

SATAN'S DECOY,

OR THE

Youth's Faith in Christ.

showing how a Merchant's Son, of the City of Bristol, was attacked in the fields as he went to Ringwood School, by a man in black clothes, whom he found out to be the Devil, and how the Fiend tempted him with a purse of Gold, and other allurements but in vain, when at last he vanished in a flash of fire.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

TWO OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.



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SATAN'S DECOY.

Ye vicious youths a while I pray draw near,
A pious pattern I have for you here,
If you will but observe what I have penn'd,
You'll gain a crown of glory in the end.

'Tis of a youth eleven years of age,
A merchant's Son of Bristol, as 'tis said,
Who in his learning did take great delight,
And made it all his study day and night.

He was a comfort to his parents dear,
Who brought him the Lord of life to fear,
A youth he was so comely meek and mild,
His parents they were blest with such a child.

As he to school one morning took his way,
Over a field, where flowers grew so gay,
All of a sudden he a man did meet,
Dress'd all in black who did him kindly greet.

He said, my loving youth, where now so soon,
The child said, sir, I'm going straight to school,
To fit myself my maker for to serve,
For from his strict commands I ne'er will swerve.

The devil then made this reply,
 Such foolish talk as this I pray lay by ;
 In yonder village there is kept a fair,
 And if you'll go a show you will see there.

No, sir, I beg that you will me excuse,
 To go with you indeed I must refuse,
 Besides a stranger, sir, you are to me,
 Your conversation won't with me agree.

You talk as if you did not better know,
 Of having me to see a gallant show,
 For, if my learning I neglect at school,
 I surely should be taken for a fool.

Then Satan said, my lovely youth so fair,
 Will you the pleasure of the world forbear ;
 The child replied, I needs must tell you plain,
 That all your talk to me it is in vain.

Then finding he could no impression make,
 Upon this he did immediately take,
 Out of his pocket, a large purse of gold,
 Saying here, my pretty boy, here this behold,

All this I do intend to give to thee,
 If unto my advice you will agree,
 I'd have you take your pleasure while you're here,
 And never think so much of worldly care.

It is a pity such a youth as you,
Should be debarred his pastime to pursue,
But always be confin'd to go to school,
It is enough to make a child a fool.

Be ruled by me and go to balls and plays,
And take your pleasure in your youthful days,
Ne'er spend your time as you till now have done,
For if you do, you'll into sorrow run.

Money at your command you still shall have,
And all things else that you desire or crave,
You nothing here shall want while on the earth,
So never take thought of what comes after death.

The child replied, I can't think who you be,
That now has given such bad advice to me,
Surely you do not think there is a God,
Your speech to me it seems so very odd.

What pleasure can I take more than I do,
The gospel of the Lord I will pursue;
To serve my master is my whole delight,
And strive to walk within the paths of light-

At last he happens to cast down his eyes,
And Satan's cloven feet he then espies,
At which he was not daunted in the least,
But to reprove him, sternly to him says.

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You've mist your aim, your ends you shant obtain,
Of me, for all your subtle snares are vain ;
You're like a lion seeking to devour,
But over me you shall not have your power.

At this the devil gave a horrid look,
And in a flash of fire the fields forsook ;
This heavenly youth he then knelt down to pray,
And when he'd done to school he took his way.

Almighty and ever living God, who did suffer thine only son to be tempted by the devil, in the wilderness, after he had fasted forty days and forty nights ; and as thou hast been pleased at this time to defend me from his snares and subtilty, to rule my heart so that I was enabled to withstand all his temptations. I return thee humble and hearty thanks for the same, for which I hope I shall find rest at the last day ; and give thanks to my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Amen.

His master said I pray where have you run,
That you no sooner unto school do come,
You did not use to stay so long from me,
Tell me the reason, pray, now instantly.

The reason that I from the school did stay,
When from my father's house I took my way,
I met the devil in the shape of a man,
Dressed in black, who unto me did run.

He asked me whither I was going so soon,
 I made him an answer, no where but to school,
 The fittest place for such a youth as I,
 But with my reasoning he would not comply.

He fain would have me go unto a fair,
 Saying it was better than to come here,
 Which I refused, and for it him reprov'd,
 Saying such things are what I never lov'd.

Then finding that he could not me entice,
 Out of his pocket he pulled in a trice,
 A purse of gold, which he offered unto me,
 If I to his advice would but agree.

But all his wicke^d snares they were in vain,
 I told him a just God in heaven did reign,
 Whom I should serve as long as I had life,
 And all such vain discourse I'd banish quite.

I told him what our Saviour dear,
 Had suffered for us sinful mortals here,
 All for to save the precious souls of men,
 I said you'd have me crucify my Lord again.

By advising me to shun God's heavenly grace,
 You'd have me run a sinful wicked race,
 As other children in this world have done,
 And dattly do, but there at last will come.

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A reckoning day, which for it they must pay,
So now this vain discourse forbear I pray;
Then I said, sir, though I'm but a youth,
You'll find what I have told you is the truth.

But still persisted that it was the best,
To follow worldly pleasures while here on earth,
I little thinking who it was so nigh,
Till at last his cloven feet I did espy.

At which I was not daunted in the least,
But did begin to upbraid him to his face;
I said, you old deceiver of mankind,
Begone from me, no prey you here will find.

For all your subtle snares I do defy,
Your shining gold will not make me comply,
I prize my soul, into a better state,
Than you can purchase, for my Saviour's sake.

Which words being said he gave me a grim look,
And in a flash of fire forsook the fields,
He being vanished I fell down to pray.
Unto the Lord. When being done I came away.

His master when he heard what he had said,
Cried out there is but few in this sad age,
That ever will the conduct have to shun,
The snares of Satan as you have done.

Ye youths who are around, pray warning take,
 And like this child all wickedness forsake,
 Serve God, likewise obey your parents dear,
 Then you the snares of Satan need not fear.

Blessed be thou, Almighty and everlasting God, who
 hast redeemed us, and given us grace to withstand the
 many snares and temptations of the devil. We humbly
 beseech thee, to keep us from all evil thoughts and vain
 desires, so that whatsoever we do may contribute to thy
 honour and glory, and we, thy servants may be henceforth
 defended by thy mighty power, from all assaults of our
 enemies, and this we beg for the sake of Jesus Christ.
 Amen.

FINIS.