

hath sounded an alarm to all the *susque deques* pell-mels, one and alls, now harrasing sundry parts of Christendom. It is enough for God to be Infinite, too much for man to be Indefinite. He that will flye too high a quarry for Absoluteness, shall stoop as much too low before he remounts his proper pitch: If *Jacob* will over top his Brother out of Gods time and way, we will so hamstring him, that he shall make legs whether he will or no, at his brothers approach: and such as over-run all humane measure, shall seldom return to humane mercy: There are sins besides the sin against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be expiated by sacrifice for temporal revenge. I mean when they are boyled up to a full consistence of contumacy and impenitency. Let absolute Demands or Commands be put into one scale, and indefinite refusals into the other: All the Goldsmiths in *Cheapside*, cannot tell which weighs heaviest. Intolerable griefs to Subjects, breed the *Iliaca passio* in a body Politick, which inforces that upwards which should not. I speak these things to excuse what I may, my Countrymen in the hearts of all that look upon their proceedings.

There is a quadrobulary saying, which passes current in the Western World, That the Emperour is King of Kings, the *Spaniard*, King of Men, the *French* King of Asses, the King of *England*, King of Devils. By his leave that first brayed the speech, they are pretty wise Devils and pretty honest; the worse they do, is to keep their Kings from devillizing, and themselves from Assing: Were I a King (a simple supposal) I would not part with one good English Devil, for some two of the Emperours Kings, nor three of the *Spaniards* Men, nor four *French* Asses; If I did, I should think my self an Ass for my labour. I know nothing that *Englishmen* want, but true Grace, and honest Pride; let them be well furnisht with these two, I fear they would make more Asses, than *Spain* can make men, or the Emperour Kings. You will say I am now beyond my latchet; but you would not say so, if you knew how high my latchet will stretch; when I hear a lye with a latchet, that reaches up to his throat that first forged it.

He is a good King that undoes not his Subjects by any one of his unlimited Prerogatives: and they are a good People, that undoe not their Prince, by any one of their unbounded Liberties, be they the very least. I am sure either may, and I am sure neither would be trusted, how good soever. Stories tell us in effect, tho' not in termes, that over-risen Kings, have been the next evils to the World, unto fallen Angels: and that over-franchised people, are devils with smooth snaffles in their mouths. A King that Lives by Law, lives by love; and he that lives

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