

not fear our godly Brethren in *England* to be yet coming to this pass; how soon they may, themselves know not, the times are slippery: They will undoubtedly find God as jealous of his Ordinances, as themselves are zealous of their Opinions.

Sixthly, that Authority ought to see their Subjects Children Baptized, though their Parents judgments be against it, if there be no other Evangelical bar in the way.

Seventhly, that prudent men, especially Young, should do well not to ingage themselves in conference with Errorists, without a good calling and great caution: their breath is contagious, their leprey spreading: receive not him that is weak, saith the Apostle to doubtful disputations; much less may they run themselves into dangerous Sophistications. He usually hears best in their Meetings, that stops his ears closest; he opens his Mouth to best purpose, that keeps it shut, and he doth best of all, that declines their company as wisely as he may.

Brethren, have an extraordinary care also of the late Theosophers, that teach men to climb to Heaven upon a ladder of lying figments. Rather than the Devil will lose his game, he will out-shoot Christ in his own bow; he will out-law the Law, quite out of the Word and World: over-Gospel the Gospel, and quidanye Christ, with Sugar and Rats-bane. He was Professor not long since at *Schlestat* in *Alsatia*, where he learned, that no Poyson is so deadly as the Poyson of Grace.

The wisest way, when all is said, is with all humility and fear, to take Christ as himself hath revealed himself in his Gospel, and not as the Devil presents him to prestigiated fancies. I have ever hated the way of the Rosie-Crucians, who reject things as Gods Wisdom hath tempered them, and will have nothing but their Spirits. If I were to give Physick to Spryts, I would do so too: but when I want Physick for my body, I would not have my Soul tartared: nor my Animal Spirits purged any way, but by my Natural, and those by my bodily humours, and those by such Ordinaries, as have the nearest vicinage to them, and not by the Metaphysical Limbeckings. I cannot think that *materia prima* or *secunda*, should be good for me, that am at least, *Materia minissima sexcentesima quadragesima-quinta*.

Here I hold my self bound to set up a Beacon, to give warning of a new-sprung Sect of Phrantasticks, which would perswade themselves and others, that they have discovered the Norst-west passage to Heaven. These wits of the game, cry up and down in Corners such bold ignotions of a new Gospel, new Christ, new Faith, and new gay-nothings, as trouble unsettled heads, querulous hearts, and not a little grieve the Spirit of God.