

divert the wind from worse cogitations, they perfect him that take pleasure in them in the way of reading, beget in him an habit of speaking, and animate him many times to such high conceptions as really may make him fit for great undertakings.

7. THE NEW WORLD IN THE MOON, was first of *Lucian's* discovering; a man of eminent parts, but as ill a conscience, apollatizing from the faith in which he was bred. *Aristophanes* had before told us in one of his Comedies of a *Nephelococcygia*, or a City of Cuckoos in the Clouds. But *Lucian* was the first who found out this *New World* in the *Moon*; of which, and of the Inhabitants of it, he affordeth us in one of his Dialogues a conceited Character. But of late times, that world which he there fancied, and propos'd but as a fancy only, is become a matter of a more serious debate: and some have laboured with great pains to make it probable, that there is another World in the *Moon*, inhabited as this is by persons of divers Languages, Customs, Politics, and Religions: and more than so, some means and ways propos'd to consideration for maintaining an intercourse and commerce betwixt that and this. But being there are like endeavours to prove that the *Earth* may be a Planet, why may not this *Southern Continent* be that Planet, and more particularly that *Moon*, in which this other World is suppos'd to be? Certainly there are stronger hopes of finding a *New World* in this *Terra Australis*, than in the Body of that Planet; and such perhaps as might exceed both in profit and pleasure the later discoveries of *America*.

But I am no discourager of industry and ingenuity, which I love and honour wheresoever I find it. I know great *Travels* have many times been started upon less presumptions. Nor would I be mislook, as if in my pursuit of this *Terra Incognita*, I put scorn on any of sublimer thoughts; or that I would have any man to much in love with the present World, as not to look for another World in the Heaven above. It is reported, that in some controvertie betwixt the *Polander* and the Duke of *Muscovia*, the King of *Poland* sent the *Muscovia* a curious Globe, representing the whole Heavenly Bodies, with the particular motion of each several Sphere. To which the *Muscovite* returned this unworthy Answer, *Tu mihi Cælum mittis, Redde mihi Terras de quibus comendamus*; You send me Heaven, saith he, but that will not satisfy, unless you give me back those Lands which are now in question. And much I fear there are too many of this mind, who would not lose their part on Earth for all Heaven it self. Whom I desire: if any such peruse these Papers, to consider, that as much as the most flourishing Country which is here described, doth fall short of that *Paradise* wherein God placed our Father *Adam*, so much and infinitely more did that Earthly *Paradise* fall short of the unpeakable glories of the Kingdom of Heaven. To the diligent and carefull search of which Heavenly Kingdom I heartily commit the Reader: nor doubting but the Works of *G O D* which are here presented, and that vicissitude of Humane affairs which is herein touch'd at, may prompt him to some serious thoughts of that mighty *G O D* who made all these Works, in whom is no shadow of change. To whom be given all Glory, both in this World, and that to come.

*Quicquid enim Lunæ gremio complectitur Orbis,
Permutat variæque vices, trepidoque tumultu
Æstuat, & nunquam sensit pars una quietem.
Nam vult in sese, & civili vulnere semper
Aut cadit, aut perimit; aliæque renascunt ore,
Rursus ut incereat; sic non est omnibus unum
Partibus ingenium, non vis nativa, Sed Orbis
Astriferi, & nitidi sublimis Regia Cæli
Immensus senii, & vultu immutabilis uno
Perpetuum servat solida & sincera senorem.*

The Verses are *G. Buchanan's*, in his Book *De Sphæra*. Which I thus translate, and therewithall conclude this Work.

The World beneath the Moon its shapes doth varie,
And change from this to that; nor can it tarie
Long in one state: but with it self doth jar,
Kills, and is kill'd, in endless Civil war.
New form'd again, 'tis but to die. The frame
Neither of Bodies nor of Minds the same,
But That above the Spheres, the Heavens on high,
In which *G O D* reigns in glorious Majesty,
Free from old Age, unchang'd, and of one face,
Alwaies presents it self in equal Grace.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini tuo detur Gloria.

FINIS!