

But Progenitors have had them for four and twenty predecesions: that would be spoken in the Norman tongue or Cimbrian, not in the English or Scottish: When a Conquerour turns Christian, Christianity turns Conquerour: if they had had them time out of mind of man, before *Adam* was made, it is not a pin to the point in *foro recta rationis*: Justice and Equity were before time, and will be after it: Time hath neither Politicks nor Ethicks, good nor evil in it; it is an empty thing, as empty as a *New-English* purse, and emptier it cannot be: a man may break his neck in time, and in a less time than he can heal it.

But here is the deadly pang, it must now be taken by force and dint of Sword: I confess it is a deadly pang to a Spirit made all of flesh, but not to a mortified heart: it is good to let God have his will as he please, when we have not reason to let him have it as we should; remembering, that hitherto he hath taken order that ill Prerogatives gotten by the Sword, should in time be fetcht home by the Dagger, if nothing else will do it: Yet I trust there is both day and means to intervent this bargain. But if they should, if God will make both King and Kingdom the better by it, what should either lose? I am sure there is no great cause for either to make great brags.

Pax quo carior, eo charior.

*A Peace well made, is likeliest then to hold,
When 'tis both dearly bought and dearly sold.*

I confess, he that parts with such pearls to be paid in old iron, had need to be pityed more by his faithful friends, than he is like to be by his false flatterers. My heart is surcharged, I can no longer forbear.

M*Y Dearest Lord*, and my more than *dearest King*; I most humbly beseech you upon mine aged knees, that you would please to arm your mind with patience of proof, and to intrench your self as deep as you can, in your wonted Royal meekness; for I am resolved to display my unfurled Soul in your face, and to storm you with volyes of Love and Loyalty. You owe the meanest true Subject you have, a close account of these open Wars: they are no *Arcana imperij*. Then give me leave to inquire of your Majesty, what you make in fields of blood, when you should be amidst your Parliament of Peace: What you do sculking in the suburbs of Hell, when your Royal Palaces stand desolate, through your absence? What moves you to take up Armes against your faithful Subjects, when your