



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE MY LO-
ving Brother, JOHN Earle
of *Carbery*, Baron of
Molingar.



SIR: Here you may behold, as in
a *Looking-Glasse*, many *Sickely*
Faces, not of *Heathen men*, but
of pretended *Christians*, with
Heathenish Conditions. A *Glasse*
of *Steele*, farre truer then that
Mathematicall one, whereby
some haue projected to discouer with more then
Humane Spectacles *Another World in the Moone*; of
Seas, Lands, and Woods, like *Ours*, before it was
lately dis-robbed of this latter *Ornament* by the
greedinesse of a few *Iron Masters*. Here you may
see what a number of *Diseases* haue taken *Roote*
within vs. Yea more, then euer were practized be-
fore *Noahs Flood*.

The maine Cause of their Destruction proceeded
from their Carnall matches, *The Sonnes of GOD*,
with the *Daughters of Reprobates*, where we trans-