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ON SALE BY

**JOHN BRITNELL,**

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Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men, and yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, AS GOOD ALMOST KILL A MAN AS KILL A GOOD BOOK. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; BUT HE WHO DESTROYS A GOOD BOOK KILLS REASON ITSELF, KILLS THE IMAGE OF GOD, AS IT WERE, IN THE EYE. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; BUT A GOOD BOOK IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER-SPIRIT EMBALMED AND TREASURED UP ON PURPOSE TO A LIEE BEYOND LIFE. . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance. . . . And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. LET HER AND FALSEHOOD GRAPPLE: WHO EVER KNEW TRUTH PUT TO THE WORST IN A FREE AND OPEN ENCOUNTER? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. . . . For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty. She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious. Those are the shifts and the defences that errour uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps. . . . Neither is God appointed and confined. . . . For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and heathful commotions, to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries are then busiest in seducing. But yet more true it is, that God then raises to His own work men of rare abilities and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

Students of English History and Literature will need no reference to that masterpiece of polemics, first published in 1644. It was fifty years after, under Cromwell, when the press became the pass of triumph, through which the English people, from that time, have been marching to civil and religious liberty. *But the astounding fact remains. We recently offered for a few shillings a rare folio volume of the English Prose Works of this giant in English literature and circulated 1,200 copies of the Catalogue over territory extending from the Straits of Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, and DID NOT RECEIVE ONE SOLITARY APPLICATION FOR THIS PROFOUNDLY INSTRUCTIVE TREASURY OF POLITICAL LITERATURE.*