
 God's made an Image, and hath but the name.  
 Religion is with them meer *Form* and *Art*,  
 Kept up for Peace, by Custom, Fear and Shame.

Christ is their Saviour call'd ; their King and Lord,  
 To Preach his Grace and Glory is their Trade.  
 But to be Sav'd from Lust and Sins, Abhor'd,  
 And he an Underling to Flesh is made.

They say they do believe the Holy Ghost ;  
 But his refining work will not be born,  
 A Fleshly Worldly Life doth please them most,  
 The *Spirits* Name and Work some make a Scorn.

And yet for *Holiness*, who hath more Zeal ?  
 Meaning great Names, and Interest of their own :  
 They against *Sacrilege* to God appeal,  
 As it would Rob their Flesh, and it Dethrone.

It's none to hurt Christs Flock, withhold their Food,  
 His Faithful Ministers to Alienate,  
 Nor feed proud Flesh with what belongs to God,  
 All's Holy that to it is Dedicate.

Religion ends with them as it begun,  
 They were Baptiz'd, and made the Sacred Vow :

But

But this was by a strange Godfather done,  
 Its with great Grief that I must tell you how.  
 Its known an Infant hath no *Will* to choose,  
 The Parents *Will* and Choice do stand for his.  
 Till he be capable his own to use,  
 He in the Power of his Parents is.

And God obligeth Christians to devote  
 Themselves and Theirs, in Covenant, to Christ,  
 This he accepts, as many Scriptures note,  
 The Parent being Dedicated first.

But now some other doth the Parents part,  
 Vows for the Child, and its due Education ;  
 And ( though he never meant it in his heart )  
 To see it Taught all needful to Salvation.

Atheists, and Infidels, and Sadduces,  
 Their Children are all freely taken in,  
 If they have but such Godfathers as these,  
 Baptism is said to save them all from Sin.

Men forbid Parents Godfathers to be,  
 And Ministers their presence to require.  
 Foreign Kings stand for those they never see.  
 Poor Men get such as they for Money hire.

Parents these Undertakers do not ask,  
 Will you these Vows and Promises perform ?  
 Baptismal Vows are made a formal task ;  
 Thus they began : Thus Men Christ's Laws reform.

Thus Christians by false Ceremony made,  
 Religion's made a Ceremony now,  
 Not minding what Suborn'd Men Vow'd or said,  
 They boldly break what others falsely Vow.

And when in Play and Sin their Childhood's spent,  
 For Canting a few words, not understood,  
 Mindless what Faith is, or their Baptism meant,  
 Confid'd, they boldly claim Christ's Flesh & Blood

A lifeless Image being thus receiv'd,  
 More Forms and Ceremonies it adorn,  
 And Hypocrites by Shadows thus deceiv'd,  
 The unknown Holy Life do Hate and Scorn.

Thus Life is fool'd away, till Death seem near,  
 Which doth disrobe their splendid cheating Sins,  
 But to ease Conscience waken'd now by fear,  
 Forc'd Penitence Mans Absolution wins.

And at the Grave, when Men as bad as he,  
 Do hear that God in Mercy took his Soul;  
 And Charity for this hope pleaded be,  
 False hopes which should be broken, are kept whole.

Thus Sinners are befool'd till time is done,  
 From first to last spent in Hypocrisie;  
 And endless sorrow when all hope is gone,  
 Tell them what Mercy they did long deny.

Yet still the reverend Masters of the Game,  
 Cherish the Malady with Zeal and Art;  
 Being themselves diseas'd by the same,  
 By mortal habit both of Head and Heart.

Tradition, Ceremony, Pomp and Rule,  
 A humane Image without Divine Life;  
 By Pharisees was used as the tool,  
 Of self-deceit, and of malignant strife.

Dead Saints they honour'd, and the living kill'd,  
 The Dead molest them not by their reproofs;  
 Their Relicks, Days, and Monuments they held,  
 In their Devotion as of great behoof.

Yet none were fiercer Enemies of Christ,  
 Nor did his Truth and Servants more oppose;  
 None with more Zeal for Holy Blood did thirst,  
 None did more mischief to the Church than those.

Wolves in Sheeps clothing, by their Fruits are  
 By hurtfulfangs, devouring bloody jaws; (known,

As Thorns and Bryars, prick Men to the Bone,  
So these by hurtful Hands and cruel Laws.

They'r humble Ministers, but Rule as Lords,  
Servants of all, yet Vice-Kings under Christ :  
On pain of Hell, all must obey their words,  
If you will serve God, you must serve them first.

( doubt,  
Heav'ns Keys are theirs, their right we must not  
To curse and cast out those whom Christ takes in,  
These they by words, themselves indeed shut out,  
By mortal fleshly, and malignant Sin.

Christ's House a place of Merchandize is made,  
Children cast out, his Table spread for Dogs ;  
To make sound Christians odious is their Trade,  
To curse Gods Saints, and cast their Pearls to Hogs.

The Holy *Catholick Church*, is in their Creed,  
Which is, *all true Believers upon Earth* ;  
Of whom Christ only is the *King and Head*,  
To him they joynd are in the New Birth.

But these Men mean one corrupt Sect alone,  
About the Fourth Part of the whole are they ;  
Cut off, and separate from the rest as none,  
Their Pope and Councils that do not obey.

The *Saints Communion* they in words profess  
Themselves, and Dead Mens Images they mean ;  
None pass for Saints who do not wear their dress,  
The best, if not their Subjects are unclean.

Call them but Hereticks, and they may kill,  
A Thousand Sajnts, and by it Heaven may win ;  
Such is the Power of a Papal will,  
To make a Vertue of the greatest Sin.

On *Catholick Communion*, they lay,  
Not only all Mens Duty, but Salvation ;  
For *Schism* rends Men from the Church, say they,  
And so from Christ, & therefore brings damnation.

Yet

Yet that's Mans Duty which they Schism call,  
 To own no human Universal King ;  
 No Legislative Power over all,  
 In Councils, Pope, or any humane thing.  
 None's capable to rule all, but the Lord,  
 Give Church or State, Law, Judgment or Defence ;  
 Man's Universal Sovereignty's abhor'd,  
 By Nature, Reason, and Experience.  
 Among the Mad, those Princes Monsters are,  
 Who Subjects be to this Church-Sovereigns claim ;  
 And yet with Scorn, and just disdain would hear,  
 An Universal Civil Sovereigns Name.

When certainly it is a harder thing,  
 To Rule all Earth, by the Church-power and Word.  
 Than for the wisest Parliament or King,  
 To Rule the whole World by the Civil Sword.

Thus they impossible Communion make,  
 And yet Damn all that do it not observe :  
 None can tell whom for Sovereign we must take,  
 Nor which the Laws are, from which none must  
 (swerve.

Must Pope or Council, this great Sovereign be,  
 Is't Monarchy, or Aristocrie ?  
 Or is it mixt, and must they both agree,  
 Or is it the diffus'd Democracie ?

(choose ?

Whom must we take for Pope ? Who must him  
 Which is the Pope, when there are two or three ?  
 Must they that give the Power which they use,  
 Superiors, Equals, or Inferiors be ?

When one at Rome, one at Avignon was,  
 And each a Council had which took his part ;  
 Which for the true Communion then must pass,  
 Which was the Church from which none must de-  
 (part ?

Must all th' *Abassians*, and *Armenians* know,  
 (And in Cosmography so skilful be,)

G

Whether

Whether there's such a place as *Rome*, or no?  
 Whether there be a Pope, and which is he?

Is't the whole Church on Earth that he must rule,  
 Why then hath not the whole a choosing Vote?  
 Is all the World save *Rome*, but the Popes Mule,  
 And that his Crown's Elective all do note?

It's like, that *all the Church consent*, they'l say,  
 Then he's no Pope whom three 4th parts disclaim,  
 How shall three parts then know whom to obey?  
 Will any serve that will usurp the Name?

(all,  
 When Popes damn Popes, and Councils damn them  
 And Popes damn Councils, what must Christians do?  
 When they each others Laws damn and recal,  
 How shall we know whose Power then was true?)

The *French* say Councils have this Sovereignty,  
 The first three hundred Years it was not so;  
 The Sovereign Power, the Church doth Unifie,  
 Was it then none, or how could Men it know?

An Universal Council never was,  
 'Twas but one Empire that did make that name;  
 Now that's dissolv'd, how should it come to pass,  
 That any Prince on Earth should do the same?

Hath any one the common Rule of all,  
 Or will Turks, Papists, and all Kings agree,  
 Such a true Council, when and where to call?  
 Or can one third part Universal be?

The Church of Councils Power is not agreed,  
 Therefore this doth not it now Unifie:  
 Those that stand for their Sovereignty indeed,  
 Which were those Councils, differ shamefully.

Some are for four, some six, some eight, some all,  
 Some such as by the Pope approved were;  
 Divers each other Hereticks did call,  
 And which we must obey cannot appear.

And is Church Unity no better known,  
 And yet is necessary to Salvation :  
 And to all those that Christ himself will own  
 What follows hence, but general Damnation ?

An Universal Council none shall see,  
 Till the World have an Universal King ;  
 This the Triple-crown'd Pope pretends to be,  
 Though not the name, he challengeth the thing.

The poor Fifth Monarchy Seekers, they pity,  
 As seeking that which long hath extant been :  
 No Monarch ever matcht the Holy City,  
 By his Church-keys thus rules the Man of Sin.

And if we knew which Powers to obey,  
 Which be the Canons, which so needful are :  
 If some, who knows them? if all, then are they  
 More necessary than Gods Scriptures far.

Christ hath the terms of Church-communion made,  
 These wiser Men, who make so many more ;  
 Will shortly find their *Legislative* trade,  
 Among their greatest Sins set on their Score.

Baptism Christ made, what was thereto requir'd ?  
 The Church still knew, and by Gods mercy knows,  
 The words then us'd, the requisites desir'd,  
 Scripture and sure Tradition fully shews.

The Church by Baptism was specifi'd,  
 Christ did command all such to love each other,  
 Holy Communion was to none deny'd,  
 All were to take a Christian as a Brother.

Till by some Heresie or great offence,  
 He brought his Covenant-keeping out of doubt ;  
 And having added pray'd impenitence,  
 Was not so much cast as declared out.

None were baptiz'd into *Peter's* Name,  
 Much less to General Council, or the Pope ;



They had one God, one Christ, their Creed the same,  
One Spirit, Body, and one future hope.

But as the Serpent tempting *Eve* at first,  
By Pride and promis'd knowledg did Man kill,  
So from the pure simplicity of Christ,  
By promis'd Wisdom, he befools Man still.

To know this Subject better, read a Book,  
Call'd the Remains of *Fulk Grevile, Lord Brook.*

---

### V. Man.

**V**Ain Man! Why is thy Being no more known?  
Why seeking knowledg readst thou not thy self?  
How many Books in vain dost thou take down?  
Thy own Book standeth on the nearest Shelf,

Should vital knowing Spirits cloath'd in Flesh,  
Mistake so coarse a Garment for the Man?  
And live as if they did not hope or wish,  
For any other Life than this short Span.

If cloathing hide thee from thy Neighbours sight,  
Let it not hide thee also from thine own;  
Look on thy self, thy Nature is a Light,  
Shall knowing Souls be to themselves unknown?

Now know thy self before thou art undrest,  
And tho through flesh Men cannot see thy heart;  
Open thy Eyes, unveil thy Face at least,  
That Men may see thou hast a better part.

How vile a thing is Man, if *Flesh* be he?  
Can he look high who thinks himself so base?  
His brutish sleepy Thoughts and Life must be,  
A dreaming, doating, or despairing Case.

Where

Where was that Flesh one year before thy Birth ?  
 What is it now but warmed moving Clay ?  
 What will it be e're long but common Earth ?  
 To this thy pomp and pleasure is the way.

Where did Gods Art that curious Body form ?  
 As in a Dunghil, even in Nature's sink ;  
 Though skin and cloathing now do it adorn ;  
 'Twas bread between the Dung and Urine's stink.

What was it made of, but the Mothers Food ?  
 Curdled and quickened by the Makers pow'r,  
 And there it lay in darkness, filth, and blood ;  
 Unmeet for sight till Birth's appointed hour.

In pain and danger then it is brought forth,  
 A speechless, helpless, and polluted thing ;  
 Entring the World with crying at its Birth,  
 Foretelling greater Grievs which time will bring.

How long by patient Mothers care and love  
 Doth feeble, useles, troubling Age subsist ?  
 Should Man continue such, we could not prove,  
 That he in kind is better than a Beast.

Long do these unripe fleshly Bodies keep  
 The Soul from shewing its Essential Power ;  
 Sense Rules, while Reason lyeth half asleep,  
 Vain toys and folly, spend our Childish hours.

By use and prepossession flesh gets strength,  
 Resisting Light, and all that's wise and holy ;  
 Till Reason be its servile Slave at length,  
 And greatest Wit become the greatest Folly.

Then carnal Man lives like a crafty Beast,  
 Only to pamper Flesh, and please his Lust ;  
 To make the Worms and Hell a costly Feast,  
 When Souls must part, and leave Flesh to the Dust.

If Flesh be Man, how many Men are one,  
 From Birth to Death, when as the Rivers flow ?

Daily new Flesh succeeds that which is gone,  
And none is what he was a year ago.

That beauteous Face, that pamper'd Body stood,  
But lately on thy Table as thy Meat ;  
'Twas Mutton, Bief, Pork, Chicken, or such Food ;  
What now thou art, is what thou then didst eat.

Part of a Fish, a Swine, a Calf or Lamb,  
Is turn'd into a Lady, Lord or King ;  
This Metamorphosis of Beast to Man,  
Is surely done by some great unseen thing.

Yea, all of Man that's seen did lately grow  
In Fields, and that was Corn, or Fruit, or Grass,  
Which now is Flesh, or from the Springs did flow,  
To shew what Flesh *will be*, by what it was.

Vain Man ! know'st thou no deeper than thy skin ?  
Go see an open'd Corps, and that will shew  
What Garbage, Filth and Dung are hid within,  
What thy vile Body is, thou there maist know.

Think that thy noisom stinking Excrement  
Is one part of this sumptuous pleasant Food ;  
Whose other part a while of better sort,  
Is turned into that proud Flesh and Blood.

If yet deceitful Beauty cheat thy Eyes,  
Look on a face that's crusted with the Pocks ;  
Or a white Breast where stinking Cancers rise,  
And pity Fools whom fleshly pleasure mocks.

If Health, Wealth, Pomp or Power delude thy mind,  
Go to the greatest dying sick Mans Bed,  
Ask him what safety he in these doth find ?  
Yea, go yet further, look upon the Dead.

Here mach unlike to what it was before,  
Is that now loathsom Flesh, that ghastly Face ;  
What hath it now of all it's Power and Store ?  
Remember this must shortly be thy Case.

How long the sight and scent can you abide,  
 Of your dead, greatest, wisest, dearest Friend?  
 Unless some Art the frightful Visage hide,  
 And from the smell your tender Sense defend.

We can devise no better a dispose  
 Of dearest Friends, than a deep darksome Grave;  
 Where to lie rotting we may them repose,  
 The living from their sight and scent to save.

The Worms without repulse there feasted be,  
 They feed on Heart and Face without offence;  
 What pamper'd Bodies are, there you may see,  
 If you dig up that Corps a few months hence.

But though whats out of sight, grows out of mind,  
 Pictures and guilded Tombs are also set,  
 The senseless hearts of Men further to blind;  
 That what Flesh is they may the more forget.

Yet the next opened Grave casts up in sight  
 The Skull, whose holes of Eyes and Mouth you see,  
 Where enter'd formerly the dear delight;  
 Think then, thus shortly it will be with me.

The harmless pretty Bird with pleasure sings,  
 Not so deform'd in Life or Death as we;  
 The cruel Bowels of great Lords and Kings,  
 To her an honourable Tomb may be.

Save that to be devoured by bad Men,  
 Turns guiltless things into a guilty Wight;  
 And makes them sinful, and more fetide, than  
 If they had rotted in the open light.

The labouring Ant less burdensom Flesh hath,  
 Thousands in peace in one stor'd heap can dwell  
 In peace by Crowds they travel the same path,  
 And being dead, annoy none by their smell.

The working Bees in peace together live,  
 Fetching their Honey home from many Flowers;

Dwelling in quiet order in one Hive,  
But Man destroys them and their store devours.

God who by Nature gives them flying Wings,  
And their rare mellifying power gave;  
Doth give them also their defensive Stings,  
Their House, and Young, and Property to save.

Men kill them, and eat up their gathered Food,  
But make the like no King, no Artist can;  
Their *Work*, yea their dead Corps, are sweet and good,  
But sweetest things corrupt and stink in Man.

How swiftly do th' unwearied Swallows flee,  
And mount, and sport, even to an unseen height;  
Their active fiery part is quick and free,  
Not clog'd as Men are by a fleshly Weight.

The mounted Lark hovering with nimble Wings,  
Dwells above Earth till Strength and Spirits fail;  
And peering towards the Sun, she sweetly sings,  
But falls down mute when earthly parts prevail.

Some say, all motion tends to ceasing rest,  
Of Earth's forc't lifeless motion this is true;  
To *Spirits perfect Action* is the best,  
Unceasing *Love* and *Pleasure* is their *due*.

Experience sadly tells Man, that his Soul  
Is clog'd by *Flesh*, perverted by its bent,  
So that dark Heathens did its case condole,  
As for old Sins into this Body sent.

Did not Gods Holy Spirit quicken ours,  
And cause us unseen things by Faith to see?  
Renew and raise our dead corrupted powers,  
None could from *Flesh, Lust, Sin, Hell*, saved be.

*Flesh* is not *Sin*, its made for Holy use,  
In it Souls here must seek and serve the Lord;  
But its the tempting object of abuse,  
While we its Life and Lust too much regard.

The Body as a Servant we must love,  
 But Souls have Sense, and Sense to Flesh is ty'd ;  
 And so drawn down from God and things above,  
 The Soul that hath not Faith is brutify'd.

The Interest of Flesh perverts the *will*,  
 It conquers Reason, and corrupts the Mind,  
 No other Enemy doth so much ill,  
*To self-destroying, perishing Mankind.*

**A**Nd now oh Man, is Flesh all that thou art ?  
 Worthy of all thy stir, and cost, and care,  
 Live not as if thou hadst no better part,  
 Mens Souls like God, and Kin to Angels are.

Even Bruits have Souls possess'd of Life and Sense,  
 Made to serve Man, who's made his God to praise ?  
 Whether *Distinct* or *One*, when taken hence,  
 Subject to us, whom God will higher raise.

What's Flesh, but Water mixt with senseless Earth ?  
 Viler than dirt, when Souls awhile are gone,  
 It's unseen Spirit which causeth Life and Birth,  
 This moveth all that's mov'd, doth all that's done.

Mans Soul is made the Image of his God,  
*Substantial Virtue of Life, Light, and Love.*  
 And though in Flesh it now have its abode,  
 Its tendency is to the world above.

It came from God, and unto God returns,  
 Though in this Flesh its Life of Tryal be ;  
 It dally wasts the Oyl, as Fire that burns,  
 Consumes its Fuel, and then is set free.

As Flames mount upward, Souls tow'rd Heav'n  
 And are still restless till they be at home ; (*ascend*),  
 If sin depress them not, tow'rd God they tend,  
 Blessed and joyful, when to him they come.

As things Inanimate, are rul'd by force,  
 By Sense and Objects, Bruits determin'd be ;

Both these are carryed on in Natures course,  
Mans Will more undetermin'd is, and free.

Beasts are not ruled by a Moral Law :  
Nor moved by the hopes of light to come ;  
Nor of Gods Threats and Justice stand in awe,  
Nor after Death fear any other Doom.

Man's made in his degree to know the Lord,  
To know his Duty, and to please Gods Will ;  
To learn and love, trust and obey his Word,  
In hope of Heav'n, his course here to fulfil.

God is Mans supreme King, his Guide, his End,  
His Soul and Life should have no other scope ;  
From Sin and Devils, God will his defend,  
In Life and Death, God is our only hope.

You see not whether Souls departing go,  
But Heaven and Hell are visible to Faith ;  
God hath reveal'd enough to make us know,  
That all shall be performed which he saith.

We no more need to fear his Word should fail,  
Or God forsake the Souls that do him please,  
Or any final Hurt, Christ's Flock assail,  
Than Earth to bear, or Sun to shine should cease.

Is not a Sober, Righteous, Holy Life,  
In certain hope of everlasting joys,  
Better than Sin, Despair, Care, Fear and Strife,  
For short deceitful pleasant Dreams and Toys ?

**I**F yet blind Man, thou thinkst thou art a Beast,  
And hast no higher hopes and works to mind,  
Become a tame, and gentle Ouse, at least,  
Not of the wild, fierce, hardul, bloody Kind.  
Serpents, and Toads, and Wolves, are harmless things,  
Yea Lions, Tigers, and such Beasts of Prey,  
Compar'd with many Conquerors and Kings,  
Who do ten thousand fold more hurt than they.

If this short fleshy pleasure be thy best,  
 What need of Wars and Blood, Rage and Debate?  
 Sweet Love, and quiet Peace, afford more rest,  
 Than Pow'r and Wealth, with hurtful Plots & Hate.

What need of large Dominions, to prepare  
 For Dying Pangs, a Coffin and a Grave.  
 Quiet, Content, and Kindness fitter are,  
 Thy Neighbours Welfare, and thine own to save.

But of all Beasts, the *Man-Beast* is the worst,  
 To others, and himself, the cruellest Foe,  
 And turning Serpent, doth become accurst,  
 A Scourge to others, his own endless Woe.

As Holiness fits Souls for endless Bliss,  
 And here hath its beginning and foretast ;  
 So Sin the Plague of *Un-mor'd* Nature is,  
 And turns *Man-Beast*, to *Devil* at the last.

If all Men made themselves, and are their own,  
 And have no Ruler but Self-will and Sense ;  
 If Man be nothing else but Flesh and Bone,  
 Can live here still, and say, *I'll not go hence* ;

If Man can conquer God, and him Dethrone,  
 Kill Christ again, and shut up Paradise ;  
 Then Saints are Fools, and worldly Men alone,  
 Choosing a *Shadow* and *Despair*, are wise.

But sure if Man be only Mortal Flesh,  
 A Squib, a Bubble, a vile Earthly Clod,  
 He never will have *Pow'r*, what e'er he wish,  
 To save himself, by overcoming God.

But Heav'n is quite above Malignant Powers,  
 Our Peace and Safety's far above their reach.  
 Christ's Kingdom is not of this World, nor ours,  
 It's unseen Blessedness which he did preach.

There holy Spirits free from Sin and Fear,  
 From cruel Tyrants, Devils, Death and Hell ;



The sweet Celestial Melody still hear,  
In perfect Light and Love together dwell:

There's no dark Error, no perplexing doubt,  
No Selfish Envy, Strife or Discontent;  
All hurtful troubling things are there shut out,  
No VVrathful Sting, no Malice, no Dissent.

Numberless Numbers there, are all but One,  
Of the same Body, each a Member is,  
Each hath his due degree and place, but none  
A Selfish separated part of Bliss.

All have one God, one Head, one Vital Spirit;  
All Love God with one Love; and all Rejoice  
VVith one Joy: All one Kingdom do Inherit,  
All sweetly sing Gods Praise, as with one Voice.

True Unity with Difference well Accords,  
And makes up Beauty and Consort; though there  
*Self, Numbers, Many,* and such parting words,  
Have not the same dividing sense as here.

Thus hath *one Soul* more than *one Faculty*,  
One Sun; each sort of Life, Three formal Powers,  
Some Image of the Divine Trinity;  
But none on Earth so excellent as ours.

And as in *Being*, so in more respects,  
Unity doth with Number well agree,  
Many Causes have the same effects,  
Yea all Gods Creatures *One* and *Many* be.

So divers Fruits are but parts of one Tree;  
And every Tree is Rooted in one Ground:  
All Grounds of this One Earth but parcels be,  
This Earth a small part of the World is found.

Souls are unseen, and so their Union is,  
Many united Individuals,  
Their distinct persons make some think amis,  
That they are incoherent Integrals.

God only hath a perfect Unity,  
 Of the same World, some Blest, some Cursed be;  
 Some Union stands with great Diversity,  
 Apples and Crabs may grow on the same Tree.

Blest Union is of Good-things near of Kin,  
 To things Discordant Union causeth pain ;  
 An aking Tooth is better out than in,  
 To lose a Rotting Member is a Gain.

The nearest Fuel is Consum'd by Fire.  
 Gods Wrath is near the Wicked, to destroy.  
 To Holy Souls, who Gods Love most desire;  
 He is their full and everlasting Joy.

Ten Thousand Stars and Candles give one Light,  
 Concordant Sounds make one sweet Melody.  
 Two Ears, one hearing Cause; two Eyes, one Sight;  
 But Light and Darkness have no Unity.

Here Wicked Men are every where in Wars :  
 Men against Men, as Tigers fiercely Rave :  
 Our Minds, and Wills, and Passions, have their Jars ;  
 Our Souls and Bodies Mortal Discords have.

Though Life be short, and Death is at the Door,  
 Impatient Foes think posting Time too slow,  
 They grudge to let us live a few Days more,  
 Revenge and Malice long to give the Blow.

But Heav'n hath no such work : there's no such  
 Nothing is there, the Blessed to Annoy, ( Men  
 With Christ and Angels Holy Soul shall then, :  
 Praise God in perfect Life, Light, Love and Joy !

*Amen.*

*Decemb. 17. 1682.*

## VI. The Exit.

**M**Y Soul go boldly forth,  
 Forlake this Sinful Earth,  
 What hath it been to thee  
 But Pain and Sorrow,  
 And thinkst thou it will be  
 Better to Morrow?

Love not this Darksom Womb,  
 Nor yet a Gilded Tomb,  
 Though on it Written be  
 Mortal Mens Story,  
 Look up by Faith, and see  
 Sure Joyful Glory.

Why art thou for Delay?  
 Thou canst not here to stay :  
 What tak'st thou for thy part,  
 But Heav'nly pleasure ?  
 Where then should be thy Heart,  
 But where's thy Treasure ?

Thy God, thy Head's above,  
 There is the World of Love ;  
 Mansions there purchas'd are,  
 By Christs own Merit,  
 For these he doth prepare  
 Thee by his Spirit.

Look up towards Heav'n, and see  
 How vast those Regions be,  
 Where Blessed Spirits dwell,  
 How Pure and Lightful ?  
 But Earth is near to Hell,  
 How Dark and Frightful ?

Here Life doth strive with Death,  
 To lengthen Mortals Breath ;

Till one short Race be run,  
 Which would be ended;  
 When it is but begun,  
 If not defended.

Here Life is but a Spark,  
 Scarce shining in the Dark;  
 Life is the Element there,  
 Which Souls reside in:  
 Much like as Air is here,  
 Which we abide in:

Hither thou cam'st from thence:  
 The Divine Influence  
 In Flesh my Soul did place,  
 Among the Living:  
 To be of Humane Race,  
 Was his free giving.

There I shall know God more:  
 There is the Blessed Chore:  
 No Wickedness comes there,  
 All there is Holy:  
 There is no Grief or Fear,  
 No Sin or Folly.

*Jerusalem* above,  
 Glorious in Light and Love,  
 Is Mother of us all,  
 Who shall enjoy them,  
 The Wicked Hell-ward fall;  
 Sin will destroy them.

O Blessed Company,  
 Where all in Harmony,  
*Jehovah's* Praises Sing,  
 Still without ceasing:  
 And all Obey their King,  
 With perfect pleasing.

God there is the Saints Rest,  
 God is their constant Host;

He doth them Feed and Bless,  
 With Love and Favour,  
 Of which they still possess,  
 The pleasant Savour.

God is Effential Love,  
 And all the Saints above,  
 Are like unto him made,  
 Each in his Measure :  
 Love is their Life and Trade,  
 Their constant Pleasure.

Love Flame's in every Breast,  
 The Greatest and the Least ;  
 Strangers to this sweet Life,  
 There are not any.  
 Love leaves no place for Strife ;  
 Makes *One* of *Many*.

Each is to other dear,  
 No Malice enters there ;  
 No Siding Difference ;  
 No Hurt, no Evil ;  
 Because no Ignorance,  
 No Sin, no Devil.

What Joy must there needs be,  
 Where all Gods Glory see ;  
 Feeling Gods Vital Love,  
 Which still is Burning :  
 And Flaming God-ward move,  
 Full Love returning.

*S E L F* makes Contention here,  
 Love makes all Common there,  
 There's no Propriety,  
 Mine is my Brothers.  
 Perfect Community  
 Makes *One's* *Anothers*.

Go out then lingring Soul,  
 From this Vile Serpents Hole,

Where

Where Bred as in a Sink,  
 They Hiss and Sting us.  
 Will not Christ, dost thou think,  
 To better bring us ?

Think not that Heav'n wants store,  
 Think not that Hell hath more,  
 If all on Earth were lost :  
 Earth's scarce one Tittle,  
 To the vast Heavens : at most,  
 Exceeding little.

All those Blest Myriads be,  
 Lovers of Christ and Thee ;  
 Angels thy presence wish,  
 Christ will receive thee :  
 Then let not Brutish Flesh,  
 Fright and Deceive thee.

Gladly my Soul go forth ;  
 Is Heaven of no more worth,  
 Than this Curst Desert is,  
 This World of Trouble ?  
 Prefer Eternal Bliss,  
 Before this Bubble.

With not still for Delay :  
 Why wouldst thou longer stay  
 From Christ, from Home so far,  
 In Self-Denial :  
 And live in longer War,  
 A Life of Tryal ?

Souls Live when Flesh lies Dead :  
 Thy Sin is Pardoned ,  
 When Christ doth Death disarm,  
 Why art thou fearful ?  
 And Souls that fear no harm,  
 Should pass forth Cheerful:  
 Cherish not causeless Doubt,  
 That God will shut thee out :

What if he thee assur'd  
 From Heav'n by Letter?  
 His Son, his Spirit, and Word,  
 Have done it better.

Hath Mercy made Life sweet :  
 And is it kind and meet,  
 Thus to draw back from God,  
 Who doth Protect thee?  
 Look then for his sharp Rod,  
 Next to Correct thee.

What if Foes should make haste?  
 Thou wilt the sooner taste  
 What all Blest Souls enjoy,  
 With Christ for ever ;  
 Where those that thee Annoy,  
 Shall hurt thee never.

Fear not the World of Light,  
 Though out of Mortal's sight :  
 As if it doubtful were,  
 For want of seeing :  
 Gross Bodies Vilest are,  
 And the least Being.

Vain sinful World farewell ;  
 I go where Angels dwell ;  
 Where Life, Light, Love and Joy,  
 Are the Saints Glory:  
 Gods Praises there employ  
 The Consistory.

Christ who knows all his Sheep,  
 Will all in safety keep.  
 He will not lose his Blood,  
 Nor Intercession :  
 Nor we the Purchas'd Good  
 Of his dear Passion.

I know my God is Just,  
 To him I wholly Trust,

All that I have, and am,  
 All that I hope for :  
 Alls sure and seen to him,  
 Which I here grope for.  
 Lord Jesus take my Spirit :  
 I trust thy Love and Merit :  
 Take home this wand'ring Sheep,  
 For thou hast sought it :  
 This Soul in safety keep,  
 For thou hast bought it. *Amen.*

*Decemb. 19, 1682.*

## VII. The *Valedictions.*

- V**Ain World, what is in thee?  
 What do poor mortals see,  
 Which should esteemed be,  
 Worthy their Pleasure?  
 Is it the Mothers Womb,  
 Or Sorrows which soon come,  
 Or a dark Grave and Tomb  
 Which is their Treasure?  
 How dost thou Man deceive  
 By thy vain Glory,  
 Why do they still Believe  
 Thy falsa History?
- Is't Childrens Book and Rod,  
 The Lab'rer's heavy Load,  
 Poverty under-trod  
 The World desireth?  
 Is it distracting Cares,  
 Or Heart-tormenting Fears,



Or pining Grief and Tears,  
Which Man requireth?  
Or is it Youthful Rage,  
Or Childish Toying?  
Or is Decrepit Age  
Worth Mans Enjoying?

3. Is it deceitful Wealth,  
Got by Care, Fraud, or Stealth,  
Or short uncertain Health,  
Which thus befool Men?  
Or do the Serpents Lies,  
By the Worlds Flatteries,  
And tempting Vanities,  
Still over-rule them?  
Or do they in a Dream,  
Sleep out their Season?  
Or born down by Lusts Streams,  
Which Conquers Reason?

4. The silly Lambs to day,  
Pleasantly Skip and Play,  
Whom Butchers mean to Slay,  
Perhaps to Morrow:  
In a more Brutish sort,  
Do careless Sinners Sport,  
Or in dead Sleep still Snort,  
As near to Sorrow:  
Till Life, not well begun,  
be sadly Ended,  
And the Web they have Spun,  
Can ne'r be Mended.

5. What is the time that's gone,  
And what is that to come?  
Is it not now as none,  
The present stays not.  
Time posteth, Oh how fast  
Unwelcom Death makes hast

None can call back what's past,  
 Judgment delays not :  
 Though God bring in the Light,  
 Sinners awake not,  
 Because Hells out of Sight,  
 They Sin forsake not.

6. Man walks in a vain shew,  
 They know, yet will not know ;  
 Sit still when they should go,  
 But run for shadows :  
 While they might taste and know  
 The living Streams that flow,  
 And crop the Flowers that grow  
 In Christ's sweet Medows.  
 Life's better slept away,  
 Than as they use it.  
 In Sin and Drunken Play,  
 Vain Men abuse it.

7. Malignant VWorld adieu,  
 Where no foul Vice is new,  
 Only to Satan true,  
 God still offended :  
 Though taught and warn'd by God,  
 And his Chastising Rod,  
 Keeps still the way that's broad,  
 Never amended.  
 Baptismal Vows some make,  
 But ne'r perform them ;  
 If Angels from Heaven spake,  
 'T would not reform them.

8. They dig for Hell beneath,  
 They Labour hard for Death,  
 Run themselves out of Breath  
 To overtake it.  
 Hell is not had for nought,  
 Damnation's dearly bought,

And with great Labour fought,  
 They'll not forsake it,  
 Their Souls are Satans fee,  
 He'll not abate it.  
 Grace is refus'd that's free,  
 Mad Sinners hate it.

9. Vile Man is so perverse,  
 It's too rough work for Verse,  
 His badness to Rehearse,  
 And shew his Folly.  
 He'll die at any rates,  
 He God and Conscience hates,  
 Yet Sin he Consecrates,  
 And calls it Holy:  
 The Grace he'll not endure,  
 Which would renew him:  
 Constant to all, and sure,  
 Which will undo him.

10. His Head comes first at Birth,  
 And takes Root in the Earth,  
 As Nature shooteth forth,  
 His Feet grow highest:  
 To kick at all above,  
 And spurn at saving Love;  
 His God is in his Grove,  
 Because its highest.  
 He loves this World of strife,  
 Hates what would mend it:  
 Loves Death that's called Life,  
 Fears what would end it.

11. All that is good hee'd crush,  
 Blindly on Sin doth rush,  
 A Pricking thorny Bush,  
 Such Christ was Crown'd with:  
 Their Worship like to this,  
 The Reed, the Judas Kiss,

Such the Religion is,  
 That these abound with.  
 They mock Christ with the Knee  
 When e're they bow it ;  
 As if God did not see  
 The Heart, and know it.

12. Of Good they choose the least,  
 Despise that which is best,  
 The joyful Heavenly feast,  
 Which Christ would give them :  
 Heav'n hath scarce one cold wish,  
 They live unto the Flesh,  
 Like Swine they feed on Wash,  
 Satan doth drive them.  
 Like weeds they grow in Mire,  
 Which Vices nourish ;  
 Where warm'd by Satans Fire,  
 All Sins do Flourish.

13. Is this the World Men choose,  
 For which they Heav'n refuse,  
 And Christ and Grace abuse,  
 And not receive it?  
 Shall I not guilty be  
 Of this in some Degree,  
 If hence God would me free,  
 And I'd not leave it ?  
 My Soul from Sodom flie,  
 Lest wrath there find thee :  
 Thy Refuge-rest is nigh,  
 Look not behind thee.

14. There's none of this ado,  
 None of the Hellish Crew,  
 Gods promise is most true,  
 Boldly believe it.  
 My Friends are gone before,  
 And I am near the Shoor,