

THE  
SEED-SPILLERS  
CONFOUNDED;

OR,

The Miserable Estate of Those Vn-  
watchfull at the Great Appearing

OF THE

LORD CHRIST JESUS,

Who Being Found in the Act of Vnclea-  
neemese, Shall Seeke to Hide Their  
Shame amongst the Fig-Leaves  
of Desperation:

Wherein is Set Forth the Certain Damnation  
of Them, Whose Hands Testifie Against  
Them, and the Unspeakable Folly of  
Emitting that which thould have  
been kept in the Covenant.

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By EZEKIEL THRUSTWELL,  
A Watchman aboue the Walles of ZION.

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TELEGRAM,

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**THE SEED-SPILLERS CONFOUNDED; or, The Miserable Estate of Those Unwatchful at the Great Appearing of the LORD CHRIST JESUS, Who Being Found in the Act of Uncleanness, Shall Seek to Hide Their Shame Amongst the Fig-Leaves of Desperation: Wherein is Set Forth the Certain Damnation of Them Whose Hands Testify Against Them, and the Unspeakable Folly of Emitting That Which Should Have Been Kept in the Covenant.**

*By Ezekiel Thrustwell, A Watchman Upon the Wall of Zion.*

Know, O Reader, that as the Cock croweth thrice and the foolish Virgins trim not their Lamps, so likewise the Sons of Adam neglect their Vessels, and in the Hour of the Lord's Appearing shall be taken in the very Manner of their Sin. For as the Scripture saith (in a sense most manifest to the Discerning), "He that soweth to the Flesh shall of the Flesh reap Corruption."

Now therefore let the Godly compute their peril, that by Number they may be brought to Repentance.

If the common Man, given to the Unclean Device, doth spend twenty Minutes daily in the Practice of solitary Emission (which is one third of an Hour), then in every Day consisting of twenty-four Hours, one part in seventy and two is given to Gooning and Groaning. Behold, a fearful Fraction!

There be in the Earth, by estimation, one Billion who name the Name of Christ, of whom half be Men, and among those, all too many are idle of Hand and inflamed of Fancy. If therefore five hundred Millions be tempted, and one in seventy and two Hours they fall into the Snare, then at the Trumpet's sounding - should it blow in any Hour - it followeth by inescapable Reckoning that six Millions and nine Hundred Thousands shall in that Instant be found performing the Work of Desolation.

O terrible Arithmetic! O damning Division!

These shall rise not to Glory but to Great Embarrassment, clutching their Iniquity and crying, "It was but a Moment!" But the Moment shall stretch into Eternity, and their Right Hands shall be Witness against them.

Therefore, let every Man keep his Loins girded, his Eyes averted, and his Mind upon the Things above. For the Lord cometh as a Thief in the Night - and woe unto him who, in that Night, is found thieving from his own Bosom.

*Finis*