

I desire him also to conceal himself as deeply as he can, if he cannot get a special pardon, to wear a Latitat, about his neck, or let him lie close under the Philosophers stone, and I'll warrant him for ever being found.

If he be discovered, I counsel him to get his head set on faster than our *New-England* Taylors use to set on Buttons; Kings, and Kings Childrens memories are as keen as their Subjects wits.

If he fears any such thing, that he would come over to us, to help recruit our bewildred brains: we will promise to maintain him so long as he lives, if he will promise to live no longer then we maintain him.

If he should be discovered and his head chance to be cut off against his will, I earnestly beseech him to bequeath his wits to me and mine in Fee-simple, for we want them, and cannot live by our hands in this Country.

Lastly, I intreat him to keep his Purse, I give him my Counsel *gratis*, confessing him to be more than my match, and that I am very loath to fall into his hands.

Prosecution.

IF Reformation, Composition, Cessation, can find no admittance, there must and will be Prosecution: to which I would also speak briefly and indifferently still to both sides; and first to that, which I had rather call Royalists than Malignants; who if I mistake not, fight against the Truth.

Foolish Cowardly man (I pray patience, for I speak nothing but the pulse of my own heart) dreads and hates, nothing in Heaven or Earth, so much as Truth: it is not God, nor Law, nor Sin, nor Death, nor Hell, that he fears, but only because he fears there is Truth in them: Could he detrueth them all, he would defie them all: Let Perdition it self come upon him with deadly threats, fiery swords, displayed vengeance, he cares not; Let Salvation come cap in hand, with naked Reason, harmless Religion, lawny imbracements, he will rather flye or dye, than entertain it: come Truth in what shape it will, he will reject it: and when he can beat it off with most steely prowess, he thinks himself the bravest man when in truth it is nothing but exanguine feeble exility of Spirit. Thy heart, saith the Prophet *Ezek. 16. 30*, is weak, like the heart of an imperious Whorish woman: a man would think, the heart of an imperious Whore, were the very pummel of *Scanderbergs*; sword; alas, she is hen-hearted, she dares not look Truth in the face; if she dared, she would neither be Whorish, nor imperious, nor weak. He shews more true fortitude, that prayses quarter of the least
Truth