

WAR with the DEVIL:  
OR THE  
YOUNG MAN'S CONFLICT  
WITH THE  
POWERS of DARKNESS.

In a DIALOGUE.

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth; the Horrible Nature of Sin, and deplorable Condition of Fallen Man: Also a Definition, Power, and Rule of Conscience, and the Nature of True Conversion.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An Appendix, containing a Dialogue between an Old Apostate, and a Young Professor. Worthy the Perusal of All, but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger Sort.

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THE TWENTY-SECOND EDITION.

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By B. KEACH, Author of *Sion in Distress; or The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

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*Psal. cxix. v. 9. Wherewithal shall a Young Man cleanse his Way? By taking Heed thereto according to thy Word.*

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Licensed and Entered according to Order.

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TO the READER, in Vindication of  
this B O O K.

ONE or two Lines to thee I'll here commend,  
This honest POEM briefly to defend  
From Calumny, because that at this Day  
All Poetry there's many do gainſay,  
And very much condemn; as if the ſame  
Did worthily deſerve Reproach and Blame.  
If any Book in Verſe they chance t'eſpy,  
Away, profane! they preſently do cry.  
But tho' this kind of Writing ſome diſpraiſe,  
Since Men ſo captious are in theſe our Days,  
Yet I dare ſay, howe'er this Scruple 'roſe,  
Verſe has expreſt as Sacred Things as Proſe:  
Tho' ſome there be that Poetry abuſe,  
Muſt we not therefore the ſame Method uſe?  
Yea, ſure; for in my Conſcience it is beſt,  
And doth deſerve more Honour than the reſt;  
For, 'tis no human Knowledge gain'd by Art,  
But rather, 'tis inspir'd into the Heart  
By Means Divine, for true Divinity  
Hath with this Science great Affinity.  
Tho' ſome thro' Ignorance do it oppoſe,  
Many do it eſteem far more than Proſe,  
And find alſo that unto them it brings  
Content, and hath been the Delight of Kings.  
*David*, altho' a King, yet was a Poet,  
And *Solomon* alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it.  
Then what if for all this ſome ſhould abaſe it,  
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.  
Tho' God doth give't here but in part to ſome,  
Saints ſhall have it perfect in the World to come



*By a Friend, in Praise of these POEMS.*

**M**Y Muse is dull; altho' I have a Will  
 This Book for to commend, I want the Skill.  
 I know not how its Worth for to declare;  
 Few Poems doubtless may with it compare.  
 The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake  
 Before it drops into the fiery Lake;  
 There's very few upon the Earth do live;  
 But might from hence some Benefit receive:  
 For tho' it is brought forth in this our Clime,  
 Yet 'twill agree with every Place and Time.  
 Its Message is of such a large Extent,  
 It may in Truth to all the World be sent:  
 To Male and Female, high and low Degree,  
 He speaks a Word, to Bond as well as Free;  
 All in whom *Conscience* dwells, he lets them see  
*Conscience's* great Power and Authority. [Had,  
 When Heav'n's hot Thunderbolt with Fire and  
 Made Egypt's mighty Monarch's Courage fail,