
SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDEM.

EITHER I am in Apoplexy, or that man is in a Lethargy, who doth not now sensibly feel God shaking the Heavens over his head, and the Earth under his feet: The Heavens so, as the Sun begins to turn into darkness, the Moon into blood, the Stars to fall down to the ground; So that little Light of Comfort or Counsel is left to the Sons of Men: The Earth so, as the foundations are failing, the righteous scarce know where to find rest, the inhabitants stagger like drunken men: it is in a manner dissolved both in Religions and Relations: And no marvel; for, they have defiled it by transgressing the Laws, changing the Ordinances, and breaking the Everlasting Covenant. The Truths of God are the Pillars of the World, whereon States and Churches may stand quiet if they will; if they will not, He can easily shake them off into delusions, and distractions enough.

Satan is now in his passions, he feels his passion approaching; he loves to fish in royled waters. Though that Dragon cannot sting the vitals of the Elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can fly-blow their Intellectuals miserably: The finer Religion grows, the finer he spins his Cobwebs, he will hold pace with Christ so long as his wits will serve him. He sees himself beaten out of gross Idolatries, Heresies, Ceremonies, where the Light breaks forth with power; he will therefore bestir him to prevaricate Evangelical Truths, and Ordinances, that if they will needs be walking, yet they shall *laborare varicibus*, and not keep their path, he will put them out of time and place; Assassinating for his Engineers, men of Paracelsian parts; well complexioned for honesty; for such are fittest to Mountebank his Chimistry into sick Churches and weak Judgments.

Nor shall he need to stretch his strength overmuch in this work: Too many men having not laid their foundations sure, nor ballasted their Spirits deep with humility and fear, are prest enough of themselves to evaporate their own apprehensions. Those that are acquainted with Story know, it hath ever been so in new Editions of Churches: Such as are least able, are most busy to pudder in the rubbish, and to raise dust in the eyes of more steady Repayrers. Civil Commotions make room for uncivil practises: Religious mutations, for irreligious opi-

nions: