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FROM JOHN BUNYAN'S LINES ON WATCHFULNESS AGAINST SIN.

Sin, if thou wilt believe it, will accuse
 What is not hurtful, and itself excuse;
 'Twill make a vice of virtue, and 'twill say
 Good is destructive, doth men's souls betray;
 'Twill make a law, where God has made men free,
 And break those laws by which men bounded be.
 Look to thyself, then; keep it out of door;
 Thee 'twould entangle and enlarge thy score.

Sin, once possessed of thy poor heart, will play
 The tyrant—force its vassal to obey;
 'Twill make thee thine own happiness oppose,
 And offer open violence to those
 That love thee best; yea, make thee to defy
 The law and counsel of the Deity.
 Beware, then; keep this tyrant out of door,
 Lest thou be his and so thine own no more.

No match has sin but God in all the world,
 Men, angels has it from their stations hurled;
 Holds them in chains as captives in despite;
 Of all that here below is called night,
 Release, help, freedom from it none can give
 But even lie by whom we breathe and live.
 Watch, therefore; keep this giant out of door;
 Lest, if once in, thou get him out no more.

Fools make a mock at sin—will not believe
 It carries such a dagger in its sleeve.
 "Nor can it be," say they, "that such a thing,
 So full of sweetness, should e'er wear a sting
 They know not that it is the very spell
 Of sin to make men laugh themselves;
 Look to thyself, then; deal with; in no more
 Lest He that saves against thee shut the door.