MERCY
TRIUMPHING OVER
JUDGEMENT
OR, A
WARNING FOR
SABBATH-BREAKERS.

Published for God's glory and the
benefit of all true Christians.

By me Thomas Jones, Of the City of Hereford.

Who for profaning the Lords Day was
at miraculously strucken by the hand of God, and un-
ly depriv'd of all my senses, for the space of 3 years;
now by his great mercy (upon my hearty repen-
tance) being perfectly restored to my former health, I
was moved to set forth this ensuing Relation, as a testi-
ony of my thankfulnesse to God for his fatherly
affliation; and that all others by my example, may
be deterred from so hainous an offence as Sabbath-
breaking.

1 Cor. 10.11. Now all these things was happened for examples.
Therefore remember that ye keep holy the Sabbath day.
Exod. 20.8.

London Printed by E.P. for John Wright the Younger, dwelling
THE PROLOGUE.

Elevated Christians, before I was punished for my sins I followed mine own ways, but now I desire to keep the commandments of my God; therefore I will first relate unto thee the manner of my chastisement, and what I continue to be the cause whereof I was afflicted. Upon the Lords day of Sabbath called Whitunday, in the yeare 1624. I obeyed the Lord, and violated that great day in cursing, swearing, drinking, and keeping of bad company, making an ilke-sense, and a worse place my chiefest Sanctuary all that day, on which time my memory was taking from me for seven weeks, that I could never since remember any thing I did, being eight days after that offence committed in perfect health, and cannot conceive how I spent the next Lords day, but on Trinity-monday riding to a wedding my horse stumbled, in a plaine green way, and cast me from off his backe upon a stone, where (as I am informed) was scarce another stone to be seene in half a mile; thence was I carried home to the Priory of Brecknock as dead, and lay as one languishing for a while, having a Physitian and a Chyrurgion with me, but could not agree where the fracture was; for outwardly there was no wound to be seen, neverthelesse the Surgeon conceiving where the fracture was, (and that I might dye within three dayes if the brains had not vents) immediately made an incision in the.
The PROLOGUE.

I tempted on the right side of my head, and cutting all the veins in that place, I bled by report six or seven quart of blood before the veins stopp'd bleeding, yet at the seventh week, and I was almost recover'd of this desperate wound, and my memory came to me again, but how, when, or where, I was thus chastised, I know not nor whether I felt any pain, when I was so grievously wounded, and cured, I could not nor can I remember, only my violating or profaning the Lord's day (before declared) I did, and do as yet remember, which made me demand of the Surgeon and others that were about me, at the seventh week, how long it was since Whitsun tide. And being commanded in a dream to give an account of the Talent which was given me, since I repented for violating the Lord's day, I have made bold to present these my endeavours to your charitable scrutiny, not doubting but if the rest of my Talent were manifest to the world it would be pleasing to God and man, most beneficial and useful for this Kingdom, and fit for all young Clerks, Scholars, and Artists, who understand not the Latine Tongue, which I wanted my selfe before my Lord and Master correla

To the Worshipfull and worthily honoured HERBERT PRISE Esquire, one of the Queenes Majesties Gentlemen Sewers. To his Pervious, Religious, and Zealous Wife, the Lady Goditha Priše, likewise one of the maids of her Majesties privy Chamber. And to their only Child Mistress Henriete Marrie Priše, one of her Majesties GOD Daughters.

Most blessed three, one God, Divinity. Protect thy number (Sacred Trinity) to whom I prostrate here thy gift, my will, O Lord the peace of Conscience still, the honours grace (thou knowst) I as a Bird escape the Foulers snare when death was fear'd, my braines being cricht, my Temples crackt, I fled from thence, and by a blessed Angel led; the Spirit of grace, my faith, my hope reviv'd, and for these seventene yeares hath me repliv'd from death, to shew the world Gods gift, this Story, that Sabbath-Breakers might behold my glory. 

And
The Epistle.

And God's ele& may see the reason why
I was so plung'd in dreadfull misery:
The truth it doth declare at large, and how
Upon repentance God doth mercy show:
This gift is his, which humbly I present,
In hope you'll please to accept the good intent
Of him who praises,
Your honoured days,
May Zeal's be,
Eternall's.
His life is yours
While heart endures.

Thomas Jones.

An Anagram in the first words of these Lines, invented by the Author.

An Acerostick on his name.

He made his mothers brethe full ripe in her;
Ever she hopes her ripe Breth will not erre;
Religious Zeale within her brethe doth Raigne,
Breth ripe in him all vice he doth Refraine,
Enrich his heart, (most wise) his Faith increas;
Ripe is his Breth, his Soule the Heav'n's would Please:
The she ripe brethe her Piety Exceeds,
Parting her Zeale to him, in him it Breeds:
Rule Lord his heart and make his fortunes Ripe,
In all respects, before great Monarchs Eyes:
Send him true health, true wealth, and let him see,
Each few'ra all good descendeth downe from Thee.

The Capitalls beginning shewes his name,
Those in the ends declares his Anagram.

Anagram.

Great Mountaines stoope let Cedars have the Praise. O're Hills, o're Dales, Gods glory they doe Raise. Deepe Seas and Hounds the Sunne doth o'ert Annoy. In ev'ry place the Sun's the Cedars Joy.

Then Praise thy God brave Cedar, truly Send Him thy best Fate, his blessings hath no End. All blessed pow'rs, whose Patience man doth Try, To pow're down your grace on her, Praise God on Hy's, R arc Cedar blest Gods Heavenly shade Intreat. Immortal Tree, most blest, most high, most Great G Spread forth, and Praise thy God thou art his Owne, O Extol! his name who sends all blessings Downe.

The Captives beginning shewes her name, Those at the ends declares her Anagram.

Anagram.

An Acrostick Henryce Maria Prise. On her name I remaine the aspirer.

Here is that Cedars Branch whose name aspire, E xalted by a Queene, what Subject higher? Now Praise thy God sweet branches Roots againe Rejoyce in him, his love doth still remaine.

I faith the Lord, will powre on them my grace, Even I will thold this Branch in ev'ry place; T'immortal life that comes in ev'ry bud, Encrease her strength, and feed her with thy blood.

Maintaine this Branch aspiring, with thy love, And bless her Days, make her a Turtle Dove: Regard the Zeale of this young Branches Steke, Increase their Faiths they are thy sheepe thy Flocke; All joyfull Trees and Plants about them grow, Palme Trees and Cedars unto them shall Bowe: R are vines shall twift about this Branch, a Tree In Time, but then a Cedar she shall bee, S sweet, vertuous, lovely, comely to behold, Each sprig and leafe shall be of beaten Gold.

To
To all true Christians, 
Readers and others.

Sir, Schollers Toads and Spiders doe commend, 
I hope a Tradel-mans Mite cannot offend; 
Such venomous creatures Christians loath, or hate, 
But this my Mite may prove more fortunate; 
Yet Toads and Spiders serve God in their kind, 
And doth his will, whereo they are assign'd: 
Each creeping thing's ordain'd by Gods decree, 
All things were made for man in some degree, 
The Poylon which makes vermine breake, or swell, 
Molt precious is, Phyfrians best can tell: 
Yet though they loathsome are to mortall eyes, 
Within this world their shame and sorrow dyes: 
But man who sins on earth continually, 
Death shall not end his shame, nor milcery; 
Then doth his woe begin, for whom I pray, 
Although they scorne and hate what now I say, 
Then shall he know that God caus'd me to write, 
The Sabbaths praise, (his gift) or Tradel-mans Mite, 
Then shall proud gallants wish would they had bin 
As weake as I, or vermine void of sin, 
Sin's therefore worfe then death, then Hell, the Devil, 
And of all sin, Pride is the greatest evil,

To the Christian Readers.

Pride makes men hate, and loath, and scorne the poor, 
Yet shall a Tradel-mans Mite strike every door; 
Open therefore and let instruction in, 
Observe Gods day with zeale, abandon sin, 
Then in this world thou shalt begin true joy, 
For Death and Hell Christ Jesus did destroy: 
Though Reprobates this Mite doth discommend, 
The gifts of God my faith shall have no end.

Before I declare the manner of that fearefull Accident, (which I conceive happened to me for prophaning the Sabbay of the Lord my God) I will recite unto you the first Verfe the ever I made, which is the gift of God bestowed on me since he Chaffiment, containing a Dialogue between my Soule an Body. And in the end of this Pamphlet, you shall see the Praye which I made when I was deprifed of my speech and Sence. 
An Acrostick Elegie on my brothers name, made at the Newes of his death, my deare, my owne, and wifes Aagrams, her deare, an Acrostick on her name, made on the words she spoke on her Death-bed, I lamented her death, an concluded with a thanksgiving and Prayer in Verse. 
To which Booke I have added an Antidote for troubled Souls, or the fruit of repentances, which a friend delivered unto me sin I was recovered of my nummnesse.
The Authors first beginning to make Verses, which Straine came naturally to him since his affliction.

A Dialogue between his Soule and Bodie.

The Argument.

Like a Pilgrime wandred to and fro,
Twixt heav'n & earth, still crost by mans dread so,
To heaven I fled where blessed Soules remaine,
The spirit from thence did send me backe againe
To earth, to thee from whom amaz'd I fled,
When gaping on the ground thou layst as dead:
Then he who doth by feare his servans prove,
Sent me againe to testifie his love.

BODY.

VVe becomes sweet soule thrice welcome unto me,
We liv'd as one, I thought we did agree;
I wept, I mournd, since you did me disdaine,
As dead I liv'd, which caus'd me to complaine:
A sudden death I ever thought a curse,
But your departure made mine seeme far worse;
Yet fenelleffe did I live, I felt no paine,
Nor know I when, or how I did complaine.

S soule,
The Dialogue.

SOULE.

When from earth's Center I did mount on
The damned Fiend pursu'd me swiftly,
And there proclaim'd what sins I did commit,
Which made me quake and fear and tremble. Yet
My faith, my hope and fear, together thrive
Faith hope embrace'd, but fear no rest could have:
Then did my chiefe commander this decree,
That I should redescend to earth in thee.

BODY.

God's justice is sever'd yet mercy found
Me out, when I lay tumbling on the ground;
And then I thought th'immortal spirit said,
Christ dy'd for him, had soule be not afraid;
Returne, returne, let nothing the dismay,
Christ is thy life, thy health, thy help, thy stay;
The Trine that's blest like with those words he spake,
When death perforce would thy possession take.

SOULE.

Thy faith, thy hope, hath sent me backe with joy,
Abandon fear, Christ will our Foes destroy,
Thy faith God saw, thy hope, thy heart, thy zeal,
When at his feet I humbly did appeale:

His sacred spirit shew'd thee then his will,
Cause on his mercy thou dependest still;
Now see, behold, his love hath sent me backe
To thee, his grace therefore we shall not lacke.

BODY.

As heav'n bright Sun doth cleare the misty'rt morn,
As doth my soule refresh my heart torrne,
As heav'nly dewes the parched earth doth cherish,
So doth my soule my heart, who thought to perish;
As Cynthia's beames makes cleare the fable night,
So bright my soule doth shine, to me most light;
As heav'n and earth obeys our God the chiefe,
So would my heart, his will be done in briefe.

SOULE.

Thy haplesse fall a happy chance did prove,
That faith, thy hope hath gain'd thy Saviour's love
That sudden scours of spectacle most strange,
Declares thy faith, which sornes for fear to change;
God turneth griefe and fear to happy ends;
Molt happy they who on his aid depends,
Such is thy faith, thy griefe, thy fear also,
Which shewes Gods love and mercy after wo.
A Dialogue:

Whereas God's dreadful streams did runne, there Faith, hope & zeal, his mercy it o'reflows, grows.
My shield is Christ, the Trinity I praise, whose love and mercy hath prolonged my days;
With ardent zeal I will on God depend, sweet foule revive, my sorrow's here shall end;
Let mutual love in us againe be seen, more strong, more firm, then herfore hath beene.

S O U L E.

Altho' thy foule frailtied spotted sins did draw God's direfull wrath on thee, observe his Law. Th'Apostle Paul Christ's Gospel did deny, the Prophet Moses thought from God to flye, Yet God in mercy did their sins forgive, and they eternally with him shall live. Therefore O Lord keepe us from Satan's claws, and hunger starve his guts and greedy jaws.

S O U L E and B O D Y.

Here on the earth againe in one we live, heav'n's grant we may no more offend or grieve. Blest be the night when fate did make her as part, blest be that day when God did prove my heart, blest be him who did God's wrath appease, blest be him who doth my faith increase. blest be ye poers divine, (three one most wise) Make all my thoughts and deeds please thy blest eyes.

A WARNING FOR Sabbath-Breakers.

When as the All-seeing God of Gods did give The reins to me, I carefullie did live, for on his great and Sacred day of rest, his Sabbath made for man, which be hath blest, with the vulgar ran and did transgress his chiefe command, which here I will expresse: On Whitsunday that's past was sixeene yeere, I grossly sin'd, chewing grieve and fear, for in the morn when from the bed I rose. The world, the flesh, the Devil did dispose Of me, and made me rave, difdaine and sweare, my heart was vex't, which made me then forbear. To goe to Church to ease my troubled mind, but in an Ale-houes thought more ease to find, Where I tobaccoe tooke, and healths did drinke, Of Whitsunday I never once did think, nor of God's will, that morne I thus did spend, till Divine prayers, and Sermon both did end; then in that Ale-houes my dinner tooke, God's word, his House, that day my heart forsooke.
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Yet after noone I to my Master went.
To waite on him to Church, but my intent
Was crost by sloth, for by the way I met
His spouse, and him, and children all compleat,
Then with his servants did I goe along
Unto the Church, but from that zealous throng
I did depart, and I againe did goe
Unto those joviall lads, whose zeal I know
For my returne did stay, among them there
I tippedill, Gods wrath we did not feare.
But when I askt if Evening prayer were done,
A Maid replyd that Sermon was begun.
Then up we stood, a Health we did begin,
A Frolicke cal'd, no thought that day of sin,
But when we thought that Sermon was pere ended,
To Church we did repaire, yet I atteneded
Still at the doore, as if at Church I was
With zeale devout, but this I brought to passe
When from Gods House we all departed home,
I privately defred my Masters groome
To helpe me to a horse, that I might goe
To visit her, whom he too well did know;
Which he with speed performd cause sicke he lay,
There did I spend the rest of Gods blest day;
But how or when I did returne againe,
Or where the horse I rid on did remaine,
Or eight dayes after being found and well,
What then I did, I never since can tell:
For by report of honest worthy men,
On Trinity munday next that followed then,

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Speciall friend repose in me,
To gaine a Licence for him speedily:
Then to my friend the Register I went,
Who instantly performd my intent,
And forthwith brought the Licence seal'd to me,
For which I paid to every Clarke his fee;
That Antidote I thought with speed to bring,
To ease their hearts who feld blind Cupids sting;
But they who thought each houre, I stayd a day,
With all their friends began to lead the way:
Inse Evening came, and far they had to ride
Unto the house who for them did provide,
Then after them I rid with joy and speed,
To shew my love I brought them what they need,
Their Licence was, for which they long had stayd,
The sight of it did make their hearts apaid;
When they the same receiv'd I went on still,
Till Phaebus light was clouded with a hill;
Then from them did I part, with many mo,
Who thought with me to Brocken back to go,
But marke the end, when we were at a stand,
A Glo-worme came and lighted on my hand,
Then did I ride before when it was night,
And bragging said, that God had sent me light,
With that I fell from of my horses backe,
And on a stone, my scull I there did crake;
My friends amazed flied, I lay as dead,
No wound they saw, but inwardly I bled,
Which stoke my friends and fellows in a scare,
Some grieued & sigh'd, and some their haires did teare

E 2
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Far from a house it was where I did lye,
What comfort could they have if I should dye,
Upon their hands each to their friends did goe,
And my disaffter told, their fear, my woe.
Then God awak'd a friend who heard the matter,
He ran with speed and brought me his strong-water,
His daughters followed him, they did repair
Where I did lye, thither they brought a chair.
His water did my heart and soule revive,
And made both life and death begin to strive.
In me; within the chair I was layd,
And to his house I gently was convey'd;
And by relation there is many a one,
In halfe a mile was scarce another stone;
For to be seen, save that whereon I fell,
Yet where or how it was I cannot tell:
The Groome more bold and ventous then the rest,
Unto my Master rid and him poss'd,
By breake of day what dire mishance I had
Who rode with speed and came to me (most sad).
By that time came a Surgeon unto me
To view my corps, but he no wound could see,
With him my Master stayd foure houses and more,
And they withall my friends did God implore
To save my life, I fearfully then had breath,
Which they perceiv'd, and gave me ore for death;
My Master then returning, newes was spread,
What chance I had, and how I lay as dead:
Which made my friends lament, and fear, and grie
Yet hope that suddaine newes would scarce believe.

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Most of that Country wide, and nere about,
Came thither to see, and to resolve their doubts,
My Master riding home againe did find,
The Bayliffe of Brecknocke and the Townsmen kind,
To me they came, he met them by the way,
And gave them thanks, they for my life did pray:
But sure and he, my Man is dead ere this,
He cannot live, or else I am misliffe.
Therefore you need not take such paines in vaine;
Then all (as one) replied to him againe,
We hope he'll live as yet this many a yeare,
Yet home he went, and thither sent a bier,
To carry me upon when I was dead,
Whereon they plac'd me, underneath my head
A Scholler of mine, whom I did teach to write,
Thus I as dead did lye in doleful plight,
Then on mens shoulders was I carried home,
To Brecknock Priory, brought into that roome,
Wherein I lay full foure yeares and more,
A Covenant servant in that house before,
There I no sooner was layd downe, but straight
A Surgeon, and Physicin, both did wait,
To view my mortal corps, and painfull fate,
For fear leaft holpe and skill should come too late.
Two dayes they did consult and fecie my head,
But did agree; then I being almost dead,
Theeternall just who kills, and doth restore
To life made them consult no more:
And then the Surgeon found the Brain-pans rent,
Who an incision made to give it vent;
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

The fracture in the Temples he had found,
Where he did make a des' rate bloody wound,
There he the vaines did cut, then as a flood
Did issue thence, abundance of my blood,
In streams it ran, till I had lost my breath,
Then all men fear'd that I should bleed to death:
Yet after I six quarts or more did bleed,
My blood did stop, and I from paine was freed:
Then did my worthy Master fend againe,
To divers Sires a Surgeon to obtaine.

Who had more skill, for I was nowe most weake,
Languish I did, they thought I could not speake:
Thus I remain'd, a weake (they say) and more,
In wofull case, impatient made me more,
With me the Surgeon and Physitian slaid,
Expecting still to have more skilfull aid;
Now when't was thought that I was almost spent,
A skilfull Surgeon unto me God sent
Out of Clenganslie, from thence he came
By chance, John Nichols was the Surgeon name,
Who when he saw how ghastly I did ly;
He said I was past hopes to live, but dye
I should ere it were long, and thought it best
For to with-hold his skill, and not molest
My lingering life, which made my Master grieve,
And thence returne; and say, he cannot live
If he no skill will shew, he needs must dye,
But if his best he doth, what remedy?
Then when my Master's grieue and feare was past,
Unto the Surgeon he thus said at last,

Be pleas'd I pray to let him dye with skill,
That's all I crave, for God must have his will.
The Surgeon then unto my Chamber turnd,
Where many fear'd and hop'd, and wept, and iourn'd,
Then did he raise me up; small hopes I have
Said he, death I doe smell, his life I cannot save.
Yet in the name of God he did begin,
To view the wound which I had for my sin:
God out of ill drawes good, and who doth know
If unto him the Lord will mercy shew,
While that he breathes (saith he) in hope I live,
That God in mercy will affiance give
To what I undertake, I must confesse,
Ten thousand in the world are kill'd with lese:
A stroke upon the Temples of the head,
Without a wound or fracture strikes men dead,
Therefore my brother Surgeon shewed his skil,
Whose aid I crave, I shall applaud him still:
If in the head the fracture were not found
Before this time he had beene in the ground,
In Brecnockeslie he lives, one of his name
Did live in Hereford, and dy'd with fame,
He was a noted Surgeon of account,
Who to the feat of justice there did mount,
When a Schoole-boy was, he then was Major.
And o're the City swaid in justice chair;
His name was Thomas Williams, there approv'd
For knowledge, wit and skil, of all belov'd.
My Surgeon here is of that name, and nature,
Ordain'd of God, to make me live God's creature.
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

And here on earth his servant would I be,
To blest his love and mercy unto me,
This dreadful news to Hereford did come,
Which struck my brother, friends, and mother dumb,
Then she who never thought to visit Wales,
God did appoint to mount those hills and dales,
If any were within that fist short way,
She did not think respect with delay;
She and my brother came with speed to see,
What dire mischiefs had happened unto me.
Oh! for my sins is was on God's blest day,
For which my conscience makes me fast and pray,
His Sabbath I profaned sundry times,
But specially I grieve for all these crimes,
I did on Whitsunday (declared before)
Which caused the Lord to punish me sore:
Wherefore with heart and soul I daily pray,
That I may truly keep his Sabbath day.
Lord make the world detect that great offence,
And let all Christians have that spiritual sense,
The Surgeon whom God sent began to try
His hopeful skill, my wound he did neatly,
The sharp incision made, he open lay'd,
Which made (my friends) the lookers on afraid,
Saying with fear, if more blood this man spill,
He needs must dye, yet doth he dye with skill;
Then he reply'd, think you my skill so small,
What ere I doe there shall not much blood fall
From him, my flesh he fear'd as he thought good,
And with his fingers still he stopp'd the blood,

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

By skin he laid, and did raise out that bone
Which in my temples cast upon a stone;
But by God's providence and Surgeon's skill,
A spoonfull more of blood he did not spill,
The bone was laid up it smelt egregiously,
And of the head he laid three skins did lye,
Each of them were purify'd, then he
May linger yet, but long he cannot be alive, two taints, where the third was not
With purifies stain'd, blemish, or spot;
Whereat my friends and Surgeon did rejoice,
I hope the Lord my God did hear the voice
Of some that pray'd, yet they an alteration sawd, which fell beyond man's expectation;
For God himself where did my flesh torment;
Rev'd my soul, and made my heart repent,
Then in the morn before the break of day,
The Surgeon sent to see how quiet I lay,
My loving friends who watched with me that night,
With courteous words again did him require,
Surely said they the Surgeon hands are blest,
For since his fall he took: not so much rest:
The former Surgeon his attendance gave,
And all things brought which he desired to have,
Their care, their pities, their love did till abound.
They grieved, they were, they hop'd I mercy found
With God, and when they hopes of life did rise,
They praised the Lord, and each one pray'd for me,
Then did they view my dreadful wound again,
And order gave what meats I should refrain.
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

And when my grievous wound they view and dress,
The Surgeon (God did send) made this request,
Cause I have many patients here, and there,
And my long absence might put them in fear,
I pray be pleas’d with fear of death is past,
That unto them again I now may halfe;
His brother Williams he would leave with me,
For under God he sav’d your life said he,
Had not he found the fracture in the head,
And an incision made, you had beene dead
Before this time, therefore you live to God,
All comes from him, he smote you with his rod;
These words my Masters pleas’d my friends also,
Who said to him, you know your time to goe,
Let us not hinder you, goe when you please,
For God appointed you to give him ease.
After which time he two days more did stay,
But then with speed he seem’d to post away;
The former Surgeon then his skill did shew,
But how this wound I had I did not know;
For after I abs’t the Sabbath day,
I did remaine in health a weeke (they say)
And more, but all that time I cannot tell
What ere I did; being then both found and well,
Nor six weeke after I was hurt (alas)
Nothing I know, nor how it came to passe,
But by relation I will make it knowne,
Wherefore Gods judgement was upon me shoune,
It was for mine offence seven weeke before,
Which still I doe remember, but no more,

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Saving those things I did on Whitunday,
For then I know from God I went astray:
Within six weeks the Surgeon came againe
To me, but then (they said) I told him plain,
I knew him not, wherefore he did reply,
Your braines I felt when you were like to dye,
Witnesse this bone which then I tooke from you,
My friends did say (alas) its too too true,
He under God did fade your life on earth,
And gave a being to your second birth;
Then as a child I did begin to goe,
And senselesse liv’d of griefe, of paine, of woe;
My mother and my friends newly did grieve,
And prayd, that I so simple might not live,
They of a wedding speake, where I had beene,
Witnesse that I those parties never had seene;
Whereat I must, for I had cleane forgot
The time, alas said I, I know it not,
Hath not the Lord new moulded me again,
And makes me now a spectacle for men
To gaze upon; but tis my makers pleasure,
Which I embrace, as worldlings doe their treasure;
His Sabbath I profan’d, not once, nor twice,
But too too oft, for which I sacrifice
These sighs of mine, my wound it fairely heal’d,
Which pleas’d my Surgeon well, yet he appeal’d
To God, he could not make me speake again;
Yet I but halfe a yeare did so remaine,
Nay in a moneth or two my health I had,
Though weake and fee’le, melancholly sad,
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

But then my Mother she my double nurse,
Departed home, whereat I grie’d, far worse
To thinke my faculties from me were gon,
Which made me sigh and pray to God alone.

For grace, and that he would be pleas’d to see,
My dolefull cafe, my feare, infirmitie.
In mercy then my memory he sent
Again, and gave me grace for to repent,
Then on the Sabbath day my thoughts did run,
I grie’d, I mourn’d, to thinke what I had done
On Whit-sunday before declar’d, (alas)
For which I fear the heav’n’s brought this to passe.
On me, and makes me to the world relate
The cause, that mortall man that sin may hate,
My heart condemnes me still for that offence,
Cause seven weeks after, I had lost each sense.

My memory lay’d in all things that I knew
Before that time, which I before did shew,
Then in my grief I slept, and in my sleepe
The Angel spake that did my body keepe.
Yet foure, and thou shalt be as thou halt beene,
Which made me hope at foure weeks end thave scene
It come to passe, but that night in a Dreame.

The Angel spake againe, foure yeares I meanes,
With that I wak’t, and prais’d the God of night,
Who in my sleepe resolv’d my doubt that night,
Which made my heart rejoice, then as I pray’d
The spirit spake againe, and thus it said,
Gods sacred Book, take thou and understand
His will, read it, and marke what he commands,
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

After which time, eight dayes he liv'd (the most)
Then as they say, he yeelded up the ghost:
Which when I heard I grief'd, yet then
I thought that God did looke on me agen,
And for my mothers good this chance befell;
That after ages may this Story tell;
When she was married to that second man;
I then being Prentice from my Master ran,
Because I grief'd at her unluckie fate,
I feared her choice would prove unfortunate,
Which soone did come to passe: his gains did slip
Still through his hands by too oft suretitship,
Which made my mother vex, she wept, she grief'd,
Yet small content she had while here she liv'd:
Wherefore this dire mischance the Lord did send
To me, that she in Wales might me attend;
But when to Hereford she was return'd
Within eight dayes she for her husband mourn'd,
Whose unexpected death perplex'd her heart;
But then Mans chiefest protector tooke her part;
On her my thoughts did run, I could not rest
Untill she yeelded to my small request;
Which onely was that I should live with her,
The which the pow'rs divine did first decree.
With me my fathers name she had againe,
'Cause I her son as husband did remayne,
Two yeares being past and gon in hope I liv'd,
At Bath to gaine my speech, for which I grief'd;
Which made me often to be vex't and crost;
For all my faculties and speech I lost;

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

At Bath I stayed nine dayes in expectation,
Not as brave gallants doe for recreation,
But I with Faith and hope my time did spend,
Then as from Bath I rid, at the Townes end
My horse did stumble at a heape of stones,
Whereon I fell, there might I breake my bones,
My foot within the Stirrup hung to shew,
My life, my soule, my all to God I owe,
He made my horse afraid to stirre or move,
From thence, untill my foot I did remove
Out of the Stirrup then my friend came in
And held my horse, who saw that I had bin
Deliv'red safe from harm, but fearfull sad,
Which made me thinke upon a dreame I had,
Two yeares before, my heart did then perceive
God might my braines dash out, and me bereave
Of life; because I did mistrust that he
At foure yeares end would make me be
As I had bene, Lord pardon me for it,
And I shall wait untill thou thinkst it fit
To make me found, yet I in Bristol stay'd
At that new well, till I was there afraid
Of Gods all-seeing power, then did I grieve;
Because my faith would not a dreame beleive;
And I returned home againe with speed,
Where for my secret sins my heart did bleed.
Then did I call to mind what God had pend;
There I observ'd Gods mercies hath no end;
(Made knowne by's Prophets and Apostles grave)
Which did increas my faith, and comfort gave,
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

To me, yea there I mark what fearfull sin,
Our fore-fathers did too too much runne in,
Gods mightly wrath they often did provoke,
Yet soon it vanisht as the Airy smoake:
But most seerve he hath benne unto thos,
Who did his Sabbath breake when they might choose
Witnesse the man who for a small offence
On Gods blest day, death was his recompence,
He onely gathered sticks to serve his need,
But from negleet or sloth it did proceed
God seaven dayes did make, and did exempt
But one for his owne use now in contempt
If man abuse his Sabbath which he blest,
And from his worldly labours well not rest
Or if we lewdly spend the Sabbath day,
Or carelessely his sacred will obey
Or if that day our duties we neglect
For that offence wee may the like expect,
But he that gathered sticks and I have bin,
Thus plagued, that others may abhorre that sin.
Prayd be God for it, though I have beene
Eresince perplexed in mind; yet hath he scene
Me dayly on my knees for mercy praying,
And with repentant tears always am layeing,
O Lord, my God, my faith, my hope encrease,
My weak petitions grant, when thou shalt please
Yet all those faculties which I enjoyd,
For seven yeares, the Lord my God annoyd,
But I with faith and hope did always pray
Unto him still, whose mercy doth o'relay
His justice great, for in all ages past,
Gods dreadfull wrath did but a moment last:
And his chastisement which in mercy fell,
The greater blessings doe attend them all,
Witnesse the Thiefe that dyed with our Saviour
His faith upon the Cross, his last behaviour,
Made him with Jesus Christ to live for ever,
And with the Saints he Lands th'Almighty giver
Of Heaven and Earth, of joy, of Peace, of Rest
(The onely man that at his Death was blest)
Now seeing in mercy God chastised me,
With faith and hope, my life was his decree,
(He turn'd my tears to smiles, and in my sleepe
The Spirit that spake true promises then did keepe.)
For long before the time was at an end,
A married wife from London God did sends
Unto her husband who in Breackneck liv'd,
Where he with sickness was long vex'd, and grieved
Now in this second Matrimonial knot,
Gods love and mercy shall not be forgot,
For when the Sick-mans mates was almost gon,
It was encrease (past hopes) by God alone,
Who made his wife returne to ease his heart,
And from her gold most freely she did part,
She travaileth, far and neere, by day, and night,
To gaine Physitions aid if that she might,
No cost the spar'd, no physicke did he lacke,
But all in vaine; for death at last his backe,
Yet God did make their love againe more stronge,
Then ere it was, which death did cross: ere long,
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

To God, and all her friends with one accord,
Did humbly praise th'eternall mighty Lord,
Who such a wonder on a stranger wrought,
The like was never seene in Wales tis thought,
God sav'd her life palest hopes, and made her know
The day, that his great mercy he would shew
To her, her friends thus said, she was belov'd
Of God, for God her faith and patience prov'd,
She was chastis'd to shew that she was blest,
God spair'd her life, her faith the heavens increas'd,
Her love, her care of him who caus'd her wo,
Dost shew her faith, yet she (they said) must do
The like (no doubt), Gods glory she must raise,
For which she lives, to gain eternal praise
Cease doting Mune in vaine thou setst forth
God knowes her heart, let heauen's make knowne her
She being restored to her health againe,
(worth)
Among her husbands friends she did maintaine
Her selfe, according to her rancke and blood,
In modest sort, during her widdowe-hood
She taught, to sow, to walk, to stanch, to read,
Her love, her fame in divers shires did spread,
From whence the Gentle did their children send
To her, her breeding they did still commend,
Her paines, her care, her love gave all content,
The heaven of heavens did know her true intent:
Then did she dreame againe as twas reported,
A Painter to her company resorted,
He gain'd her love, to him she married was,
But thought that it would never come to passe
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

When she awak't, but in the morning she
Did ask what Painters here in Wales might be,
Her friends reply'd, truly we know not well,
But in this Towne there's one we all can tell:
This night said she, a Painter won my love,
A black-haired man, of him I did approve,
But now the Painter I have lost, my love
Is God, who did my faith, and patience prove.
Then when she was grown strong, she did return
Unto that house where she began to mourn,
For her late husband dead, but when again
She came, my mother neere her did remaine,
Where they chose neighbors for a twelve month liv'd:
And oft discourse'd, sometimes wherefore they grie'd,
My mother finding her most loving, courteous kind,
Of good conditions, and a jealous mind,
They both were intimate, and liv'd together:
More deare than neighbours; for I knew no whether
Greater affection bore unto each other:
Then for her kind respects unto my Mother;
In commendations of her blessed name,
I these unpollish'd lines did frame.
Mary a Virgin God and Man did beare,
Who conquer'd Death for those in thralldom were,
And you in name and nature blest also,
For health unto the Virgin's Son did go,
Your love, your faith, your hope in God your joy,
Brought you to him, who did death, hell, destroy:
Then when the Spirits promis'd did grow neere,
Fresh hopes reviv'd my heart, as shall appeare,

My senses all benumb'd, my drooping mind,
My tongue, my limbs did alteration find,
(For when my speech and faculties I lost,
I pondepe delipates to mone, my heart was toft)
And now the heavens who life doth still presage,
Bound up my wounds, and bids me cherish age,
What cares, what fears then habour'd in my brest,
Is known to him who marriage blest.
He made me go unto my Mother's friend,
That faithful widdow whom she did command;
Our hearts we link'd in one, we did agree
When that our Nuptial day should be.
Which now I note was just four days before
The four yeeres were expired, and no more;
Upon which day the faith, for you I tarried;
My life God spair'd for you, yet was I married
A twelve moneth since, into an Arith Kind;
Unto a black-haired Painter, but I find
Dreames are but fantasies, they're seldom true:
Then I reply'd, that dreame perhaps comes now,
For I a Painter am; or would be so,
Though of late no faculty could shew,
And doctor Land and the Lord Archbishops grace
Of Canterbury, being Bishop of this place
Saint David call'd, his Lordship promise made
That by Commission should use that trade,
Throughout his Diocesse, to beautifie
The House of God, by his authority;
And though of late he be translated hence;
Your dreame my hopes revive without offence,
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Then when the next Lord Bishop there did come, For to succeed the Lord Arch-bishops room, Thats now, in my behalf, my Master spake To him, who nobly for my Masters sake The like Commission caufed to be made For me, his assistance had, and aid, Then with my men Gods house I did adorn, Although before I seemd as one forlorn, But riding on the Sabbath day againe, My soule and conscience grieved, and did complain Against my heart, God now the umpire is Who will not suffer man to doe amisse, Then as I rid I thus resolved the doubt, It is Gods house which makes me ride about, Therefore I know I doe not God offend, With that my heart did faine, because the end Was for my gaine, and not to rectifie The house of God, which I did beautifie, Then my Commission close two yeeres I ftaid, Because my greedy heart made me dismayd, My wife being then with Child, that night when she Did hope by her account, her Child to see, At midnight the fell in a shivering fit Whom I awak and askt the caufe of it, This night faith she when I expected eate, My spirit or guardian angel, which you please, To me did speake, whereat I was affrighted, Thineke not (its saied) that you shall ye be lighted.

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

On All Saints day God hath decreed that you Shall then be brought to bed, alas its now Full six weeks hence, (faith it) alas that I Must so long yet endure this misery, Yet this Gods will he said, his name ile praise, His will be done, he hath prolongd my days. Then in the morn the heart of grace did take, All griefes, all fear distress she did forsake, On All Saints eve her labour then began, Sad gripes and throwes in every part did run, But by the breake of day on that blest mornie That followed next, a man child she had borne Into the world, wherefore he prayd the Lord, Blessing his name who hath performed his word, With her, and said I most unworthy am To know thy will or call upon thy name, Then I another course of life did undertake, And for a time all painting did forsake, Because a friend of mine was Sherif there, And his Recorder made me for that yeare, I by that place experience still did gaine, There I with credit did my charge mainaine, My son by promisce by my wives relation, God blest with vertue, beyond expectation He being a twelvemonth old or somewhat more, His mother dreamd againe as heretofore, When Missrs Mrs. Wife of Brecknock Priory lay Molt dangerous sick, expectying every day
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

The time she would this wretched life depart,
Caufe all Physicians sayd with skill and Art,
To cure her long diseased, yet if she playd
With her young child, a voice unto her said,
She should be eas'd of each sick tedious fit,
But wish'd my household not to speake of it,
Left she should there be made a laughing stocke,
For dreames are fancies which doe most men mocke:
Still Missesse Pri'se lay sick as heretofore,
After that time a moneth I know and more,
About which time my wife did ride to see
Her mother, friends and kindred, God's decree
That more she went from home one privately
Reveal'd her dreame, but told it secretly
To Missesse Pri'se, who for my child did send
To see if after that her griefe would end,
The child being brought to her, with him she playd
And him Physitian cal'd, but thus the pray'd,
Lord if it be thy will that I shall live,
And hast ordain'd this, meanes I prai'ed give,
Unto thy sacred name, for this thy love,
Bless this sweet child with grace, that he may prove
Thy servant here on earth, and in the end,
Make his sweet foile unto thy Throne ascend.
After the child's being there she mended still,
And did recover her health, God's sacred will,
His mother scarse a week; from home did stay,
After the child with Missesse Pri'se did play,
But God was pleas'd before my wife came home,
To make my Missesse walke about her roomes:

Then God restor'd her to her health againe,
And ever since in health she doth remaine,
She can declare the truth which I have Writ,
To shew the gift of God I thought most fit,
Having new discharge'd in Brecknock shire,
The Shire-Clerks place, which held but for a yeere,
It pleas'd the Judges there my will to grace
And did confer on me another place,
They made me an Attorney at th'Affair,
Which office there my fortunes did not rise,
Because my Clyants they were Welsh-men bred,
And when they speake, I knew not what they said,
Then I a Prentise tooke and thought it fit,
To teach him all things that was requisite,
But when I found he Welsh and English spake,
I thought with him I shoulde profit make,
If he and I with my Commission went
T'adorne the House of God; then my intent
And purpose I began, yet still I pray'd
My God, my Lord, who made my foule affraid,
T'assist my good desire, Lord send me skill
Again t'adorne thy house, he knew my will,
He was my ayd, though he chaftised me,
He makes me cautious of his blest decree,
Though I did once prophan his day of rest,
Henceforth I hope to observe his Sabbath blest,
For on that day within his sacred Booke,
My heart and soule for profit there shall looke,
His grace and favour I have found againe,
He with his blessings doth my life sustaine.
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Still he is pleas’d to affict me with his grace,
Which doth my mind content in every place,
Yet every day my sorrows did encrease,
Because my special friends did still decrease,
Death strikes them here too fast, ah me I grieve,
To see strong oakes cast downe and brambles live
Then when I left my Church-woke every night,
I still would take a pen, and thus did write.
Woe Painters erre to picture death till blind,
For I observe he fees the best to find,
But meagre death thy Dart hath done them good,
Thrice happier they wherein thy sting hath fiowd,
Thou art deceiv’d, their soules to heaven flye,
Though in the earth their bodies rotting lye,
Thy ghastly pale grim face makes friends to weep,
When thy sharpe dart makes friends in earth to sleep,
Yet nought thou canst with all thy hate or love,
Sav’ what’s decreed by that three-one above,
Then let me spare to rave and be content,
He is commanded by th’ Omnipotent:
He doth command the world, and him also,
Therefore let us prepare with death to go,
Let those alas who too oft have flood,
Mote for the Church-gods then the Churches good,
Repent and grieve for it with awfull feare,
Praying his name who doth his rod forbear,
And let those great ones next who seem so strong,
Can hardly offer right or suffer wrong:
Let them with humble hearts and soules confesse,
That heretofore they weakely did transgresse;

A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

Let every one make privie search within,
And with repentance root out damned sin,
Let’s firmly love, yea with a tender heart,
All envious, malice, discord set apart,
Such sins as those, and others not much lese,
Is th’only cause of griefe and heavinesse,
Twas not their sins alone which bred our woes,
But ours with theirs, and many sinners mo,
We are the cause alas, as well as they,
For which our friends do prone do rot in clay,
We oft speake faire and love it dayly fain,
Gold some doe make their God, ungodly gain’d,
When men grow rich they then grow insolent,
Scorning the poore and harmelefe innocent,
Gods wrath we doe provoke, he oft doth threat,
With bitter tears let’s humbly him intreat,
To save the reit, and turne his wrath away,
Oh! turne us Lord, I’m bold my selfe to pray,
For, for our sins, and for our wicked crimes,
Thou tak’st it away the godly oftentimes:
God takes from us in my conceit the best,
My faithfull friends with death he did arrest,
Thus I my heart did eafe at idle times,
With making such unpleaunt doeful lines,
Six sheets of paper closly did I write,
The more I griev’d bewailed the more I might,
Of them I onely here have given a touch,
To Critics cares I know its too too much:
Therefore I cleafe, and hold on my discourse.
In praise of God, which may perhaps seeme worse.
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

To them, when I had gone through Brecknockshire, And painted most of all the Churches there, My Pretence did desire his friends to see, And with his father rid to Munmgom'ry, That day from Herefordshire a message came, To me, (and said, that there God spread my fame) I thither must make haste without delay, And there resolve a moneth or two to stay, To teach young Gentlemen to write with speed, Whom Doctor Rogers in his house did breed, To them I went, where I did find such love, As if the powers divine had from above Decreed, that to my native place I must return, And for the good of others am I borne. My Pretence then return'd to me no more, Wherefore my Church Commission I gave o'er, Now was my first borne son on All Saints day Just five years old; and as my friends did say, About that time, the day, the house of his birth, His blessed soule forfooke this mortal earth, Then on the morrow when I heard that news, I came unto my house where I did live, To like patient mind, and prayer's d the Lord, Not doubting but his mercy would afford me grace to be content, then did I write and make this Epitaph, his fathers grave: On All Saints day thou didst draw vital breath, On All Saints day God took for thee by death On All Saints morn twas five yeeres since that time, Thou first unto thy mothers papes did climb.

God cald thee hence; twice all the Saints did show, Thou wast a jewel which God himselfe did owe, God did decree that all the Saints should bring Thee to the earth, and fetch thee to their King, Who so is borne to day and dyes to morrow, Looseth few dayes of mirth but moneths of sorrow. Then when some mournfull dayes for him were past To Herefordshire againe I did make haste, Unto my Schollers there; but by the way I at a zealous house was forc't to stay, While five that Doctor did instruct, and I Their want in th'Arte of writing did supply; And as I backe returned home againe, At that religious house, I did remaine All night, and on the Sabbath day I went From thence (unknowne) because I would prevent The time, for riding to and fro so far, My expectation did seeme to bar, But when I came to them againe I heard, A mild discourse which made my soule affect: Caufe I againe had trespast on Gods day, For which offence I wept, and thus did pray, Be pleased O Lord to make me recompence, My weake desire and wilfull ignorance, With zele devout, Lord shield me every where, From bold presumption, griefe, despair, and fear; Then as through Hereford I often past, The Free Schoole-Master, and his friends at last, With many a Towne-man there did speake to me, That in their City I sometimes would be
A warning for Sabbath-breakers.

To teach to write. For in your native Towne
 Said they, where you once liv'd, your fame is blowne,
 Their kind perfusion foote impressin tooke,
 In me, not Wales I instantly forsooke
 And all preferment there; to Hereford
 I came, whose Church and Colledge will afford,
 A pensive man true comfort in distress,
 True food for soules and men in heaviness.
 Now in this City can I scarcely gaine
 Sufficient meane, yet doe I still maintaine
 My selfe, my family, taxation pay,
 And all God sends, to whom I fast and pray.
 Grant me thy grace O God, contentment still,
 LORD my ambition is to doe thy will,
 Thou know'st that's all the wealth I wish on earth,
 Which is thy gracious gift (my second birth.)
 My heart, my soule shall on my God relie,
 His name I bleffe, I praise, I magnifie,
 Which is the cause that I this Mite have writ,
 To shew my zeal, but not to blaze my wit
 Which is but weake, a Trade-man weake I am,
 Whom Christ I hope hath cald to adore his name.

The Prayer.

O Lord God everlasting, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth glorious, holy and mercifull art thou in all thy works, of thy goodness and mercy thou mad'st me of the dust of the earth, breathing in me the breath of life, to the intent I should continually serve thee, but I a miserable and wretched sinner, following the steps of my first parents, transgressed thy commandements, and have beene often inveigled by the world, the flesh and the devil to break my Sabbath, for which my conscience persuades me (by many infallible reasons) that thou in mercy hast afflicteth me for the same, yet upon my weak humility thou wast pleased (after thy chastisement) to comfort my heart with the remembrance of thy fatherly love declared in thy sacred word, for thou caused'st shine upon Son Christ Jesus to descend from thy throne of Majesty into this vale of woe and misery, who became as it were a sinfull man and suffered the most for all the death of the Cross for my sins, and for the sinner, of all mankind, be being just and righteous; nevertheless I still erred and provoked thy wrath and indignation against me, yet in mercy thou hast assisted time for my sins and offences, piercing my conscience for prophaning thy Sabbath, for which thou mightest justly have consummated, and rooted me out from the face of the earth, but thy mercy oversrayed thy justice, for thou sparedst my life when all that saw me or heard of me said I was either dead, or past hopes of recovery, verisfying in me the Apostles words, This is the Lords doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes, and what say the Servant David said is true in me. Lord thou hast chastised and corrected me, but hast not given me
A Prayer, &c.

me over to death; therefore my heart and soul and all my vital spirits shall magnify thy great name, beseeching thee for Jesus Christ's sake, if it be thy blessed will and pleasure, to restore me to my former strength, peace, health, memory and faculties, that I may hereafter walke faithfully before thee, all the days of this my earthly pilgrimage, doing, and performing diligently (with faith, hope and zeal) those things which thou commandest me, blemishing from my heart presumption and despair. Lord forgive me my former sins and iniquities which I ungraciously (and partly through ignorance) have committed against thee. Thou knowest O God my simplicity, and what I need, better than I can ask or crave, therefore in all humility I refer my will to thy blessed pleasure, beseeching thee O most gracious Father to continue, multiply and increase thy love and favour bestowed on me, that I never offend thee in thought, word, deed, or consent, and when it shall please thee to call for this myretched body out of this miserable world, that my Saviour may present it spotless unto thee amongst thine elect, notwithstanding the wickednes of my corrupt nature: which blessing I humbly beg at thy merciful hands for the merits of thy only Son Christ Jesus my Saviour, redeemer, and advocate. O immortal, eternal, and everlasting God, from the bottom of my heart and soul I bless, magnify and adore thy sacred name, beseeching thee again and again for Jesus Christ's sake, to accept of these my humble petitions, although my bands are not able to write, nor heart conceive the praises due unto thee. Wherefore can any tongue declare thy love, goodness, and mercy? Wherefore I conclude this my humble desire, praise, and thanksgiving with that absolute prayer which thy Son my advocate Jesus Christ hath taught us saying, Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

FINIS.