by foreign Emiſſaries, was ſhortly after brought to paſs by domeſtick Conſpirators. That Government which eſcaped the Powder Plot, was overturned as effectually by popular Tumults and unnatural Rebellions. And the Walls of our *Sion*, againſt which the Powers of *Rome* could not prevail, were in a ſhort time perfidiouſly undermined at Home, its Beauty was defaced, its Sanctuary polluted, and its Honour laid low in the Duſt.

Inſtead of a Return of Duty for the latter Preſervation, how ſoon did ungrateful Men fly in the Face of their Deliverer? His Cares, his Toils and Hazards, were either quickly forgotten or miſrepreſented; his Adminiſtration was aſperſed, his Councils blackned, his Right-hand diſarmed, his Patience tired out, and his diſconſolate Heart brought down at length with Sorrow to the Grave.

And does the Hiſtory of our Ingratitude end here, or can we forbear lamenting its ſtill freſher Inſtances? The Providential Acceſſion of that illuſtrious Family to the Throne, which we promiſed ourſelves would be the compleating of our Settlement, and *the Stability of our Times*, which was heretofore the admired Theme of our Panegyricks, the Burthen of our Addreſſes, and the Object

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