

Signs of Apostacy LAMENTED.

DOST thou the Name of Christian Profess?
 Then let some Signs appear in outward Dress;
 Or else a sore Suspition thou dost leave,
 That CHRIST indeed thy Soul did ne're receive:
 So as of Him alone to make thy Choice,
 In saddest Sorrows in Him to Rejoyce.
 ART thou one of CHRIST's Sheep, where is the Mark?
 Is that it on thy Head? it's very Dark;
 It hardly will be own'd at the last Day,
 But JESUS CHRIST unto all such will say,
 Away be gone, be gone away from me,
 I am displeas'd both with thy Garb and Thee.
 LET thy Attire be such in any case,
 As may bear outward Signs of inward Grace;
 Then sure those Signs some carry on their Head,
 Do plainly show the inward Man is Dead.
 LORD, pluck such Brands as these out of the Fire,
 So we thy Rich Grace shall the more Admire,
 And make us Blush, and be Asham'd that we
 Should Glory in that, which our Shame should be.
 THE Word of GOD calls things by the right name,
 So do not we, lest we our selves should blame:
 Pride by the name of Decency we call,
 Although to Adam it gave such a fall;
 Which hath benumm'd our Senses, so that we
 Remain stark Blind, till GOD doth make us see:
 The greater is the Danger we are in,
 By reason of that Toothsome Cursed Sin.
 O WHAT a shame to Christians should this be,
 That Sorcerers should so affected be,
 As by Paul's Preaching from their Sins to turn,
 And readily all their ill Books to burn?
 O that our Top-knot wearers would do so,
 Their foolish Baubles readily forego;
 O what an Honour it would be to them,
 In sight of GOD, and of all sober men?
 WHEN Perriwigs in Thrones and Pulpits get,
 And Hairy Top-knots in high Seats are set;
 Then may we Pray, have Mercy LORD on us,
 That in New-England it should now be thus,
 Which in time past a Land of Pray'r hath been,

But now is Pray'r turn'd out of Doors by Sin:
 For Pride and Prayer can't together dwell,
 One leads to Heaven, the other leads to Hell.
 ART thou a Christian, O then why dost wear
 Upon thy Sacred Head, the filthy Hair
 Of some vile Wretch, by foul Disease that fell,
 Whose Soul perhaps is burning now in Hell?
 O therefore I do you most humbly pray,
 Your monstrous Perriwigs cast quite away:
 If JESUS CHRIST unto your Souls were sweet,
 Those Toys on Head you'd trample under Feet,
 And say to them with indignation,
 As Ephraim to his Idols, be you gone;
 We never will have more to do with you,
 Lest GOD in's wrath out of his Land us spue.
 A TENDER Conscience a great Blessing is,
 Sure willingly such will not do amiss;
 But carefully will watch against all Sin,
 In outward Man as well as Heart within:
 Abstaining all appearances of Evil,
 Lest they therein resemble should the Devil.
 Many there are that say they do believe,
 But they therein do but themselves deceive;
 For Faith that's true will purifie the Heart,
 And from the most beloved Sin will part.
 WHAT Mercy is't, that GOD will chide and strike
 His dearest Children; if they will walk like
 The foolish World, who Lust and Pride do mind,
 Reward thereof they in the end will find
 Bitter to be, if on they yet do go,
 Because Sin leads to final overthrow.
 Then help us LORD to mend our way, that we
 In Heart and Life may wholly turn to Thee;
 And cast away our Foolish Fancies all,
 Lest GOD in wrath take Head and Crown and all.
 I AM amazed much to think how we,
 Are backward gone from GOD, and cannot see
 Who'ere allow themselves in one known Sin,
 Satan hath got such safely in his Gin:
 And if that their Repentance come too late,
 All such will be shut out of Heavens Gate;
 If you therefore this Gate would enter in,
 You must be sure to fight against all Sin.
 No Perriwig, or Hairy Top-knot spare,

Though they as dear as Eye or Right-hand are;
Else thou canst not with David say, Lord I
Have kept my self from mine Iniquity!

A Caution to prevent Scandal.

A FALSE Report against thy Brother, thou
 Shalt not take up, much less thy self allow
 Him to defame, in Thought, in Deed, or Tongue:
 GOD is a just Revenger of such Wrong.
 And will again them pay in their own Coin,
 Who thus their Brothers Credit do purloin;
 And will on such his Righteous Sentence pass,
 Which shall make them cry out, Woe and Alas!
 That ever I my Brothers Name should tear,
 Whom I in Love upon my Heart should bear!
 As CHRIST my Saviour hath commanded me,
 Whereby thou mayst know He hath Loved thee.
 If thou dost not Love Him whom thou dost see,
 How canst thou say in Heart thou Lovest me?
 Which Love, O LORD, in me increase, that I,
 Whilst I do Live, may longing be to Dye.

By a Friend, who though no lover of Perriwigs or Top-knots, yet is a real lover of, and well-wisher to, and a hearty petitioner for the Eternal Salvation of your precious immortal Souls.

Benjamin Bosworth, of New-England. In the 81st Year of my Age, 1693.