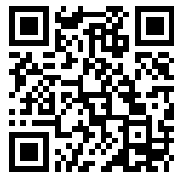

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W O R D
 TO A
 PROTESTANT.

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The EIGHTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

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A W O R D T O A P R O T E S T A N T.

DON'T you call yourself a *Protestant*? Why so? Do you know what the Word means? What is a *Protestant*? I suppose you mean, one that is not a *Papist*? But what is a *Papist*? If you don't know, say so. Acknowledge you cannot tell. Is not this the Case? You call yourself a *Protestant*: But you don't know what a *Protestant* is. You talk against *Papists*: And yet neither do you know what a *Papist* is. Why do you *pretend* then to the Knowledge which you have not? Why do you use Words which you don't understand?

2. Are you desirous to know what these Words, *Papist* and *Protestant* mean? A *Papist* is one who holds the *Pope*, or Bishop of *Rome* (the Name *Papa*, that is *Father*, was formerly given to all Bishops) to be Head of the whole Christian Church: And the Church of *Rome*, or that which owns the *Pope* as their Head, to be the only Christian Church.

3. In a Course of Years, many Errors crept into this Church, of which good Men complain'd from Time to Time. At last, about two hundred Years ago, the *Pope* appointed many Bishops and others to meet at a Town in *Germany*, called *Trent*. But these, instead of amending those Errors, establish'd them all by a Law, and so delivered them down, to all succeeding Generations.

4. Among these Errors may be number'd, their Doctrine of Seven Sacraments; of Transubstantiation; of Communion in one Kind only; of Purgatory, and praying for the Dead therein; of Veneration of Relicks, and of Indulgences, or Pardons granted by the *Pope*, and to be bought for Money.

It is thought by some, that these Errors, great as they are, do only defile the Purity of Christianity : But it is sure, the following strike at its very Root, and tend to banish True Religion out of the World.

5. First, The Doctrine of *Merit*. The very Foundation of Christianity is, that a Man can *merit* nothing of God : That we are justified freely by his Grace, through the Redemption that is in Jesus Christ : Not for any of our Works, or of our Deservings ; but by Faith in the Blood of the Covenant.

But the *Papists* hold, That a Man may by his Works *merit* or deserve Eternal Life ; and that we are justified, not by Faith in Christ alone, but by Faith and Works together.

This Doctrine strikes at the Root of Christian Faith, the only Foundation of True Religion.

6. Secondly, The Doctrine of *Praying* to Saints and *Worshipping* of Images. To the Virgin *Mary* they pray in those Words ; “ O Mother of God, O Queen of Heaven, command thy Son to have Mercy upon us.” And, “ The Right Use of Images, says the Council of *Trent*, “ is to honour them, by *bowing down* before them.” *Seff. 25. Par. 2.*

This Doctrine strikes at the Root of that great Commandment, (which the *Papists* call the First) *Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them, i. e. not any Image whatsoever.* It is gross, open, palpable *Idolatry*, such as can neither be denied, nor excused ; and tends directly to destroy the Love of God, which is indeed the First and Great Commandment.

7. Thirdly, The Doctrine of *Persecution*. This has been for many Ages a favourite Doctrine of the Church of *Rome*. And the *Papists* in general still maintain, That “ all Hereticks (that is, all who differ from them) ought to be *compell'd* to receive what they call the “ *True Faith* ; to be *forced* into the Church, or out of “ the World.”

Now this strikes at the Root of, and utterly tears up, the Second Great Commandment. It directly tends to bring in blind, bitter Zeal ; Anger, Hatred, Malice, *Variance* ; every Temper, Word and Work that is just contrary to the loving our Neighbour as our selves.

So plain it is, that these Grand *Papish* Doctrines of *Merit*, *Idolatry* and *Persecution*, by destroying both Faith and the Love of God and of our Neighbour, tend to banish True Christianity out of the World.

8. Well might our Forefathers *protest* against these : And hence it was that they were called *Protestants* : Even because they publicly *protested*, as against all the Errors of the *Papists*, so against these Three in particular : The making void Christian Faith, by holding that Man may *merit* Heaven by his own Works ; the overthrowing the Love of God by *Idolatry*, and the Love of our Neighbour by *Persecution*.

Are you then a *Protestant*, truly so called ? Do you *protest*, as against all the rest, so in particular, against these three grand, fundamental Errors of *Papery* ? Do you publicly *protest* against all *Merit* in Man ? All *Salvation* by our own *Works* ? Against all *Idolatry* of every Sort ? And against every Kind and Degree of *Persecution*.

I question not but you do. You *publicly protest* against all these horrible Errors of *Papery*. But does your Heart agree with your Lips ? Do you not *inwardly* cherish what you *outwardly* renounce ? 'Tis well, if you, who cry out so much against *Papists*, are not one *yourself*. 'Tis well if you are not *yourself* (as little as you may think it) a rank *Papist* at the Heart.

9. For, first, How do you hope to be saved ? By " doing thus and thus ? By doing no Harm, and paying every Man his own, and saying your Prayers, " and going to Church and Sacrament ? " Alas ! alas ! Now you have thrown off the Mask. This is *Papery* barefaced. You may just as well speak plain, and say, " I trust to be saved by the *Merit* of my own Works." But where is CHRIST all this time ? Why, he is not to come in, till you get to the End of your *Prayers*, And then you will say, for JESUS CHRIST's Sake, — because so it stands in your Book. O my Friend, your very Foundation is *Papish*. You seek Salvation by your own *Works*. You trample upon the *Blood of the Covenant*. And what can a poor *Papist* do more ?

10. But let us go on. Are you clear of *Idolatry* any more than the *Papists* are ? It may be indeed your

yours is in a different Way. But how little does that signify? They set up their Idols in their *Churches*: You set up yours in your *Heart*. Their Idols are only cover'd with Gold or Silver: But yours is *solid Gold*. They worship the Picture of the Queen of Heaven; you, the Picture of the Queen or King of England. In another Way, they idolize a dead Man or Woman; whereas your Idol is yet alive. O how little is the Difference before GOD? How small Preheminence has the Money-Worshipper at London, over the Image-Worshipper at Rome? Or the Idolizer of a living Sinner over him that prays to a dead Saint?

11. Take one Step further, Does the *Papist* abroad persecute? Does he force another Man's Conscience? So does the *Papist* at home, as far as he can; for all he calls himself a *Protestant*? Will the Man in *Italy* tolerate no Opinion but his own? No more, if he could help it, would the Man in *England*. Would you? Don't you think the Government much overseen, in bearing any but those of the *Church*? Don't you wish, they would put down such and such People? You know what you would do, if you was in their Place.—And by the very same Spirit, you would continue the Inquisition at *Rome*, and rekindle the Fires in *Smithfield*.

12. It is because our Nation is over-run with such *Protestants*, who are full of their own *Good Deservings*, as well as of abominable *Idolatry*, and of blind, fiery Zeal, of the whole Spirit of *Persecution*; that the Sword of GOD, the great, the just, the jealous GOD is even now drawn in our Land: That the Armies of the Aliens are hovering over it, as a Vulture over his Prey; and that the open *Papists* are on the very Point of swallowing up the pretended *Protestants*.

13. Do you desire to escape the Scourge of GOD? Then I intreat you, first, Be a *Real Protestant*. By the Spirit of GOD assisting you (for without him you know you can do nothing) cast away all that *Trust* in your own Righteousness, all Hope of being saved by your own Works. Own, your *Merit* is everlasting Damnation;

tion; that you *deserve* the Damnation of Hell. Humble yourself under the mighty Hand of GOD. Lie in the Dust. Let your Mouth be stopt. And let all your Confidence be in the *Blood of Sprinkling*; all your Hope in JESUS CHRIST *the Righteous*; all your Faith in *him that justifieth the Ungodly, through the Redemption that is in JESUS.*

O put away your *Idols* out of your Heart. *Love not the World, neither the Things of the World.* Having Food to eat and Raiment to put on, be content: Desire nothing more but GOD. To-day, hear his Voice, who continually cries, *My Son, give me thy Heart.* Give yourself to him, who gave himself for you. May you love GOD, as he has loved us! Let him be your Desire, your Delight, your Joy, your Portion, in Time and in Eternity.

And if you love GOD, you *will* love your Brother also: You will be ready to lay down your Life for his Sake: So far from any Desire to take away his Life, or to hurt a Hair of his Head. You will then leave his *Conscience* uncontrouled; you will no more think of *forcing* him into your own Opinions, as neither can he force you, to judge by *his* Conscience. But each shall give an *Account of himself to GOD.*

14. It is true, if his Conscience be misinformed, you should endeavour to inform him better. But whatever you do, let it be done in Charity, in Love and Meekness of Wisdom. Be zealous for GOD: But remember, that *the Wrath of Man worketh not the Righteousness of GOD*: That angry Zeal, tho' opposing Sin, is the Servant of Sin; that true Zeal is only the Flame of Love. Let this be your truly *Protestant Zeal*: While you abhor every Kind and Degree of *Persecution*, let your Heart burn with Love to all Mankind, to Friends and Enemies, Neighbours and Strangers; to Christians, Heathens, Jews, Turks, Papists, Heretics; to every Soul which GOD hath made. *Let this your Light shine before Men, that they may glorify your Father which is in Heaven.*

F I N I S.

H Y M N I.

I.

WHERE have I been so long
Fast bound in Sin and Night?
Mix'd with the blind self-righteous Throng,
Who hate the Sons of Light?

II.

O how shall I presume,
Jesus, to call on thee,
Sunk in the lowest Dregs of Rome,
The worst Idolatry.

III.

A Stranger to thy Grace
Long have I labour'd, Lord,
To stablish my own Righteousness,
And been what I abhor'd.

IV.

Foe to the Popish Boast,
No *Merit* was in me,
Yet in my Works I put my Trust,
And not *alone* in Thee.

V.

For Works that I had wrought
I look'd to be forgiven,
And by my virtuous Tempers thought
At last to purchase Heaven.

VI.

Or if I needed still
The Help of Grace divine,
Thy Merits should come in to fill
The small Defects of mine.

VII.

Alas! I knew not then
Thou only didst atone
For all the sinful Sons of Men,
And purge our Guilt alone ;

VIII.

Didst shed thy Blood to pay
The all-sufficient Price,
And bear the World's Offence away
By thy great Sacrifice.

IX.

But, O! my dying God,
By Thee convinc'd at last,
My Soul on that atoning Blood,
On that *alone* I cast.

X.

I dare no longer trust
In ought I do or feel,
But own, while humbled in the Dust,
My whole Desert is Hell.

XI.

My Works and Righteousness,
I cast them all away ;
Me, Lord, Thou frankly must release,
For I have nought to pay.

XII.

Not one good Word or Thought
I to thy Merits join,
But humbly take the Gift unbought,
The Righteousness Divine.

XIII.

XIII.

My Faith is all in Thee,
 My *only* Hope thou'art,
 The Pardon thou hast bought for me,
 Engrave it on my Heart.

XIV.

The Blood by Faith apply'd,
 O let it now take place,
 And speak me freely justify'd,
 And fully fav'd thro' Grace.

HYMN II.

I.

FORGIVE me, O thou jealous God,
 A Wretch who on thy Laws have trod,
 And robb'd Thee of thy Right,
 A Sinner to myself unknown,
 'Gainst Thee I have transgress'd and done
 This Evil in thy Sight.

II.

My Body I disdain'd t' incline,
 Or worship at an Idol's Shrine
 With *gross* Idolatry :
 But O! my Soul hath baser prov'd,
 Honour'd, and fear'd, and serv'd, and lov'd,
 The Creature more than Thee.

III.

Let the blind Sons of *Rome* bow down
 To Images of Wood and Stone ;
 But I with subtler Art,
 Safe from the *Letter* of thy Word,
 My Idols secretly ador'd,
 Set up within my Heart.

IV.

But O! suffice the Season past,
 My Idols now away I cast,
 Pleasure, and Wealth, and Fame,
 The World and all its Goods I leave,
 To Thee alone resolv'd to give
 Whate'er I have, or am.

Handwritten:
 O thou jealous God
 I have robb'd thee
 of thy right
 I have done
 this evil
 in thy sight
 I have
 transgress'd
 and done
 this evil
 in thy sight
 I have
 robb'd thee
 of thy right
 I have
 done
 this evil
 in thy sight
 I have
 transgress'd
 and done
 this evil
 in thy sight

V.

Lo! in a thankful loving Heart
 I render Thee whate'er *Thou* art,
 I give Thyself to Thee ;
 And Thee my whole Delight I own,
 My Joy, my Glory, and my Crown,
 To all Eternity.

H Y M N III.

I.

O Thou who seest what is in Man,
 And shew'st myself to me,
 Suffer a Sinner to complain,
 And groan his Grievs to Thee.

II.

A Sinner that has cloak'd his Shame
 With self-deceiving Art,
 Thy Worshipper *reform'd* in Name,
 But unrenew'd in Heart.

III.

The Servants most unlike their Lord
 How oft did I condemn,
 The Persecuting Church abhorr'd,
 Nor saw myself in them.

IV.

The Spirit of my Foes I caught,
 The angry bitter Zeal,
 And fierce for my own Party fought,
 And breath'd the Fire of Hell.

V.

Threatnings I did and Slaughter breathe,
 (The Flail of Heresy)
 And doom the Sects to Bonds or Death
 Who did not think with me.

VI.

To propagate the Truth I fought
 With Fury and Despite,
 And in my Zeal for *Israel* fought,
 To slay the *Gibeonite*.

VII.

" The Temple of the Lord are we,"
 And all that dar'd deny,
 I would not leave their Conscience free,
 But force them to comply.

VIII.

With wholesome Discipline severe
 To conquer them I strove,
 And drive into the Pale thro' Fear
 Who would not come thro' Love.

IX.

How vainly then the Zealots blind
 Of *Rome* I did disclaim,
 Still to the Church of Satan join'd,
 And diff'ring but in Name!

X.

How could I, Lord, myself deceive,
 While *unreform'd* within,
 Protest against their Creed, and cleave
 I he closer to their Sin?

XI.

Their foulest Sin my own I made,
 (And humbly now confess)
 While by my Anger I essay'd
 To work thy Righteousness.

XII.

A Murderer convict I come,
 My Vileness to bewail,
 By Nature *born* a Son of *Rome*,
 A Child of Wrath and Hell.

XIII.

Lord, I at last recant, reject,
 (Thro' Jesus Strength alone)
 The Madnèss of the *Romish* Sect,
 The *Madness* of my own.

XIV.

Lord, I abhor, renounce, abjure
 The fiery Sp'rit unclean,
 The persecuting Zeal impure,
 The Sin-oppoſing Sin.

XV.

XV.

Let others draw with fierce Despite
 The persecuting Sword,
 And with the Devil's Weapons fight,
 The Battles of the Lord ;

XVI.

But O! my gracious GOD, to me
 A better Mind impart,
 The gentle Mind that was in Thee,
 The meekly loving Heart.

XVII.

The Heart whose Charity o'erflows
 To all far off and near,
 True Charity to Friends and Foes,
 Impartially sincere.

XVIII.

Heathens, and Jews, and Turks, may I
 And Hereticks embrace ;
 Nor ev'n to *Rome* the Love deny
 I owe to all the Race.

F I N I S.



