

are now returned to the brink of your Honour and our Peace, stand not too long there, your State is full of distractions, your people of expectations, the importune Affairs of your Kingdom perplexedly suspended, your good Subjects are now rising into a resolution to pray you on to your Throne, or into your Tomb, into Grace with your Parliament and People, or into Glory with the Saints in Heaven; but how you will get into the one, without passing first through th'other, is the riddle they cannot untye. If they shall ply the Throne of Grace hard, God will certainly hear, and in a short time mould you to his mind, and convince you, that it had and will be far easier to sit down meekly upon the *Rectum*, than to wander resolutely in obliquities, which with Kings, seldom fail to dissembogue into bottomless Seas of sorrows.

Dearest Sir, be intreated to do what you do sincerely; the King of Heaven and Earth can search and discover the hiddenest corner of your heart, your Parliament understands you far better than you may conceive, they have many ears and eyes, and good ones, I believe they are Religiously determined to re-cement you to your Body so exquisitely, that the Errors of State and Church, routed by these late stirs, may not re-alle hereafter, nor Themselves be made a curse to the issue of their own bodies, nor a Scoff, to all Politique Bodies in Europe. The Lord give your Majesty and all your Royal Branches *the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of knowledge and his fear*, for His mercy and Christ His sake.

I would my skill would serve me also, as well as my heart, to translate Prince *Rupert*, for his Queen-mothers sake, *Eliz*, a second. Mismean me not. I have had him in my arms when he was younger, I wish I had him there now: if I mistake not, he promised then to be a good Prince, but I doubt he hath forgot it: if I thought he would not be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker, to make him a right Roundhead, a wise hearted Palatine, a thankful man to the English; to forgive all his sins, and at length to save his soul, notwithstanding all his Goddamme mee's: yet I may do him wrong; I am not certain he useth that oath; I wish no man else would; I dare say the Devils dare not. I thank God I have lived in a Colony of many thousand English these twelve years, am held a very sociable man; yet I may considerately say, I never heard but one Oath sworn, nor never saw one man drunk, nor ever heard of three women Adulteressess, in all this time, that I can call to mind: If these sins be amongst us privily, the Lord heal us. I would not be understood to boast of our Innocency; there is no cause I should, our hearts may be bad enough, and our lives much better. But to follow my business. Prosecutions